

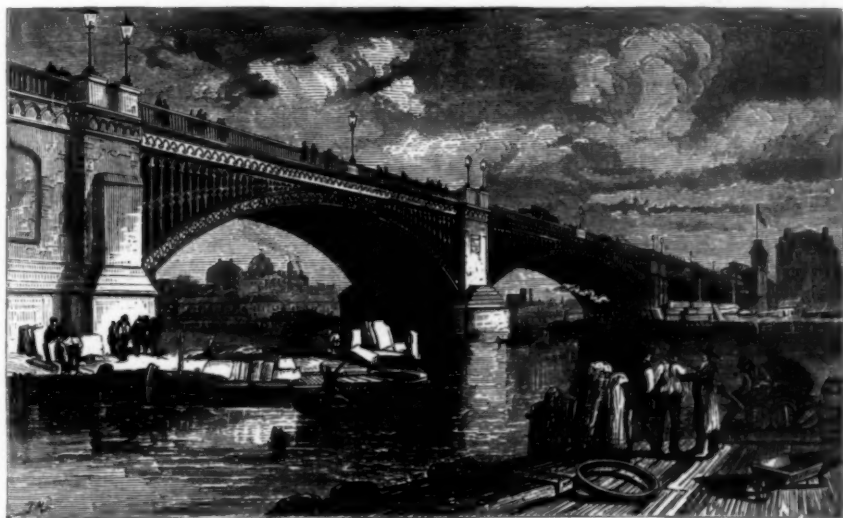
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1871.

No. 3.

PHILADELPHIA.



CHESTNUT STREET BRIDGE, OVER THE SCHUYLKILL, PHILADELPHIA.

To a traveler nothing is more interesting than the varied aspects and characters of the different cities of the world. Tastes in architecture, ideas of comfort and luxury, contrast as strangely as costumes and complexion. The cities of Asia and Europe, of South America and the United States, are not only constructed on entirely different plans, but present entirely different modes of life. Different nations, though bordering on each other, exhibit almost equal dissimilarities. Paris and London, Hamburg and Petersburg, are totally unlike. We expect to find these contrasts; and they form one great excitement of travel. Although we are not surprised to see dissimilarities even in cities of the same nation, if located in opposite climates, as Boston and New Orleans, yet it seems strange that those within a few hours' travel of each other should often present the

contrasts they do. Rome and Naples, almost on the same isothermal line, bordering on the same sea, and inhabited by the same people, are totally unlike, both in aspect and character. The whole appearance of the former is sombre and sad, and the inhabitants, walking constantly under the shadow of its ancient ruins, seem to have caught their influence, and wear a serious, grave look. Naples, on the other hand, with its cheerful palaces and sunny clime, is bubbling over with fun and life, that become contagious, till one is ready to echo the saying, "*Vedi Napoli e poi muori.*"

Similar though not so striking contrasts are exhibited in our own land. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, though within a few miles of each other, connected by commerce and trade and blood, each has its own peculiar and marked characteristics. Differing in

the plan on which they are laid out, they differ also in their architecture, tastes, and mode of living. There must be some powerful cause which makes cities bordering on each other, and composed, as they are, of men of all kinds of character and tastes, appear as if each was run in a separate mould. Some of the causes that have given Philadelphia its peculiar features are very apparent. A city founded by William Penn, the Quaker, and his associates, could hardly be laid out otherwise than methodically; while its industries, so different from those of New York, would naturally affect the character of its inhabitants. But, in one respect, our Northern Atlantic cities are all alike. The inhabitants began to build as if they were cramped for room. Though sterile farms stretched away miles beyond where any one dreamed the city would ever extend, yet the streets were made narrow and confined. In the lower part of New York to-day, there is not room for the vehicles that traverse them. So in some of the older portions of Philadelphia you will find similar evidence that the inhabitants seemed to think it was necessary to economize space.

Every city has something which is its peculiar boast and pride. Boston has its Bunker Hill, and Faneuil Hall, and Common; New

York its Fifth Avenue, and palatial residences, and Park; and Philadelphia its Independence Hall. In this respect, Philadelphia outranks all other cities of the continent. Faneuil Hall is called the cradle of liberty, but Independence Hall gave birth to the great charter of human rights. Until 1776, the fundamental principle of all governments was either divine right or force. Savages and barbarians ruled by force, civilized nations by divine right. Monarchs stamped on their very coins, "*Gratia Dei*." But Independence Hall promulgated a new political gospel: "The just powers of rulers are derived from the governed." This was something more than a declaration of national independence; it was the utterance of a great principle, that in a few years sent revolution rolling the length of the South American continent and convulsed Europe. Never did the walls of a human structure witness a scene of such thrilling interest—a scene destined to have such an effect upon the human race—as did this old hall, when it was debated whether there should be launched forth on the world the great doctrine of "government by consent." It was a simple truth, apparently harmless, yet at this day Europe heaves to it as to the throbs of an earthquake. It will engulf kings and dynasties, and sweep away in time the last vestige of feudalism. Not the old Roman Forum, nor the Palace of the Cæsars, "where the barbarian has long since stabled his steed," nor the Parthenon, nor any other structure fraught with glorious memories and thrilling associations, deserves to be held in such sacred, reverential remembrance as old Independence Hall.

In the Hall proper, the very room in which the Declaration was signed, the venerable, cracked "liberty-bell" is kept as a sacred relic. Here also is the old high-backed pew from Christ Church, in which Washington, Lafayette, and Franklin used to sit. As a companion-piece to these is a curious bit of marquetry in the form of a chair, which is composed of a portion of a mahogany beam taken from the house of Columbus, near the City of St. Domingo; fragments of the famous Treaty-Tree of Penn; pieces of his old cottage, and of the old frigate Constitution and



FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

ship of the line *Pennsylvania*, together with a portion of a chair used by Penn and a lock of Chief Justice Marshall's hair. A valuable collection of national portraits adorns the apartment.

Of the other old buildings in Philadelphia, two are worthy of special note. One of these is Christ Church, not far distant from this venerable old Hall. The original building was erected in 1695, when the city contained but four or five thousand inhabitants. But the city increasing, it was found necessary to erect a larger edifice, and in 1727 the first stone of the present church was laid. The bells were cast in England, and brought over free of charge by Captain Budden, in his ship *Myrtilla*. In acknowledgment of this generosity, ever after, when his ship, returning from her voyage, was seen coming up the river, these bells were set ringing a glad welcome. The workman who hung them also refused all remuneration, requesting only that at his death they should be muffled and tolled free of charge.

The old church is a fine piece of architecture. The interior has been partially modernized, but it is now to be restored as nearly as possible to its condition at the time of the Revolution. In the graveyard adjoining, Bishop White and Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, rested until recently in the same vault. A few months ago the remains of the Bishop were taken up and placed beneath the chancel. The principal graveyard of the church is situated, however, at some distance from it, on the south-east corner of Fifth and Arch Streets; and there may be seen the unpretending tomb of Benjamin Franklin.

The other old building is Carpenter's Hall, distinguished as being the place in which the first Congress assembled. They are both much visited by strangers.

Philadelphia has several fine modern public buildings. The U. S. Mint is of the Ionic order, copied from a Grecian temple at Athens. It has a very valuable collection of coins, embracing those of almost every period of the world and every nation, from Solomon down to Pilate. This is free to visitors. The Custom House is an imitation of the Parthenon at Athens. Girard College is, however,



NEW MASONIC TEMPLE, ON BROAD STREET.

by far the most impressive building in the city. Like those last mentioned, it is modeled after a Greek temple. This splendid edifice, as is well known, was founded by Stephen Girard, a native of France, who bequeathed \$2,000,000 to carry out his plan for erecting an institution for the education of orphan children, with further provision for the maintenance of the college. The main building stands in a lot of 45 acres, and is surrounded by thirty-eight marble columns, fifty-five feet high and six feet in diameter. It is 218 feet long, 160 feet wide, and 97 feet high. There are six side-buildings, also of marble. Some four or five hundred orphan children are assembled here, the number being increased according to the means at the disposal of the institution. The branches taught are the same as those pursued in our best schools, except that the study of foreign languages is limited to the French and Spanish. Mr. Girard, in his will, provided that orphans might be admitted between six and ten years of age, and the meritorious ones remain till between fourteen and eighteen, when they were to be bound out to some useful occupation. By the same will, clergymen of all denominations are forbidden even to visit the college, in order that the "tender minds of the orphans" may be kept "free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce." At the same time the



UNION LEAGUE BUILDING.

teachers are enjoined to "take pains to instill into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that, on their entrance into active life, they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence towards their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry; adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer." Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of the excluding clause, it is gratifying to know that, owing to the solicitude of Christian officers, the children have not been deprived of thorough religious instruction and training. The institution does a vast amount of good. It not only educates a great number of poor unprotected children, but gives them honest employment, and thus relieves society not only from a dangerous element, but also from a heavy burden.

Totally different from this in style and effect is the new Masonic Temple on Broad street, which is yet unfinished. The old hall not being capacious enough to accommodate the order, it has commenced the present splendid structure. The workmen have been engaged on it for more than two years, and we believe it is not expected to be completed till 1873. It occupies a lot 250 by 150 feet, and is of solid granite. From the large portion already completed one can get a very

good idea of the massive character of the structure. It is in the Norman style, and will require very skillful treatment in the way of towers, balconies, pinnacles, &c., to keep it from having too heavy an appearance. The Norman style is not fitted for city building; it requires elevated ground, and scenery to correspond. It is to cost \$750,000. The Methodist Church adjacent,—on the south-east corner of Broad and Arch—is built of white marble, and is celebrated for its stateliness and grace. There are several interesting public edifices in this section of the city, near Penn Squares,—which have themselves been stripped of trees, and lie barren and forlorn, pending a final decision as to their occupancy by the new municipal buildings.

The Union League Club House is near by, a fine building in the French style. Its parlors, reading-room, restaurant, and sitting-rooms, etc., are finely arranged, and some of them elegantly furnished. It has an especial interest now, as being the temporary depository of valuable works of art belonging to the old Academy of Fine Arts. Paintings by Stuart, Peal, Sully and others adorn the walls, while busts, statues, etc., are scattered in profusion around. The League was not formed for political, but patriotic purposes, it having equipped and sent several regiments into the field during the war; nor does it now consider itself a party organization. Its library is select, though not large, and the Club has become one of the distinguishing features of the city.

The mention of the Academy reminds us that Philadelphia has been distinguished for its great artists, from Benjamin West down. Among those living, Sully, Rothermel, the Moran brothers, W. T. Richards, Hamilton, Schussele, Waugh, and E. D. Lewis have a wide reputation.

Close to the League is a building which would hardly arrest the attention of the passer-by, but is, nevertheless, one of the most interesting in the city—the Academy of Natural

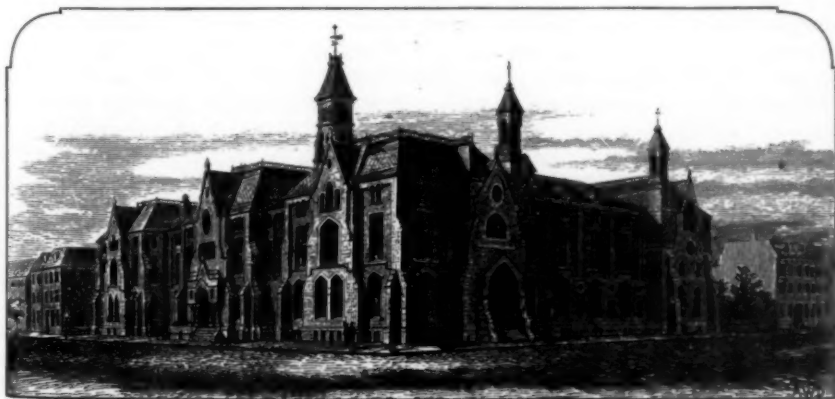
Sciences. One could spend days here without becoming weary. It is the largest museum of its kind in the United States, and is said to have the largest and most nearly perfect collection of shells in the world, while it ranks third in that of birds.

The varieties of human skulls, gathered from every corner of the earth and every tribe of man, are ranged in ghastly rows on the shelves. They were purchased from the executors of Dr. S. G. Morton, and now reach the enormous number of 1,300, and are the finest collection in the world. There is also a perfect skeleton of a whale. There is one saurian or lizard here complete, twenty-five feet long, with hind legs, we should judge, eight or ten feet in length. The fore legs are short, showing that he must have moved by leaps, like a kangaroo, while, supported by his strong tail, he could stand up and pull boughs or fruit, or whatever he fed on, from shrubs and low trees. Near him are the remains of a second lizard, that was carnivorous. We will not attempt to give the dimensions of this monster reptile, but one can imagine his size when informed that, according to Prof. Cope's theory, he fed on the twenty-five feet lizard. A reptile whose ordinary breakfast was a lizard twenty-five feet long and nearly half as high is quite worthy to live in the same country as the mastodon.

The third reptile is what might be considered the veritable sea-serpent. It is, at least, serpent-like, and the preserved skeleton is

about fifty feet long. Its neck is twenty feet in length, from which the body suddenly swells out, crowned by a dorsal fin. A portion of the end of the tail is missing, and if it kept on elongating in the same extraordinary manner as the neck, there is no telling how long the animal might have been. Prof. Cope told us that this great length of neck was doubtless to enable him to lie on the surface and fish in deep water, or *vice versa*, and that he found some fossil fish between his ribs, showing what his diet was. But it would be impossible, even in a separate article, to notice a tithe of the interesting objects in this invaluable collection. We had only one regret in walking through it, and that was, that it was not placed in a better building. The space is too limited and the rooms are too dark. Everything is crowded, and much imperfectly seen. A new building is in contemplation, and it is to be hoped that it will not be delayed. The liberal Philadelphians should put their hands into their pockets at once, and erect the proposed edifice; for this splendid collection is not merely an ornament to the city, but an honor to the country.

The Franklin Institute is another valuable institution of the city. This is devoted to science and the mechanic arts. It has a library of 15,000 volumes, all on scientific subjects, and among them an entire collection of British patents. These, we believe, with the exception of the Congressional library,



PROPOSED NEW ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.



THE LEDGER BUILDING.

can be found in only one other library in the country. Drawing is taught here, and a regular course of lectures delivered the most of the year. Both the design and actual working of this institution are admirable. It increases vastly the amount of skilled mechanical labor, and thus elevates the workingman. It issues, also, a regular monthly journal, edited by Prof. Henry Morton and Dr. William H. Wahl, so that all the newest discoveries and inventions are at once available to the members.

Philadelphia abounds in good libraries. Mercantile libraries, both from their design and scope, always possess a peculiar interest in our great cities. Embracing in their membership clerks, mechanics, and that whole class which is to constitute the business, active men of the city, they assume a more popular character than those that are chiefly for reference. Besides, they are circulating libraries, sending their volumes broadcast through the city. The Mercantile Library of Philadelphia, until two or three years ago, had a wandering existence; but it has now a grand edifice, its first floor having an area of over 24,000 square feet—larger than any other library building in America. It contains over 50,000 volumes, exclusive of three hundred and forty-five periodicals and papers. Sometimes over a thousand books are loaned out in a single day, while the daily average is

nearly 500. The internal arrangements are complete in every respect. A large debt has been accumulated in putting this library on such a splendid footing; but we hope its own increased receipts and the liberality of the people will soon liquidate it.

The Philadelphia Library, on Sixth street, is known as the oldest public library in America, having been founded in 1731. It is the largest in the city, and one of the largest in the country—being par-

ticularly rich in old books. The Loganian (a library of reference, free to all) is held in trust by the Directors of the Philadelphia Library, and abounds in classical works. The Apprentices' is the only free lending library in the city. There are, besides, the libraries of the American Philosophical and the State Historical Societies, the Athenæum, two excellent libraries belonging to the Friends, &c., &c.

The new University of Pennsylvania, to be located in West Philadelphia, if finished on the plan projected, will be one of the finest college buildings in the country.

The Lincoln Institute, on South Eleventh street, has been founded since the war. Its object is to maintain and educate the orphans of soldiers who fell during the recent war, and afterwards provide them with employment, or a trade that will enable them to support themselves. Though other States have done the same thing, Philadelphia has the honor of taking the lead in this noble charity. The Academy of Music is an elegant structure, capable of seating 2,900 people, and is probably not surpassed by any building of the kind in the country. Its first story is of brown stone; the second, of pressed brick with brown-stone dressings, the whole presenting an imposing appearance, with its front of one hundred and forty feet and depth of two hundred and thirty-eight.

The Merchants' Exchange is another handsome building; indeed, Philadelphia has many fine public edifices, which simply to name, without having space to notice in detail, would be tedious and useless. But if there be one that is more particularly identified with the city, in the view of strangers, it is that of the *Public Ledger*, on the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets. This splendid building has been so often described that it is familiar to the reader. From the boilers and presses in the basement, to the business rooms on the first floor, and editors' rooms above, and on to the designer's, engraver's, and type-setting rooms, it is complete in all its details. Nor does the attraction stop here; from the lofty roof a splendid panoramic view is obtained of the city, enclosed in its vast extent by the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, that throw their arms around it in a bright embrace, and meeting at Point Breeze, join hands and move off together to the distant sea.

The Continental Hotel is another fine building, and has a sort of national reputation for the lavishness of its table, and the many luxuries and comforts it affords to the traveler. The Girard House, near it, is on the same general plan of magnificence. Philadelphia abounds in fine churches, but as a piece of architecture the Roman Catholic Cathedral surpasses them all, in the grandeur of its proportions and imposing effect. It is built of red sandstone, the floor being laid in white Italian marble. The dome swells two hundred and ten feet into air, reposing grandly over the structure below.

Philadelphia is noted for its multiplied benevolent institutions, which deserve a separate notice, and indeed cannot be treated properly in any other way. But there are two that are so identified with the history of the city from its foundation, that they cannot well be omitted—Christ Church Hospital and the Pennsylvania Hospital. The first was founded by Dr. Kearsley, who died in 1762, bequeathing a certain building to be appropriated to an infirmary, to be called Christ Church Hospital. He was a remarkable man, and was the chief architect of Christ Church and the old State House. This first hospital could accommodate only eight persons. In 1785 it

was necessary to build a larger one. The growth of the city necessitating increased facilities, it was enlarged from time to time, until in 1856 the corner-stone of the present structure, in West Philadelphia, was laid. It occupies two squares, and is capable of accommodating one hundred persons. It is an asylum for poor aged widows, and designed especially for those of the Episcopal church.

The movement for the establishment of the Pennsylvania Hospital was set afoot by Dr. Thomas Bond, in 1750, who undertook to raise funds by private subscription, and brought to his aid Benjamin Franklin. But not succeeding in this, a petition for help was made to the Provincial Assembly, and two thousand pounds currency, after much debate, was appropriated to the undertaking, provided an equal sum were raised by private contributions. At first, a private house was hired for a temporary hospital, but in 1755 the corner-stone of the present structure was laid. A few years ago it became necessary, in making some repairs, to dig an area in front of the east wing, in doing which this corner-stone was uncovered, and on it was found the following inscription, prepared by Franklin:—

"In the Year of CHRIST
MDCCLV.,
GEORGE the Second happily reigning
(for he sought the happiness of his people)—
Philadelphia flourishing
(for its inhabitants were public-spirited)—
This Building,
By the Bounty of the Government,
And of many private persons,
Was piously founded
For the Relief of the Sick and Miserable.
May the God of Mercies
Bless the undertaking!"

Ten years later, Franklin would, doubtless, have left out the first parenthesis; but there it stood, the old patriot's endorsement of George the Second.

Among the curious things connected with its history, it originated the great painting of "Christ Healing the Sick," by West. Its managers, while soliciting private subscriptions, thought of West, then in England, and



LESLIE'S ROW.

asked him to contribute a picture towards its fund. Christ healing the sick at once suggested itself to him as a proper subject for this humane institution, and the painting was finished. The English, however, would not let it go out of the country, and he was compelled to paint a copy, which was sent to the hospital. It was put on exhibition, at twenty-five cents admittance, and netted, over all expenses, \$15,000 to the hospital—a handsome contribution from the artist.

We cannot follow its interesting history; but, in process of time, the crowded state of the institution rendered it impossible to care for the insane patients properly, and in 1836 a hundred acres of land, some two or three miles from the city, having been purchased, the present Insane Asylum was built, the first, we believe, ever established in this country. There is a building at each extremity of the lot of 100 acres, one for males and the other for females. Cultivated grounds, workshops, green-house, museums, gymnastic hall, reading-rooms, billiard-rooms, bowling-alleys, rooms devoted to music, and every device that ingenuity or long experience could suggest, are here found to soothe, amuse, and restore those from whom the light of reason has fled.

When first opened, only 140 patients

could be received; now 470 can be accommodated; and from 97 patients it has gone up to 340, the present number. From a single piano—probably the first ever used in a hospital for the insane in this country—it has made additions, till now it has twenty-three pianos, three cottage organs, six melodeons, and various other musical instruments.

The Episcopal Hospital, in the northeastern part of the city, is one of the handsomest and best arranged hospital buildings anywhere to be found. There are also Catholic and Jewish hospitals; a Children's Hospital, Will's Hospital for the Blind, an Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, &c., while still another hospital is about to be established under Presbyterian auspices.

There is one other charity in the city we should like to say a good deal about, if we had space—the "Society for Relieving the Miseries of Public Prisons." There should be one in every city. This society has an agent, Mr. Mullen, whose duty it is to visit daily every prison cell, and ascertain the condition and needs of the inmates. The innocent find in him a friend and deliverer, and the helpless and ignorant an advocate.

Philadelphia has long been recognized as a center of medical learning, and her medical

schools have been attended by foreign as well as American students. The medical department of the University of Pennsylvania is the oldest medical college in the country, having been established in 1765, and until some years ago was the only one whose diplomas were recognized by the medical colleges of Europe. It has graduated in all, up to 1870, eight thousand. The Jefferson Medical College divides the honors with the University; there is a Female Medical College, which has sent out a number of graduates; the Homeopathsists have an excellent institution, and there is a College of Pharmacy.

The prison and penitentiary system of Philadelphia cannot be entered upon at present. The city can boast several fine bridges; the one over the Schuylkill at Chestnut street—of iron and stone—being a beautiful as well as solid structure.

Statistics show on what the wealth and prosperity of the city rest. Last year, manufactures of all kinds amounted to \$251,663,217, while her exports, all told, were estimated to be only \$16,640,478. Her iron foundries alone produced more than a third of this amount. But that the commerce of the city will increase with its natural growth and the tapping of the West with railroads, there is no doubt—at least this is the faith of the enterprising gentlemen who have boldly projected a line of steamers to Liverpool.

The Port Richmond Iron Works, fronting on Richmond street, of the firm of G. P. Morris & Co., cover, with their various buildings, five acres of ground, making the place a little world of activity in itself.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works on Broad street have a national reputation. Founded in 1831, they have grown to colossal proportions, and

employ eighteen hundred men. It takes eighteen hundred men one day to complete, set up, and make ready for service a single locomotive. Thus, these works could turn out three hundred engines a year; in fact, in twelve months, ending last October, they actually sent off two hundred and sixty-seven, which, one after another, went dashing over the country. Although Mr. Baldwin, the founder, is dead, the works still bear his name, for they are the creation of his inventive genius and indomitable perseverance. Previous to the spring of 1831, only two locomotives had been built in this country, and those at the national foundry of West Point. In that spring Mr. Baldwin made a miniature engine, with two cars, capable of seating four persons, and placed it on a track laid in Peale's Museum, where it was surrounded by curious crowds. The next year he received an order from the Germantown Railroad Company for the construction of a locomotive for their road. Although but a single American mechanic had succeeded in building one of any use, he boldly undertook it. At the time there was not a blacksmith in the city that could weld a bar of iron more than an inch and a quarter thick,



INTERIOR OF FARMERS' MARKET.



WAGONS TO HIRE.

and no one thought of attempting to weld a tire five inches wide and an inch and a half thick. The only machine for boring out a cylinder was a chisel fastened in the end of a stick, to which a crank was fitted and turned by hand. He had no proper tools, no patterns, no models, but, confidently relying on his genius and resolution, he went to work, and in six months had it finished and placed on the road. Crowds gathered along the line to see this self-moving monster drag a train of cars after it. It was a great success. Soon after there appeared in the city papers the following notice:

"NOTICE.—The engine (built by Mr. Baldwin) with a train of cars will run daily (commencing this day) when the weather is fair. * * * When the weather is not fair, the horses will draw the cars the four trips."

It is not yet forty years since this extraordinary notice appeared in the press of a city into which, now, a dozen railroads run, along which hundreds of locomotives thunder.

It is singular how the simplest contrivances are often overlooked, while those requiring the most consummate skill are wrought out. Here was a man who could, almost without tools, from his own ingenious brain construct a locomotive, and yet the simple remedy of a "sand-box," to keep the wheels from slipping, never occurred to him. The principle he doubtless had seen applied a score of times to keep the human foot from slipping on the ice, but he never thought of adapting it to this case, and so in wet weather the locomotive was stabled and the horses turned out, and *vice versa* in fair weather.

From that time the reputation of the works was established, until now it is doubtful if they have their equal in the world. A stroll through them awakens novel and often sublime emotions. Amid the din and clatter and thunder of machinery and ponderous hammers, the law of order is seen to prevail over all. Each part is made in a separate building or room, and one sees only a pile of rivets here, boilers there,—heaps of smoke-stacks and a confused collection of wheels and tires that resemble chaos. But at a given word these detached bones of the monster move from diverse points to a common center—the erecting shop—each to find its appropriate place in the body that is to be formed. As part is fitted to part, everything is found adapted accurately to that which it is to join, and rapidly the ponderous thing takes form and swells into huge proportions. When completed, men take hold of the drivers and roll them once or twice backward and forward, to see that all is clear. Steam is then turned on, and the drivers are sent whirling at a speed that would carry a train thirty miles an hour. Then the inspector advances, and, like a skillful doctor when he examines a patient, lays his hand on the pulse of the engine. The fingers now press the piston-rod, and now the connecting arms, drivers, and cylinder-heads, to see if there is any jar or disturbance. If there is none, the engine is declared fit for use, and is lowered down upon the rails and rolled out by the side of the railroad, ready to be sent to its point of destination.

Philadelphia has the reputation of having had constructed within her limits some of the



HORSE-RAIDING MAN.



SCENE ON MARKET STREET.

largest men-of-war in the world, among them the old *Pennsylvania*, of 120 guns. The U. S. Navy Yard at League Island, on the Delaware, was given in 1862 to the Government by the city, as a naval station for the construction of iron-clads. The U. S. Arsenal and Asylum are fine buildings, and present an imposing appearance from the river.

What is called West Philadelphia, lying west of the Schuylkill, is on higher ground than the old city, and its houses are more picturesque. It presents a striking contrast to the latter, and is very beautiful. The city itself is probably, in territory, the largest in the world, for it embraces the entire county, and contains one hundred and twenty-six square miles, twenty of which are built solid. Although enclosed in the main between two rivers, the Delaware and Schuylkill, like New York between the Hudson and East river, it is not bounded by them. The Schuylkill is less of a barrier than the Thames to London or the Seine to Paris. Hence it can spread indefinitely, and to-day, though much less in population, has more houses than New York city. It has 114,303 dwelling-houses, of which 101,688 are of brick or stone, and the remainder, 12,615, of wood. With the exception of 6,948, these are all small two-story and three-story buildings.

The Philadelphians build on the ground rather than in the air, as they do in New York, and one is not compelled to go up five or six long flights of stairs to reach a lawyer's office; in fact, it is not many years since there were no separate buildings for law offices, these being in one part of the dwelling-house, as those of physicians are to-day in New York.

This spaciousness of territory enables Philadelphia to carry out a system of building, in one respect, that makes it unlike all other

cities of the world, viz.: the putting up of small houses for the accommodation of the poorer class.

Among all the various objects of attraction with which the city abounds, there is nothing calculated to interest one so deeply as this class of buildings. The city, at least for itself, has solved the difficult question how to provide suitable homes for the poor. Peabody's plan for the poor of London, and the most improved system proposed in New York, while they add much to the comfort of the laboring class and reduce their expenses, fail in the great point—to secure a *home* for them. Huge caravansaries, however commodious, do not do this. There is scarcely a more pitiable sight than one meets of a summer evening in a block of tenement houses in New York, even those considered above the average in appearance and comfort. They are huge blots on the city, and one can scarcely wonder that the inmates are glad to get out of them at every opportunity, and seek the open country or even the drinking saloon.

Philadelphia has but few tenement houses. Each household has its own dwelling, which is its home. The houses are small, but complete. There are two rooms on the first floor, besides a kitchen. On the second floor are bed-rooms and a bath-room; thus making a snug little home for the young mechanic or frugal laborer. It seems, at first, that there could be no improvement on this arrangement, but a great one has been adopted. A single block was set apart for the erection of small houses, and as those who would occupy them would not use carriages, it was proposed that a way for carrying in coal, groceries, etc., should be made in the rear of the buildings, while in front nothing but a flagged

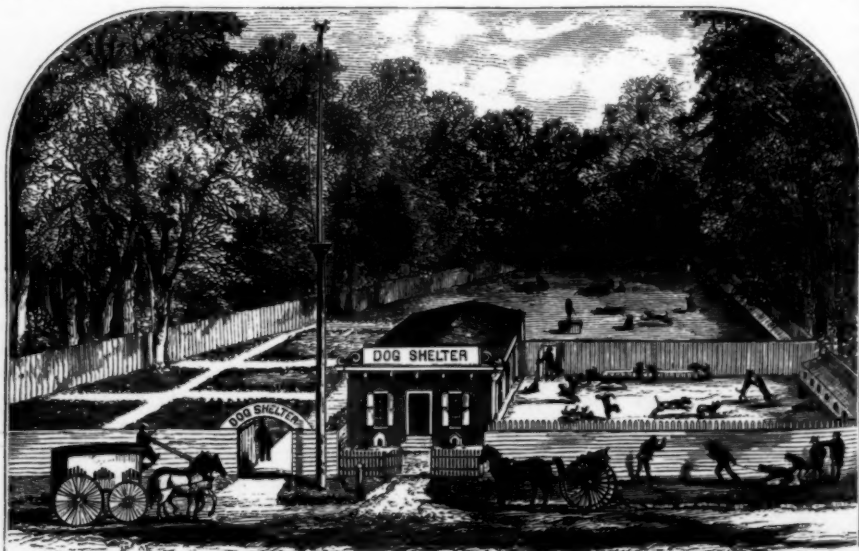
sidewalk should be left for the public travel, the whole street being covered with green-sward, making a little park for the occupants of the houses. Mr. Leslie has taken a deep interest in the subject, and is carrying out this beautiful plan on a more extensive scale.

Houses of the cheap and comfortable sort are for sale to the occupants at reasonable prices, thus tempting them to lay by yearly of their earnings that they may become owners. This is frequently done, and hundreds are constantly becoming householders—independent men—giving them, consequently, a sense of increased importance and responsibility as citizens. These pleasant, quiet homes are rented, we are told, at from \$150 to \$400 per annum.

In all other cities the great question has been how to give this class cleanly, comfortable, safe apartments. In Philadelphia it has been, how to give them pleasant, attractive *homes*. Home influence is the strongest on earth in keeping a man from dissolute companionship and the grog-shop, and from becoming a mere vagrant on the Sabbath-day. Even though he never enters a church, there is a pulpit in his own house, and the preacher, the sweet restraining influences of home. These insensibly, in time, draw him towards the place

of worship, just as they draw him away from unhallowed places and associations. It is impossible to over-estimate the effect of this home influence on the morals and character of a great city, not to mention the amount of suffering it prevents and the happiness it confers on families. Especially to the American mechanic and laborer is this possession of a home of vital importance. Without it his restless nature is very likely to draw him into companionships and occupations that mar or destroy his character. Whether New York, with its circumscribed limits and its extremely poor population, can ever carry out this system as thoroughly as Philadelphia, is doubtful; but certainly something might be done, perhaps on Long Island, if rapid, cheap transit could be established.

The home feeling seems to rule very strongly in the erection of all their houses in Philadelphia. It is true, on Walnut street modern palatial residences are going up, and under the influence of increasing wealth and a ruinous fashion it may in time rival Fifth Avenue, where people do not build homes for their own comfort, but objects of admiration for other people to gaze at. Palaces furnish grand sights to spectators, but poor homes to the inmates. Take Arch street,



THE DOG SHELTER.



DRIVE ON THE WISSAHICKON, FAIRMOUNT PARK.

where so many of the solid men of Philadelphia live, and as far as you can see are rows of brick houses, three or four stories high, plain and neat in style, without any basements, and hence without areas and flights of steps. They are almost flush with the sidewalk, and sitting so flat on the ground, present, at first, a singular appearance to one accustomed to the high steps and iron railings in front of New York houses. The parlors being so close to the ground and sidewalk, the lower windows are protected by solid white shutters, which contrast singularly with the green blinds of the upper stories. But there is something snug, comfortable, and home-like about them, that renders them peculiarly attractive.

A beneficent and admirable regulation, adopted in 1855, has prevented the opening of any new street, court, lane or alley of less than twenty-five feet in width. It has, moreover, compelled all the old courts, lanes, &c., when widened, to be made twenty feet wide, no matter what the former width; while every new dwelling-house must have an open space attached to it, in the rear or at the side, equal to at least twelve feet square.

The custom of keeping a piece of crape suspended from these white shutters for several months after the death of an inmate of the house, causes a great many of these mournful badges to be hanging out at the same time, so that a stranger might think that in some blocks a fearful epidemic was

prevailing. This custom, however, is rapidly passing into disuse.

The quiet atmosphere, that seems to rest on its homes, pervades also the active life of the city. The hurrying, jostling crowds that block the lower end of Broadway are not seen. Men move as if they had time to do all that is necessary. You are not carried away by that restless, feverish existence that makes New York boil like a caldron. In the latter city, men all seem to be only getting ready to live, as if they had no time to enjoy existence until they had reached a certain goal, towards which they were driving under a full head of steam. Such a high pressure accomplishes great material results, but makes life to the individual a lamentable failure.

In Philadelphia, on the contrary, the inhabitants seem to be settled down to a fixed plan of life, that must move on the even tenor of its way till the end. A Philadelphian, we should say, lives nearly twice as long in one year as a New Yorker. This same quiet influence, which doubtless comes from the Quaker origin of the city, marks its public travel. The city is laid out like a checker-board, with rail-tracks in every principal street, and the cars go up one and down the other, unpacked by jostling crowds, while the shouts and curses of conductors to obstructing carts, and retorted curses, are not heard. To the passengers the conductors are courteous and pleasant; there is no jar or

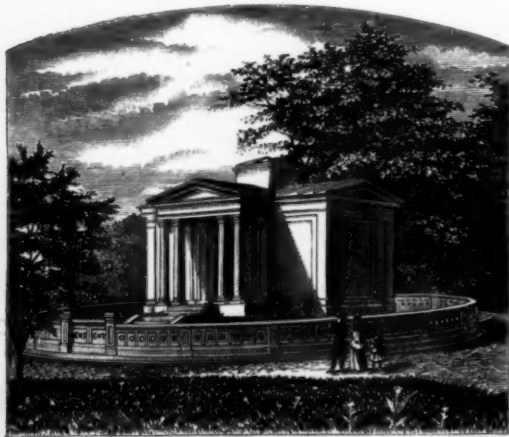
disturbance anywhere, and everything goes on like clockwork.

There are several things in Philadelphia that are quite peculiar to it. Instead of dummies or four-horse teams to draw the baggage-cars that descend through Market street into the city, a string of fine mules, a dozen or more in number, stretch in single file before them. The long line will extend sometimes nearly half a block. This Market street is the great thoroughfare of the city. Made wide originally for the purpose of accommodating the market wagons and stalls that every morning lined its sides and were strung along its center, it now, these being removed, furnishes space for four parallel railroad tracks. Numerous markets have taken the place of the street market, and are constructed on principles very different from and much better than ours. The Farmers' Market, for instance, on this street, runs entirely through a square, from street to street, and occupies a large portion of it in width—the whole vast building enclosing but a single room. This we should judge is some fifty feet high, and is lighted from above. Two open frames extend the entire length, making three long aisles, or rather, one would say, *avenues* of flesh and vegetables. The outside ones are devoted to vegetables and poultry, the central part to meat. Looking down this vast meat temple, one gets a new idea of the carnivorous tendencies of his race. The airiness

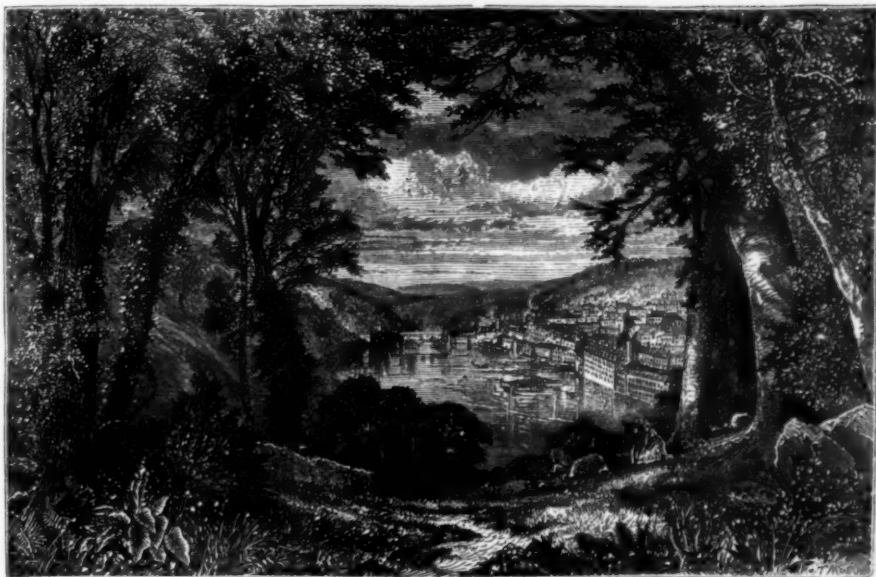
and ventilation of such an ample building must tend to make the meat, especially in the summer-time, much sweeter and fresher than if confined in such close quarters as the Fulton Street Market furnishes.

Philadelphia has established one institution which must rejoice the heart of Mr. Bergh. Stray dogs that remained unclaimed were formerly disposed of by beating their brains out with a club, in full view of the other terrified animals. The "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" took up the matter a year ago, and erected a building in the pound, in which is a "smothering-room," where the dogs doomed to death are destroyed. This will hold fifty or sixty, and is made very tight. When the victims are all assembled, carbonic acid gas is introduced by an ingenious process, which in a few minutes stretches the whole without pain or struggle, lifeless on the floor. A man then takes away the carcasses to an establishment, where he boils them down to obtain the fat, which he sells. The whole matter is under the charge of the woman's branch of the society, which numbers among its members some of the most respectable ladies of the city, by whose agents much suffering in various ways is prevented. This certainly is a praiseworthy institution, for if any animal is entitled to humane treatment it is the dog—the most affectionate and faithful of all dumb beasts.

Philadelphia has one advantage over most of our cities—it need never fear a lack of water through a drought, for it has the whole Schuylkill to draw from. Building a dam 1,600 feet long across the stream, and cutting a race through the solid rock 400 feet long and 90 wide, the city erected an immense building in which nine enormous wheels drive equally enormous pumps. The total pumping capacity of all the city's works is 82,032,103 gallons per day; total reservoir capacity 152,654,788 gallons. The proposed reservoir in the East Park will hold 750,820,688 gallons; the average daily consumption is 37,249,385; and there are 488 miles of pipes, a greater length than in any city in the world except



THE DREXEL MAUSOLEUM, WOODLAND.



VIEW ON THE SCHUYLKILL FROM WEST LAUREL HILL; MANAYUNK ON THE RIGHT.

London. There are several fountains around the Fairmount works, which are encompassed with a beautiful gravel walk and shrubbery. From this point a fine view of the city is obtained, the center of which is only a little over two miles distant, while the Park stretches away to the north and west.

Laurel Hill Cemetery adjoins the park. This becoming too straitened for the city, a company was formed to establish a new one called West Laurel Hill Cemetery. It is about a mile from Laurel Hill. It contains one hundred and fifty acres of naturally picturesque land, which is laid out artistically, and bids fair to equal, if not surpass, its namesake. Woodland is another beautiful cemetery in West Philadelphia, and contains one of the finest mausoleums in the country, belonging to the well-known Drexel family of bankers.

There are many things in Philadelphia worthy of imitation, and among them one which deserves the attention of every city in the land. About two years ago some humane citizens had their sympathies aroused in view of the suffering and inconvenience caused by the want of water in the streets. Although

the Schuylkill yielded its abundance to the city, public fountains, where the weary passer-by or the tired beast could quench his thirst, were unknown. Instead of going to the city authorities and waiting their slow action, Dr. Swann invited a number of ladies and gentlemen to meet at his house, to take into consideration the propriety of forming a society for the erection of fountains along the streets and thoroughfares of Philadelphia. It was resolved to open at once subscription-books, and solicit subscribers who would agree to pay five dollars annually towards erecting fountains and keeping them in order, and when a hundred names were obtained, to organize a society. In a few days the requisite number was secured, the organization perfected, and, in process of time, a charter was obtained from the Legislature. Work was now commenced and pushed rapidly forward. According to a report made last year, the society, from private funds alone, had erected one hundred and seventeen fountains and ninety-nine troughs. The officers of the society who had charge of the enterprise received no pay. So grateful were all classes for this inestimable boon, that they have carefully protected these fountains, so that not

one has received injury even from thoughtless boys. These fountains are made of iron, granite, or marble, and many of them are the voluntary gifts of wealthy ladies and gentlemen. Some of them show great artistic taste, and are ornamental as well as serviceable. At three of these fountains count was kept of the number of persons who drank at them during one day, and it was found to exceed seventeen thousand. At six fountains more than a thousand horses and mules drank in a single day. Who can estimate the amount of suffering prevented, and comfort supplied, in various parts of the city, by this free water? Philadelphia is noted for its charities, but she has scarcely one more worthy of support than this.

It is strange that this subject has not been taken up by our city governments, and fountains erected as a public improvement. Plenty of fresh cool water to drink is more essential to the health and comfort of the people than parks and fine drives. New York should have five hundred of these scattered over the island, and we do not believe anything could be undertaken for which the inhabitants would so cheerfully be taxed to pay the expense.

In many little things as well as great, Philadelphia has its peculiarities. These are often quite essential to human comfort. In the umbrella stands in the hotels and in the neighboring stores, you see umbrellas labeled "for sale" and "to let." Now, an umbrella is one of the most essential and yet most troublesome articles to a traveler. He can pass in cars from place to place without it, yet he cannot step out of his hotel a single block, if it rains, without one. At the same time, to carry one a thousand miles for such a contingency is no slight annoyance. It is always slipping or getting lost or tripping somebody up, and one is eternally looking after his umbrella. We are not sure but the adoption of this Philadelphia custom would add as much to a traveler's comfort as the introduction of checks to baggage did.

Philadelphia is not noted for so many new fashions and innovations as New York, yet she also is throwing off her old shell. It sounds odd to see gravely stated in Watson's Annals, published in this city in 1830, such remarkable innovations as these :—

"The vending of clothing for gentlemen, ready made, is a new enterprise."

"Bouquets of flowers is new ; so also bouquets on center tables."

"It is new to put letters under an envelope ; it is a useless adjunct, and will destroy the evidence of post-marks to letters—the courts will some day complain of this."

"Paving foot-ways with flag-stones is a new affair adopted from New York, where they have not good bricks."

If Philadelphia never adopts anything worse from New York than this, she will be the good old Quaker city for some time to come.

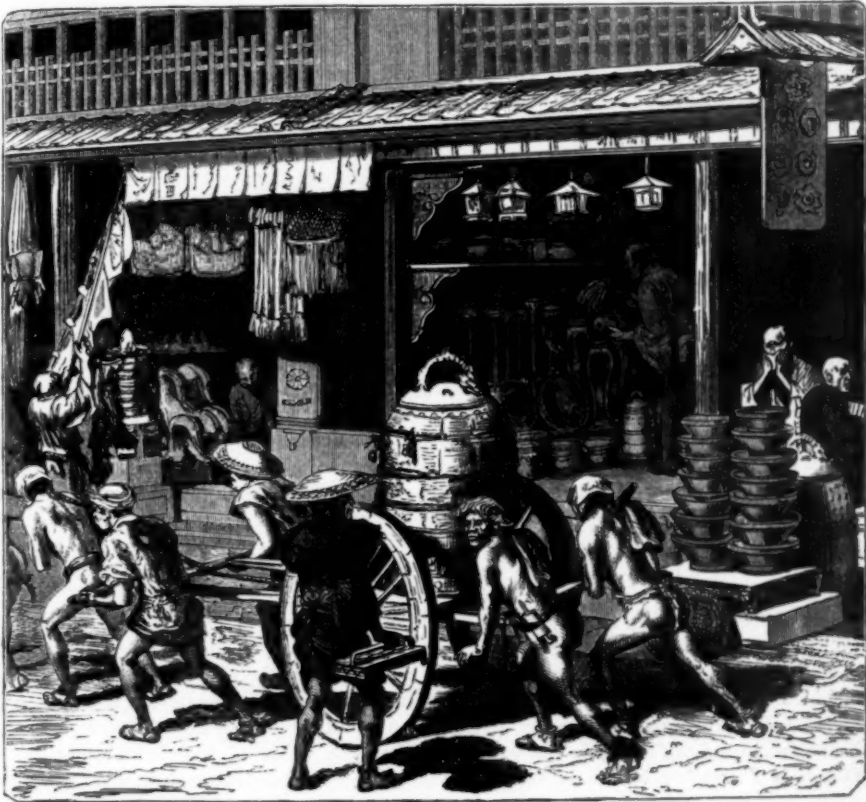
In one thing the annalist of the Quaker city somewhat surprises us. He says : "Steeple, wherever built, were universally white, so as to be best seen farthest, and among trees. Lately has come up a new conceit of having them brown and chocolate—*Aheu*."

Philadelphia is a real lovable old city—a good place to live in, and we hope the horoscope cast for her in 1783, by the astrological Jacob Taylor, may prove true :—

"Full forty years have now their changes made,
Since the foundation of this town was laid.
When Jove and Saturn were in Leo joined,
They saw the survey of the place designed ;
Swift were those planets, and the world will own,
Swift was the progress of the rising town.
The lion is an active regal sign ;
And Sol beheld the two superiors join.
A city built with such propitious rays
Will stand to see old walls and happy days ;
But cities, kingdoms, men in every state,
Are subject to vicissitudes of fate.
An envious cloud may shade the smiling morn,
Though fates ordain the beaming sun's return."

Perhaps those who are getting up the line of steamers think the next to the last line refers to New York, and the last to Philadelphia.

JAUNTS IN JAPAN.



A STREET SCENE IN JAPAN.

Nor stopping here to recall the unpleasant circumstances connected with the first acquaintance of Americans with the Japanese, some twenty years ago, we will attempt to describe Japan as it appeared pending the terrific struggle which preceded the downfall of the Tycoonate, and consequent extinction of an ancient dynasty. The Tycoon (Stots-bashi) incurred the deadly hostility of the rich daimios, or feudal lords of the south, who being alarmed by the concessions made to foreign demands, headed by Satsuma, Chioshu, and others, availed themselves of the modern appliances of war, and were soon enabled to gain a decisive triumph, at once nsurping the reins of government. The Ty-

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coonate was abolished, and the Mikado, a mere puppet in the hands of the conquerors (having first been kidnapped for the purpose), was recognized supreme ruler, in whom concentrated all the powers before represented by distinct sovereignties, the temporal and spiritual.

At the time of which we write, strong fortresses had been razed; battle-fields were still reeking with the effluvia of decaying bodies; places of execution bore traces of recent decapitations, while foreign ships-of-war congregated in all the principal harbors like vultures awaiting their prey. For the white man to venture from the foreign settlements beyond the limits defined by treaty stipulations, was to

expose himself to the sword-blades of lawless "ronins."

One delightful morning in July, 1868, we had long been straining our eyes, gazing from the steamer's deck, in the vain attempt to descry the shores of the Orient,—when, finally, the bold, blue promontory of Cape Awa broke upon our vision, followed by a glimpse of the sacred Mount Fusiuma, "its snowy shoulder against the arch of blue:"

* * "What a heart-delight they feel at last—
So many toils, so many dangers past—
To view the port desired."

Ah! what comes here, gliding over the flashing brine? A nondescript craft with square sail and enormous poop passes almost within hail, its decks filled with coppery-looking men, in primitive habiliments,—plainly, with none at all,—every face radiant with good nature, every bald pate tipped with its glossy roll of hair and pomatum, projecting over the brow like the hammer of a percussion gun. The nationality of this grotesque group of navigators could not be mistaken. Like clouds of bees sallying from their hive, so do the myriad sails of Japanese fishermen fleck the waters of every bay when the day breaks, and we had seen a live Japanese, the *avant-courrier* of the fleet. A gorgeous landscape now unfolded to view. Earth, sea, and air seemed invested with new wonders. Yonder, perched high on rocks and half buried in exuberance of foliage, is a structure of exquisite grace, devoted to pagan rites, and where pennons and huge banners overtopping the trees indicate the observance of a religious festival.

An unexpected turn in the steamer's course brings us in full view of Yokohama; the shipping at its anchorage, a formidable fleet; the Bund, or shore-line, marked by a succession of fine mansions, go-downs (warehouses), etc., while flags, supported by towering masts, designate the respective foreign legations. As our anchor plunges to the bottom, the steamer is at once surrounded with boatmen, whose toilet, to foreign eyes, is anything but presentable, but who nevertheless press their attentions, with clamorous din, on all wishing to go ashore. Confounded by vehement jabber and gesticulations, the passenger with difficulty comprehends that the "scindo"

wants five "tempos," or a quarter boo, for the use of his sampan, which coins (the former an elliptical brass piece not quite as large as the cover of a saucepan) the purser, or some friend familiar with the currency of the realm, will gladly supply. Once transferred to the sampan, you find yourself swiftly propelled landward by from two to half a dozen stalwart men standing upright and working heavy scull oars, the swaying motion of their bodies being attended by a stentorian shout at every stroke. This profuse expenditure of lung-power, it may as well be observed, accompanies all sorts of muscular effort among the Japanese. For example, one of the most noticeable objects on arriving at a seaport town is the clumsy hand-cart used in moving goods, with two or three men at each end, all of whom shout lustily in alternation, keeping step to the music. The heavier the burden the louder the yell. New-comers are apt to be shocked by such an amount of noise and nudity.

As steamers at Yokohama usually stop only long enough to shift cargo before passing on to Hiogo and Nagasaki *en route* for China ports, passengers are advised to search out that particular locality known as "Curio-town" without delay, there to select curiosities from the native shops. The famous temple Hachiman, and the bronze statue Daiboots, in the charming valley of Kamakura, some twenty-five miles distant, also claim attention. Scarcely less interesting is the fish-market, where you immediately recognize all sorts of specimens in ichthyology, equal to the best displayed in the cabinets of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington. The varied styles of form and color in vogue among the dandies of the deep would confound the most skilled designer of Paris fashions. And such monsters! Shrimp vie in size with lobsters, and other classes of *crustacea* attain to the magnitude of dragons, fearful to behold and worse to swallow. Oysters are not deficient in size, but are coppery in flavor.

The Kuro Siwo, or Black Stream of Japan, bears a striking resemblance in various respects to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic. Both are prolific storm-breeders, and both serve as a magnificent domain for the pis-

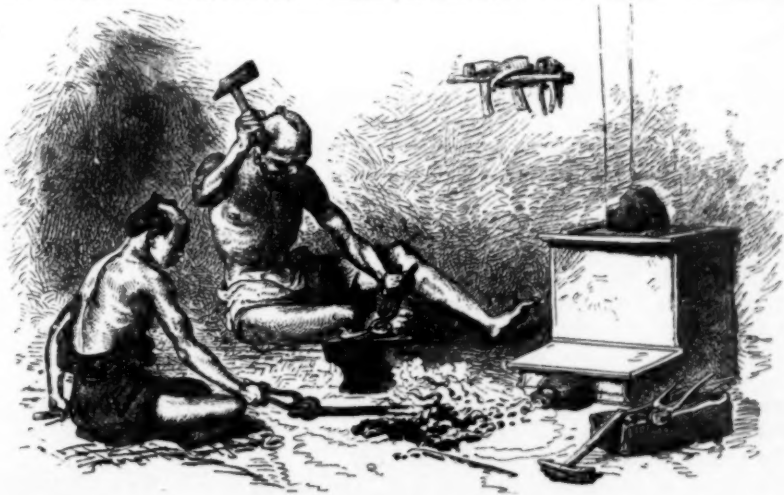
catory tribes. The tepid waters of the tropics sweep along the coast of Japan in mighty volume toward the northeast, and striking our own Pacific shore, carry rich freights of food to the salmon of Columbia River. In like manner the Gulf Stream chafes the coast of Florida,—where the markets of St. Augustine and Jacksonville are provided with fish similar in kind to those seen at Yokohama,—and thence rebounds toward the coast of Great Britain. In both these ocean currents the porpoise and flying-fish disport themselves, and at night are seen the phosphorescent lights which convert the waves into billows of fire.

From the fish-market we will now wend our way to Curio-town, if so fortunate as to escape from the wretched crew of beggars and cripples who make that place a favorite resort, and cry incessantly for "Tempo sinjo" with outspread palms.

Taking it for granted that the time of our visit is "steamer day," as on such occasions the assortment of merchandise is most complete, and displayed to the best advantage, we soon find ourselves among groups of newly-arrived passengers curiously examining the various wares. In blandness of manner the Japanese merchant cannot be surpassed. Seated on a neat mat-covered floor, elevated say two feet above the street level, his heels

for a chair, and attired in a calico gown with flowing sleeves, he salutes his customer with suave voice, "O-hi-a," which might be considered synonymous with "How are you?" Even though no purchase were intended, it would be hard to resist an overture so pathetic. But take heed lest you outrage common propriety by treading on that bleached straw matting or polished floor with dirty boots. Conform to the usages of the country, and if you desire a closer inspection, off with those leathern integuments, no matter if you capsize in the operation or burst a blood-vessel.

If, by a stretch of courtesy, the trader signifies that so much trouble is needless, then step daintily, lest violence be done to good-nature. To learn the price of an article you say *I-ko-rah*, "how much?" Invariably an exorbitant figure is named, which, if you have been initiated by some thoughtful friend, will be repelled with feigned astonishment. The merchant at once responds, "How much you give?" One-half the price asked will be a reasonable offer, by way of compromise. A profound consultation then takes place among the several traders interested, all of whom, by this time, will have emptied their pipes and risen, some one of their number meanwhile rapidly shuffling on wires the little balls of a calculating machine. If your offer is accepted, several nods of the head and a simultaneous



JAPANESE BLACKSMITHS.

clapping of the hands signify assent. If rejected, make no more than a trifling concession, for if by any chance you are permitted to leave the store without a bargain, a messenger will probably be despatched in hot pursuit, saying, "Can do!" A porter is at once instructed to deliver the goods. For the latter service volunteers are always at hand. To attempt to carry one's own package would not only be a flagrant case of *infra dig.*, but operate as a direct challenge to the whole horde of burden carriers along the street.

The wares most prized are the bronzes from Osaka, the basket ware of Nagasaki, and "egg-shell" porcelain, silks from Miako, tortoise shell, daimio lacker, etc. Few large warehouses for general merchandise are seen anywhere, excepting the fire-proof structures used as depots for rice and silks. The latter are peculiar in having no goods visible, unless called for from sample-books in the hands of every clerk, of whom scores are sometimes employed. Viewed from the street, the large space within presents a scene of industry, in the many moving forms, which might compare well with our largest Broadway bazars, but the buildings occupied in no instance have claim to architectural merit; stores and dwellings, in this respect, displaying a tiresome uniformity. Liability to destructive earthquakes, if there were no other reason, forbids an ambitious style. Aside from notions of safety, lowly dwellings well comport with the views of the Mikado and other high functionaries, who can never submit to the humiliation of being *looked down* upon by their subjects. In their presence the upper stories must be hermetically closed. The accompanying engraving well represents the appearance of various classes of artisans to be seen at work in their daily employments.

It is noticeable that in Yokohama the foreign merchants have devised a plan by which the vagaries of nature, in occasionally shaking up the foundation of things, are resisted with a good degree of success. No hesitation is felt in running up walls of squared stone to the height of two stories, but the precaution is taken to erect an interior structure of strong bamboo poles in such a manner as to insure a permanent sta-

bility. Buildings more ordinary are made by putting up a frame-work of stout bamboo, then interlacing the whole, outside and in, with light canes, the intervening space being filled with a mixture of earth and straw. An outside boarding, overlaid with diagonal squares of dark slate and white mortar, produces a checker-board effect, reminding one of the New York Academy of Design. The inhabitants of "Frisco," whose perturbations in real estate have become so troublesome of late, might learn from these methods of the Japanese something of practical value.

Among about four-score foreign firms doing business in Yokohama are a number representing houses in London and New York, whose arrangements savor of Oriental luxury and elegance. Fronting on the Bund, which overlooks the bay, are the "go-downs," or substantial warehouses of stone (already mentioned), surrounded by thick walls, the latter graced by massive portals bearing sculptured figures and inscriptions, while near by are the private residences, with accommodations for coolie servants, culinary implements, etc., at a convenient distance—the whole forming a magnificent group of buildings. At such places as these the cockney flourishes in stately grandeur, his presence always indicated by a lively demand for soda cock-tails, cigars, and other creature comforts, which obedient "Johnny" is prompt to supply. The heaviest business done in the regular line is generally turned over to a Chinese shroff or comprador, who receives say \$50 or \$60 per month.

In the view here given we see represented one of the canals common to almost every Japanese city, only a slight variation in the structure of adjacent buildings being needed to exhibit truthfully the mercantile parts of either Yokohama, Yedo, or Osaka. The craft seen, however, is only the inferior kind known as cargo boats, in which masts are erected at pleasure. The hour is at mid-day, in hot weather; the boats lie against the banks empty and deserted; no clamor or sound comes up from the bosom of the populous city.

On essaying to make the much desired trip to Yedo, as originally contemplated, I found



NOON SCENE ON A JAPANESE CANAL.

the difficulties insuperable. In the disordered state of the country, to persist would be foolhardy in the extreme. The English minister, Sir Harry Parke, peremptorily refused to grant passports to British subjects. Therefore, taking good counsel of the diplomatic representative of the United States, I presently found myself headed for Osaka, "the Venice of Japan," or city of three hundred bridges. Authorities best informed agreed that after Yedo no part of Japan would so richly reward the tourist. The city was populous, boasting of something like 350,000 inhabitants, and in many respects entirely unique. Retaining as yet its aboriginal characteristics unchanged by foreign contact, there could be seen the primitive type of Japanese character and institutions, as perpetuated through unknown centuries. Two days' steam-

ing was sufficient to complete a voyage of 345 miles to Hiogo, or Cobi. There, after climbing the superb mountains, in the rear, to the "Moon Temple,"—a temple, by the way, which surpasses in interest all others I saw in Japan,—I acted on the advice of the United States consul at that port, and chartered a neat little sailing craft to make the trip of sixteen miles across an arm of the beautiful Suonada, or great inland sea of Japan, to the mouth of the Yodo River, on which Osaka is built. With our lateen sail stretched out on long bamboo poles, to catch every whiff of the light summer breeze, we were gently wafted over the rippling waters. Here was a situation for a New Yorker, in the difficult search for something new under the sun. Eight thousand miles away from home and friends, in the heart of a pagan country, among a peo-

ple whose hatred of the foreigner was only surpassed by their hatred of each other. These thoughts aside, our chief solicitude was to gain the opposite shore before night-fall, and so cross in safety the dangerous bar where Admiral Bell, U. S. N., had been drowned a few months previous. This feat was accomplished without serious adventure.

As our boat glided along the grassy banks beyond the fort that guards the entrance at Tempusan, we hardly kept clear of hundreds of junks going up from the sea; and as the stream narrowed, further progress would have been impossible had not the larger number made fast to either shore, where they formed a dense mass of shipping five or six tiers deep. We followed the tortuous channel nearly three miles before coming to a thickly inhabited region, though the multitudinous lights and voices on shore, and occasional shouts of

"peggy, peggy" (a derisive epithet applied to foreigners by mischievous boys), gave evidence that we were approaching a dense center of population. At length we came in sight of the first bridge, one of those great structures of timber on stone abutments which are seen on every hand, spanning the two branches into which the Yodo is here divided, and twelve parallel canals. We rested almost beneath the over-arching shadow for a time, watching the incessant stream of pedestrians passing and repassing, their course marked by innumerable brightly colored lanterns indicating the prince to whom the bearer held allegiance. Then we concluded to try our luck ashore, but were met at the outset by a furious rebuff from a junk-owner, who gave us to understand that nobody with boots on could pass over the deck of his vessel; so we contented ourselves by reaching shore in some

other way. No sooner were our white faces and strange garb recognized in the streets than the entire town seemed seized with consternation. Boys ran and shouted; lights in shop windows were suddenly extinguished; doors closed violently, and in the crowds gathered at street corners we noticed the glistening lackered hats worn by the "yacoppins," for whose keen-edged swords we had no liking. Further observation showed that the entire section of the city through which we strolled was occupied by a national institution of disreputable character known as the "gancarro." The streets were ablaze with light, and resounded with harsh music and bacchanalian voices. Arranged in jovial groups behind the perpendicular bars of open windows, thousands of young women displayed themselves in elaborate toilet, painted and bedizened, their stupendous head-dresses, with combs like the arms of a wind-mill, always conspicuous. Nowhere outside of Japan could such a spectacle be found. The "gancarro," in fact, seems to constitute the main basis of the social fabric, its functions being substituted, to an



A JAPANESE STABLE.

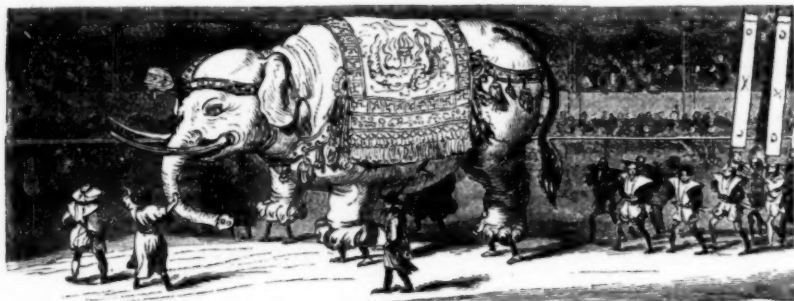
extent almost general, for the offices of the parental relation. In other words, the government, by giving sanction to vice, assigns to it a position among legitimate branches of trade, at the same time making it an important source of revenue. The approval of public sentiment is still more evident in the fact that the inmate of the "gancarro" is a candidate for matrimony, quite as eligible as any other, as she is more likely to have received mental culture, and to have attended more carefully to personal appearance. When married she resumes her former rank in society, although the keepers of the gancarro are in perpetual disgrace.

Ever memorable will be that moonlit night spent among the junks of the Yodo, and that nocturnal stroll ashore. With dawn we commenced "doing" the city. The first novelty enjoyed was a sail in the passenger boats, always in waiting, like the *cabriolet* of Paris or New York hack. Shoes off, lest the dainty straw mat should be soiled, you ensconce yourself in the afterpart of the little craft, a miniature canal-boat with pointed prow, the joiner-work of which is faultless, without knot or nail-head, or sign of paint, the whole glistening in the beauty of natural woods. Adjusting the lattice most favorably to exclude the sun and catch the breeze, you calmly survey the world of life on each side—every house a microcosm. What more enjoyable on a warm summer's day! For miles the aqueous way is overhung by houses perched on stone piers, the balconies above often ornamented with pendent baskets of moss or vines, while wild aquatic fowl, such as herons, ducks, &c., disport themselves unconcernedly, without fear of molestation, within reach of your oar. Even the black crow, proverbially timid, is at home among the shade-trees of a Japanese city. To shoot a bird in Japan insures condign punishment, as most of the tribe are valuable scavengers.

Our next exploit was the ascent of the Pagoda, the most central and elevated of a pile of ancient temples sacredly devoted to "monstrous unbaptized fantasies," &c. Paying the usual "cumshaw" to the bald-shaven priest, who is pleased to have foreigners do their full share in helping the sacerdotal

treasury, we ascended by well-worn ladders the maze of timbers, glad to escape from the gathering crowds, and at last looking out upon a scene seldom equaled. Below us was a populous city, but so spread out that the compact rows of dwellings enclosed broad cultivated fields, each proprietor apparently as secure in the possession of his crops as if stealing were unknown. Along the thoroughfare were jostling crowds, but just in the rear the landscape was dotted over with hay-stacks, and well-poles for the distribution of liquid manure, while in the distance we could discern the Tycoon's castle and palace, with clumps of large trees here and there designating either the location of religious temples or palaces of leading "daimios." Once more mingling with the common herd of humanity below, we proceeded to inspect various fine specimens of masonry connected with the temples, also numberless specimens of turtle, foxes, cranes, &c., nearly all of them cut from granite, and enshrined here as objects sacred in Japanese mythology. In one place we discovered a walled reservoir perhaps one hundred feet square, crowded with living turtles of all sizes. Another was all a-bloom with the sacred lotus, among their broad leaves and swaying stems stork and heron haughtily strutting. A number of pretty damsels languidly gazing from their cottage windows near by, in unconscious *déshabillé*, and quite at home among the blossoms and pure white storks, gave a fairy-like aspect to the scene.

But we must not linger. More wonderful were the ruins of the Tycoon's palace, all the combustible portions having been destroyed when Stotsbashi fled from Osaka to Yedo, at the commencement of the recent war. The walls rise from a broad moat, in stupendous masonry, to a height from which we looked with bewildered brain. By careful measurement, the largest stone visible was ascertained to be no less than thirty-six feet in length (or about the same as the granite columns of the Custom House in Wall street), seventeen broad, and seven thick, the sides clean split. Others were of dimensions less formidable, said to vary according to the power of the princes by whom the several stones were contributed,



PROCESSION OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

somewhat after the plan adopted in collecting materials for the Washington monument. It is not now known how these stones were transported or where quarried.

Speaking of general appearances, it should be remarked that cities in Japan are not imposing, as pride there finds expression chiefly in the extent of territorial domain and a powerful retinue. Even the so-called "palaces" have little to distinguish them from the barracks of the common soldier, their beauty consisting rather in spacious grounds and display of horticultural taste. In fact, except among the privileged classes, ostentation might provoke jealousy and its natural consequence—confiscation, or possibly an excuse for slicing off one's head.

The dwelling-houses of Yedo will not bear a comparison with those of Osaka, the latter being for the most part two stories in height, covered with tiling, and often beautifully stained to resemble black walnut, or finished in lacker of sparkling black; whereas Yedo is essentially a city of thatched roofs, and the streets are unpaved. An estimate of the cost of ordinary dwellings in Yedo (as I have it from an English architect, the builder of the "American Hotel," there) gives 250 boos, or less than \$150, as a fair average. This sum does not appear so trifling when we consider that about twenty-five cents is fair compensation for a day's labor.

Nevertheless, when we come to speak of picturesque effects, of exquisite combinations of natural scenery and horticultural embellishments, of sylvan nooks, swarded lanes, superb hedgerows, and shaded vistas, intermingled with tiny lakelets about which large wild birds

are always flitting on lazy wing, or complacently viewing their own shadows as reflected on liquid emerald, or here and there little summer houses, just large enough for two, peering above the mass of verdure,—in these respects Yedo is peerless among cities of either hemisphere. But this description does not apply to the city at large, the most densely populated parts presenting to the eye, when viewed from a distance, little more than a dreary ocean of low gray roofs. Of the thirty-six square miles covered by the whole, one-third is occupied by the residences of "daimios" or temples for pagan rites, which hold exclusive possession in their respective locations.

A brief descriptive reference to the most noteworthy religious temples may suffice for present purposes. The site chosen is invariably the most picturesque, often on some mountain summit, secluded by the gloom of ancient forests. The approaches are by broad paved walks, and a succession of gateways with stone images are placed on each side at irregular intervals, usually in niches cut from the natural rock—the embankments near every sacred shrine bristling with tiny paper flags on bamboo sticks, each inscribed with prayers. Ascriptions to the gods are rendered with signal fluency by twirling wooden wheels fixed to a frame-work at the roadside, so that by a single jerk the prayers attached are repeated without either waste of breath or precious time. A modern improvement might be introduced by attaching a small steam-engine.—In several instances (we have specially in mind the fine group of temples which crown the hill back of Hiogo) the final approach is made by steep

flights of stone steps, or rather successive flights, up the side of the mountains, handsome plateaux supported by massive stone abutments occurring at convenient intervals for rest. At these latter points the priests have fixed their dwellings, beneath the shadows of rocks and foliage. The temples have an imposing front, ornamented by exquisite wood carvings in the heavy timber, which, in point of execution, would bear comparison with the best specimens of Swiss art, and for elaborate designs have no equal. Figures of writhing dragons, leaping tigers, of storks and pheasants with gorgeous plumage; things supernal, terrestrial, and infernal, all are commingled in a master-piece of skill.

But, with all this painting of sepulchres and washing of platters, the forms of worship are simple enough; as a devout kneeling on the stairway, with spitting of hands and jerking of the cord and tassel overhead (to arouse the gods, who peradventure may be asleep), constitute the usual rites, hands and face being first cleansed at the neighboring water-tank. Our own mischievous "betto," or foot-runner attending the horses, on one occasion seized the rope irreverently, making a prodigious clatter of gongs, but his pranks were treated by the solemn "bonzes" (priests) as unworthy of notice.

For the drama the Japanese manifest much fondness, but their representations are truly formidable in length. Performances commence about the time laborers usually go to their daily toil, and continue until night. Next day the same subject is resumed, like a new chapter in a novel, so that often a week ex-

pires before the conclusion is reached. All the parts are acted by males.

The passion for festivals is insatiable, the entire population abandoning themselves to these enjoyments with a gusto of which none can have a conception who have not been present as witnesses. The canopies of scarlet and gold transported through the streets on men's shoulders are prepared with unstinted labor, and exhibit an exhaustless fertility of design. So, too, of all sorts of costumes and typical devices employed on such occasions. All ends seem to be directed to that which is humorous and grotesque. The accompanying illustrations present with fidelity scenes attending the "Matsuri of Sarroo," or New Year's festivities, in which the "Tigers of Coree" and the "Procession of the White Elephant" are conspicuous. The colossal elephant is made of pasteboard, and is moved by fun-loving fellows whose feet can be seen protruding from the legs of the artificial monster. A company of musicians lead the advance, with braying of trumpets, clash of cymbals, and flying of banners. Cultivators of the soil, who rank second only to the privileged classes, being producers, are attached to a car drawn by oxen, the king of domestic animals—the car itself surmounted by a symbol of the choicest fruits, together with the form of a demi-god, through whose instrumentality these luxuries were introduced into Japan. Six other cars are in the train, variously filled, special honors being lavished on rice (which grain constitutes the basis of currency, the price of "itzi-boos" varying with the abundance of the crop), and the whole are under the escort of a company of priests.



NEW YEAR'S FESTIVITIES.



FÊTE OF THE SEA-GOD.

In the height of the ovation a pair of terrible monsters, each with the head of a tiger and horns of a bull, appear on the scene, and from the whole performance immense funds of enjoyment are obtained. The "Fête of the Sea-God" is also graphically depicted by the artist. The beggarly fishermen are bearing the shrine of their divinity across a shallow arm of the sea, with frantic gestures and clamor. Fêtes in honor of the gods are of constant occurrence, and their observance in communities where foreigners are settled is regarded by the latter as an insufferable nuisance.

Crucifixion and burning being the penalty for incendiarism; crucifixion and spearing, by transverse thrusts, for murder; and instantaneous beheading for grand larceny and crimes of like magnitude, the Japanese may justly be said to have a bloody code. The engraving herewith represents a parricide conducted by a yaconin guard to the place of execution, called Tobî, about a mile and a half from Yokohama, on a side street diverging from the road to Yedo. An inscription, showing the nature of the crime, is carried by a banner-man in advance.

Married women, so summary is the punish-

ment for infidelity, have reason to shelter themselves from the possible imputation of faithlessness to their matrimonial engagements. There have been made public to citizens of Yokohama but two instances of adultery in several years, and in both cases (as remarked by one of the oldest mercantile residents there) the guilty parties were killed, and the husband acquitted of blame. The law demands that the husband shall kill both of the offenders, or take the chance of losing his own life at the hands of an avenger among his wife's kindred. In Yedo not long ago, as stated by the local newspapers, the beautiful wife of a painter had many lovers. At last the evidence of criminal conduct amounted to conviction in the mind of the husband; but the latter was incapable, among so many, of inflicting retributive justice upon all, and accordingly (so the account reads), one morning each guilty man found fastened to his doorway a ghastly fragment of the being he recently admired. It is added that the infuriated husband was never seen afterwards.

Much might be said of the social life of the Japanese, which, in almost every respect, is an anomaly. The further investigation is extended, the more deeply impressive are the incongruity of things, and the originality of whatever pertains to the national character. Beginning with the household—men attend to infants, while women labor in the field. Daughters are, to a great extent, a merchantable article—their value depending on the fiscal advantages which parents may derive from an alliance in matrimony. Where Europeans are best known, the highest ambition is to rear an attractive girl suited to the foreign demand, the engagement to be for a term of years, in consideration of a few hundred dollars, which, to the Japanese of the humbler grades, is equivalent to a magnificent fortune. The principal employment of these Japanese is the adorning of the

"wives" hair and playing on musical instruments. They cannot be blamed for having little aptitude in the care of household furniture and other personal effects, as the native Japanese dwelling ordinarily consists of little more than bare walls; and as for wearing apparel, none could be more indifferent: when none at all best suits the temperature of the body, men and women alike divest themselves of it. On a warm day, women permit their loose wrappers to slip from the shoulder to the waist; and until they have learned something of the fastidiousness of foreigners in regard to covering the body, their exposure to observation is of the least possible concern, not being in any way associated with the conventionalisms of modern society. On a festive occasion, Japanese ladies are elaborately dressed and painted—the coiffure receiving special attention; but ordinarily they manifest, in their persons, little desire for ostentatious display.

Respecting influences at work in Japan tending to the overthrow of paganism, and to the elevation of the race in all that constitutes an enlightened people, there is strong ground for hope. The Japanese are exceedingly impressible; they acknowledge the overwhelming superiority of other powers, and seek to possess themselves of all modern acquisitions in science and mechanical appliances which may contribute to their advancement: in these respects contrasting hopefully with the stubborn self-sufficiency of their celestial neighbors.

The latest religious phase in Japan is the remarkable hostility manifested by the new government toward the sect of Buddha,



A PARRICIDE ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION.

which adopts the views prevailing in India, while the old Shinto religion of the Japanese empire is espoused with a new zeal. As the former most truthfully represents the intelligence of the country, the threatened upheaval augurs nothing good, unless we detect premonitions of the coming of an enlightened Christianity, which is by no means improbable. We remember asking a prominent Japanese official (contractor for building the iron-clad Stonewall) to explain the difference between the two leading sects. "Ugh!" said he, with an expression of disgust, "the Shintos wor-

ship snakes!" Should the government persist in the course indicated, the bronze statue of Daiboots will fall under the blows of the iconoclast, and a large proportion of the temples of Japan will need another Hercules, as in the days of the Augean stable. But the ancient orders of the priesthood, the horde of hairless "bonzes," whose livings depend on the maintenance of the existing status, and who still exert a powerful influence with the masses, will yield only after a desperate struggle.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

THE STORY OF A FOURTH OF JULY.

WHENEVER one writes with photographic exactness of frontier life, he is accused of inventing improbable things.

"Old Davy Lindsley" lived in a queer cabin on the Pomme de Terre River. If you should ever ride over the new Northern Pacific when it shall be completed, or over that branch of it which crosses the Pomme de Terre, you can get out at a station which will, no doubt, be called for an old settler, Gager's station; and if you would like to see some beautiful scenery, take a canoe and float down the Pomme de Terre River. You will have to make some portages, and you will have a good appetite for supper when you reach the old Lindsley house, ten miles from Gager's, but its present owner is hospitable.

A queer old chap was Lindsley the last time I saw him. I remember how he took me all over his claim and showed me the beauties of Lindsleyville, as he called it. His long iron-gray hair fluttered in the wind, and his face seemed like a wizard's, penetrating but unearthly. That was long before the great tide of immigrants had begun to find their way into this paradise through the highway of the Sauk valley. Lindsleyville was a hundred and fifty miles out of the world at that time. Its population numbered two, Lindsley and his daughter. The old man had tried to make a fortune in many ways. There was no sort of useless invention that he had not attempt-

ed, and you will find in the Patent Office models without number of bee-hives and cannons, steam cut-offs and baby-jumpers, lightning churns and flying machines on which he had taken out patents, assured of making a fortune from each one. He had raised fancy chickens, figured himself rich on two swarms of bees, traveled with a magic lantern, written a philosophic novel, and started a newspaper. There was but one purpose in which he was fixed: which was to guard his daughter jealously. To do this and to try the experiment of building an Utopian city, he had traveled to the summit of this knoll on the right bank of the Pomme de Terre. There never was a more beautiful landscape than that which Lindsleyville commanded. But the town did not grow, chiefly because it was so far beyond the border, though the conditions in his deeds intended to secure the character of the city from deterioration were so many, that nobody would have been willing to buy the lots.

At the time I speak of, David Lindsley had dwelt on the Pomme de Terre for five years. He had removed suddenly from the Connecticut village in which he had been living because he discovered that his daughter had, in spite of his watchfulness, formed an attachment for a young man who had the effrontery to disclose the whole thing to him by politely asking his consent to their marriage.

"Marry my daughter!" choked the old

man; "why, Mr. Brown, you are crazy. I have educated her upon the combined principles of Rousseau, of Pestalozzi, of Froebel, and of Herbert Spencer. And you! you only graduated at Yale, an old foggy mediaeval institution! No, sir! not till I meet a philosopher whose mind has been symmetrically developed can I consent for my Emilia to marry."

And the old man became so frantic that, to save him from the mad-house, Emilia wrote a letter, at his dictation, to young Brown, peremptorily breaking off all relations; and he, a sensitive, romantic man, was heart-broken, and left the village. He only sent a farewell to his friends the day before he was to sail from New Bedford on a whaling voyage. He carried with him the impression that an unaccountable change of mind in Emilia had left no hope for him.

To prevent a recurrence of such an untoward accident as this, and, as he expressed it, "to bring his daughter's mind into intimate relations with nature," the fanatical philosopher established the town of Lindsleyville, determined that no family in which there was a young man should settle on his town-plot, unless, indeed, the young man should prove to be the paragon he was looking for.

Emilia's motherless life had not been a cheerful one, subjected to the ever-changing whims of a visionary father, with whom one of her practical cast of mind could have no point of sympathy. And since she came to Lindsleyville it was harder than ever, for there was no neighbor nearer than Gager's ten miles away, and there was not a woman within fifty miles. There is no place so lonesome as a prairie; the horizon is so wide, and the earth is so empty!

Lindsley had spent all his own money long ago, and it was only the small annuity of his daughter, inherited from her mother's family, the capital of which was tied up to keep it out of his reach, that prevented them from starving. Emilia was starving indeed, not in body, but in soul. Cut off from human sympathy, she used to sit at the gable window of the cabin and look out over the boundless meadow, until it seemed to her that she would lose her reason. The wild geese screaming

to one another overhead, the bald-eagles building in the solitary elm that grew by the river, the flocks of great white pelicans that were fishing on the beach of Swan Lake, three miles away, were all objects of envy to the lonesome heart of the girl; for they had companions of their kind,—they were husbands and wives, and parents and children, while she—here she checked her thoughts lest she should be disloyal to her father. To her disordered fancy the universe seemed to be a wheel. The sun and the stars came up and went down over the monotonous sea of grass with frightful regularity, and she could not tell whether there was a God or not. When she thought of God at all, it was as a relentless giant turning the crank that kept the sky going round. The universe was an awful machine. The prayers her mother taught her in infancy died upon her lips, and instead of praying to God she cried out to her mother. Un-protestant as the sentiment is, I cannot forbear saying that this talking to the dead is one of the most natural things in the world. To Emilia the dimly remembered love of her mother was all of tenderness there was in the universe, the only revelation of God that had come to her, except only the other love, which was to her a Paradise lost. For the great hard Fate that turned the prairie universe round with a crank motion had also, so it seemed to her, snatched away from her the object of her love. This disordered, faithless state was all the fruit she tasted of the peculiar education so much vaunted by her father. She had eaten the husks he gave her and was hungry.

I said she had no company. An old daguerreotype of her mother and a carefully hidden photograph (marked on the back in a rather immature hand: "E. Brown") seemed to answer with looks of love and sympathy when she wetted them with her tears. They were her rosary and her crucifix; they were the gifts of a beclouded life, through which God shone in dimly upon her.

This poor girl looked and longed so for the company of human kind that she counted those red-letter days on which a half-breed voyageur traveled over the trail in front of the house, and even a party of begging and

beggarly Sioux, hungry for all they could get to eat, offering importunately to sell "hom-poes"—moccasins—to her father, were not wholly unwelcome. But the days of all days were those on which Edwards, the tall, long-haired American trapper, fished in the Pomme de Terre in sight of the Lindsley cabin. On such occasions the old man Lindsley would leave his work and stay about the house, and watch jealously and uneasily every movement of the trapper. On one or two occasions when that picturesque individual, wearing a wolf-skin cap, with the wolf's tail hanging down between his shoulders, presented himself at the door of the cabin to crave some little courtesy, Lindsley closed the front door and brought out the article asked for from the back, like a mediæval chieftain guarding his castle. But all the time that poor Emilia could hear the voice of the tall trapper her heart beat two beats for one. For was it not a human voice speaking her own language? And the days on which he was visible were accounted as the gates of paradise, and the moments in which he spoke in her hearing were as paradise itself.

This churlish, inhospitable manner made Lindsley many enemies in a land in which one cannot afford to have enemies. Every half-breed hunter took the old man's suspicious manner as a personal affront. "He thinks we are horse-thieves," they said, scornfully. And Jacques Bourdon, the half-breed who had "filed on" the claim alongside Lindsley's, and even claimed unjustly a "forty" of Lindsley's town-plot, had no difficulty in securing the sympathy of the settlers and nomads, who looked on Lindsley as a monster quite capable of anything. He was even reported to have beaten his daughter, and to have confined her in the wilderness that he might keep her out of an immense fortune which she had inherited. So Lindsley grew every day in disfavor in a region where unpopularity in its mildest form is sure to take a most unpleasant way of making itself known. Emilia knew enough to understand this danger, and she was shaken with a nameless fear whenever she heard the sharp words that passed between her father and Bourdon the half-breed. The resentment of the latter

reached its climax when the decision of the land-office was rendered in favor of Mr. Lindsley. From that hour the revenge of this man, whose hot French was mixed with relentless Indian blood, hung over the head of the old man, who still read and wrote, and invented and theorized, in utter ignorance of any peril except the danger that some man, not a fool, should marry his daughter.

The fourth of July was celebrated at Gager's. People came from fifty miles round. Patriotism? No! But love of human fellowship. The celebrated Pierre Bottineau and the other Canadians and half-breeds were there, mellowed with drink, singing the sensual and almost lewd French rowing songs their fathers had sung on the St. Lawrence. "Whiskey Jim," the retired stage-driver, and Hans Brinkerhoff and the other German settlers, with two or three Yankees, completed the slender crowd, which comprised almost the entire population of six skeleton counties. And the ever-popular Edwards was among them, his tall, grave face and flowing ringlets rising above them all. A man so ready to serve anybody as he, was idolized among frontiersmen, whose gratitude is almost equal to their revenge. Captain Oscar, the popular politician, who wore his hair long and swore and drank, just to keep in with his widely scattered constituents, whom he represented in the Minnesota Senate each winter (and who usually cast half a dozen votes apiece for him), made a buncombe speech, and then Edwards, who wouldn't drink, but who knew how to tell strange stories, kept them laughing for half an hour. Edwards was a type of man not so uncommon on the frontier as those imagine who think the trapper always a half-horse, half-alligator creature, such as they read of in the Beadle novels. I knew one trapper who was a student of numismatics, another who devoted his spare time to astronomy, and several traders and trappers who were men of considerable culture, though they are generally men who are a little morbid or eccentric in their mental structure. All Edwards' natural abilities, which were sufficient to have earned him distinction had he been "in civilization," were concentrated on the pursuits of his wild life, and such a man always surpasses the coarser

and duller Indian or half-breed in his own field.

After a game of ball, and other sports imitated from the Indians, the *bois brûlés** began to be too much softened with whiskey to keep up athletic exercises, and something in their manner led Edwards to suspect that there were other amusements on the programme into the secret of which he had not been admitted.

By adroit management he contrived to overhear part of a conversation in which "poudre à canon" was mixed up with the name of Lindslee. He inferred that the blowing up of Lindsley's house was to finish the celebration of the national holiday. Treating Bourdon to an extra glass of whiskey, and seasoning it with some well-timed denunciations of "the old monster," he gathered that the plan was to plant a keg of powder under the chimney on the north side of the cabin and blow it to pieces, just to scare the monster out, or kill him and his daughter, it did not matter which. Edwards praised the plan. He said that if it were not that he had to go to Pelican Lake that very night he would go along and help blow up the old rascal.

Soon after this he shook hands all around and wished them *bon voyage* in their trip to Lindsleyville. He winked his eyes knowingly, playing the hypocrite handsomely. Oscar and Bottineau left in different directions, the Germans had gone home drunk, and only "Whiskey Jim" joined the half-breeds in their trip. They took possession of an immigrant team that was in Gager's stable, and just after sunset started on their patriotic errand. They were going to celebrate the fourth by blowing up the tyrant.

Meantime Edwards had taken long strides, but his moccasin-clad feet were not carrying him in the direction of Pelican Lake. Half the time walking as only "the Long Trapper" could walk, half the time in a swinging trot, he made the best possible speed toward Lindsleyville. He had a start of the half-breeds, but how much he could not tell; and

there was no time to be lost. At the summit of every knoll he looked back to see if they were coming, crouching in the grass lest they should discover him.

Lindsley received him suspiciously as ever, and positively refused to believe his story. But by using his telescope Edwards soon convinced him that the party were just leaving Gager's. The dusk of the evening was coming on, and Lindsley's fright was great as he realized his daughter's peril.

"I will fight them to the death," he said, getting down his revolver, with an air that would have done honor to Don Quixote.

"If you fight them and whip them, they will waylay you and kill you. But there are ten of them, and if you fight them you will be killed, and this lady will be without a protector. If you run away the house will be destroyed, and you will be killed whenever you are found. But what have you here! a magic lantern?"

The old gentleman had, before Edwards' arrival, taken down the instrument to introduce some improvement which he had just invented. When Edwards stumbled over it and called it a magic lantern he looked at him scornfully.

"A magic lantern!" he cried. "No, sir, that is a dissolving view, oxy-calcium, pantosciostereoscopiccon."

"With this we must save you and your daughter from the half-breeds," said the trapper, a little impatient at this ill-timed manifestation of pedantry. "Get ready for action immediately."

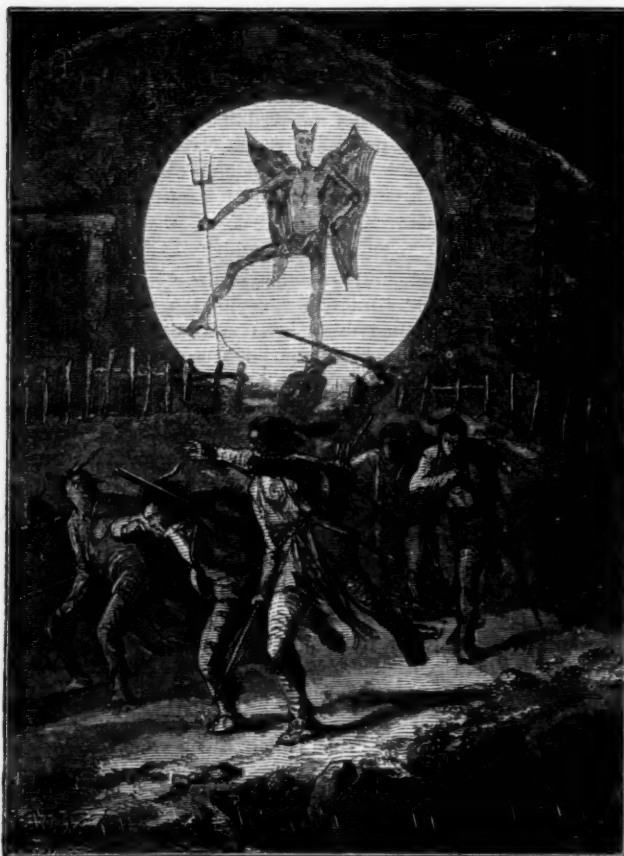
"I have no oxygen gas."

"Make it at once," said Edwards. He picked up some papers marked "Chlor. potass." and "Black oxide."

"Here is your material," he said.

"Do *you* understand chemistry?" asked Lindsley. But the trapper did not answer. He got out the retort, and in five minutes the oxygen was bubbling furiously through the wash-bottle into the India-rubber receiver. Edwards stood at the window scanning the road toward Gager's with his telescope until it grew dark, which in that latitude was at about ten o'clock. Then the magic lantern was removed to the little grass-roofed stable, in

* *Bois brûlés*, "burnt wood," is the title the half-breeds apply to themselves, in allusion to their complexion.



"LE DIABLE! LE DIABLE!"

which dwelt a solitary pony, and by Edwards' direction the focus was carefully set so that it would throw a picture against the house. Edwards selected two pictures and adjusted them for use in the two tubes.

The half-breeds were not in haste, and in all the long hour of suspense Emilia, hid in the barn with her father and young Edwards, was positively happy. For here was human companionship, and a hungry soul will gladly risk death if by that means companionship can be purchased. It did not matter either that conversation was out of the question. It is presence and not talk that makes companionship.

But hark! the *bois brûlés* are on the bank of the river below. Emilia's heart grew still as

she heard them swear. Their *sacr-r-r-r-ré* rolled like the rattle of a rattlesnake. They were coming up the hill, quarreling drunkenly about the powder. Now they were between the house and the stable, getting ready to dig a hole for the "poudre à canon."

"I'll give them fireworks!" said Edwards in a whisper.

A picture of Thorwaldsen's bas-relief of "Morning" having been previously placed in the instrument, Edwards now removed the cap, and the beautiful flying female figure, with the infant in her arms, shone out upon the side of the house with marvelous vividness.

"By thunder!" said Whiskey Jim, steadying himself, while every hair stood on end.

"Mon Dieu!" cried the *bois brûlés*, who had never seen a picture in their lives except in the cathedral of St. Boniface,

at Fort Garry. "*Mon Dieu! La Sainte Vierge!*" And they fell on their knees before this apparition of the Blessed Virgin, and crossed themselves and prayed lustily.

But "Whiskey Jim" straightened himself up, and hiccupped, and stammered "By thunder!" and added some words which, being Saxon, I will not print.

"The devil!" cried Jim, a minute later, starting down the hill at full speed, for, by Edwards' direction, the light had been shifted to the other tube in such a way as to dissolve the "Morning" into a hideous picture of the conventional horned and hoofed devil. The picture was originally meant to be comic, but it now set Jim to running for dear life.

"*Oui, c'est le diable! le diable! le diable!*"

cried the frantic *bois brûlés*, breaking off their invocations to the Virgin most abruptly, and fleeing pell-mell down the hill after Jim, falling over one another as they ran. Quick as a flash Edwards threw about him a sheet which he had ready, and pursued the fleeing Frenchmen. Jim had already seized the reins, and on the plan of "the devil take the hindmost," was driving, at a pace that would have done him credit in the Central Park, up the trail toward Gager's, leaving the half-breeds to get on as best they could. Bourdon stumbled and fell, and Edwards lavished some blows upon him that must have satisfied the *bois brûlé* that ghosts have a most solid corporeal existence.

Then Edwards returned and captured the keg of powder. He assured the Lindsleys that the superstitious half-breeds would never again venture within five miles of a house which was guarded by the Holy Virgin and the Devil in partnership. And they never did. Even the Indians were afraid to approach the place, pronouncing it "Wakan," or supernaturally inhabited. They regarded Lindsley as a "medicine-man" of great power.

But what a night that was! For Edwards stayed two hours and made the acquaintance of Lindsley and his daughter. And how he talked, while Emilia thought she had never known how heaven felt before; and the old man forgot his inventions, and did not broach more than twenty of his theories in the two hours. He was so much interested in the tall trapper that he forgot the rest. Edwards ate a supper set out by the hands of Emilia, and left at three o'clock. He was at Pelican Lake next morning, and no man suspected his share in the affair except Gager, who had sense enough to say nothing. And Emilia lay down and dreamed of angels about the house. One was like Thorwaldsen's "Morning," and the other wore long hair and beard, and was very tall!

This abortive attempt to make a skyrocket out of Lindsley's cabin wrought only good to Emilia at first. The father was now wholly in love with the trapper. He praised him at all hours.

"He is a philosopher, my daughter. He understands chemistry. He lives in the ar-

cana of nature and reads her secrets. No foolish study of the heathen classics; no training after mediæval fashion in one of our colleges, which are anachronisms, has perverted his taste. Here is the Emilia worthy of my Emilia," he would say, much to the daughter's annoyance.

But when Edwards came the hours were golden. Hanging his wolf-skin cap behind the door, and shaking back his long locks as he took his seat, he would entrance father and daughter alike, from his entrance to his exit, with his talks of adventure. From the time of his first visit new life came to the heart of Emilia; and Mr. Lindsley, whose every whim the trapper humored, was as much fascinated as his daughter. But now commenced a fierce battle in the heart of Emilia. Edwards loved her. By all the speech that his eyes were capable of, he told her so. And by all the beating of her own heart she knew that she loved the brown-faced, long-haired trapper in return. But what about the fair-eyed student, who for very love and disappointment had gone to the Arctic Seas? He was not at hand to plead his cause, and for this very reason her conscience pleaded it for him. When her soul had fed on the words of the trapper as upon manna in the wilderness, she took up the old photograph and the eyes reproached her. She shed bitter tears of penitence upon it for her disloyalty to the storm-tossed sailor, but rejoiced again when she saw the tall figure of the trapper coming down the trail. A desolate and lonely heart cannot live forever on the memory of a dead love. And have ye not read what David did when he was an hungered? Do not therefore reproach a starving soul for partaking of this feast in the desert.

And so Emilia tried to believe that Brown was long since dead—poor fellow! She shed tears over an imaginary grave in Labrador with a great sense of comfort. She tried to think that he had long since married and forgotten her, and she endeavored to nurse some feeble pangs of jealousy toward an imaginary wife.

Now it was very improper doubtless in Brown to come to life just at this moment.

One lover too many is as destructive to the happiness of a conscientious girl as one too few. If Emilia had been trained in society, her joy at having two lovers would have had no alloy save her grief that there were not four of them. But it was one of the misfortunes of her solitary and peculiar education that she had conscience and maidenly modesty. Wherefore it was a source of bitter distress and embarrassment to her that, at the end of a long letter from a neighbor who had taken a notion after years of silence to write her all the gossip of the old village, she found these words: "Your old friend Brown did not jump into the sea at grief for his rejection, after all. He has written to somebody here that he is coming home. I believe he said that he loved you all the same as ever."

The greatest grief of Emilia was that she should have been so wicked as to be grieved. Had she not prayed all these years, when she could pray at all, for the safety of the young student? Had she not prayed against storms and icebergs? And now that he was coming her heart smote her as if he were a ghost of some one whom she had murdered! Whether she loved him, or Edwards, or anybody, indeed she could not tell. But she would do penance for her crime. And so when next she heard the quiet voice of "the long trapper," asking for her, she refused to see him, though the refusal all but killed her.

Poor Edwards! How he paced the shore of Swan Lake all that night. For when love comes into the soul of a solitary man, it has all the force that all the thousand interests of life have to one in the busy world. How terrible were the temptations that sometimes assailed the religious eremites we can never guess.

Sunset of the next day found Edwards in the Red River Valley, far on his way toward Fort Garry, bent on spending the rest of his life as a "free trader" in British America. As for Emilia, she was now in total darkness. The sun had set, and the moon had not appeared. Brown might be dead, or she might not love him, or he might never find her. And she had thrown away her paradise, and there was only blackness left.

Edwards had already come within a few

miles of Georgetown, where he was to take passage in that strangest of all the craft that ever frightened away the elk, the little seven-by-nine steamer "Anson Northrup," when, as he was striding desperately along the trail, he was suddenly checked by a thought. He stood five minutes in indecision, then turned and began to walk rapidly in the opposite direction. At Breckinridge he found a stage, and getting out at Gager's, he went down the trail toward Lindsley's.

Now Davy Lindsley had been in a terrible state of ferment. When he had found the philosopher, "the uncontaminated child of nature, the self-educated combination of civilized and savage man," his daughter had perversely refused him, and the old man had taken the disappointment so to heart that he was in a state bordering on frenzy.

"Misfortune always pursues me!" he began, when he met Edwards under the hill. "Fifty times I have been near achieving some great result, and my ill luck has spoiled it all. You see me a broken-hearted man. To have allied my family with a child of nature like yourself would have given me the greatest joy. But—how shall I express my grief?" And here the old man struck a pathetically tragic attitude and drew out his handkerchief, weeping with a profound self-pity.

"Mr. Lindsley, do you know why Miss Lindsley has become so suddenly displeased with me?" asked the trapper, trembling.

"Miss Lindsley, sir, is perverse. It is the one evil trait that my enlightened system of education, drawn from Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, and Herbert Spencer, and combined by my own genius—it is the one evil trait that my system has failed to eradicate. She is perverse. I fear, sir, she is yet worshipping the image of a misguided youth, who, filled and puffed up with the useless learning of the schools, ventured to address her. I am the most unfortunate of men."

"Mr. Lindsley, can I see your daughter alone?"

The old man thought he could. But she was very perverse. In truth that very morning Emilia had, in a sublime spirit of self-immolation, vowed that she would love none but the long-lost lover, and that if Brown

never came back she would die heroically devoted to him, and thus she had sacrificed to her conscience and it was appeased. But right atop this vow came the request of Edwards for an interview. Was ever a girl so beset? Could she trust herself? On thinking it over she was afraid not; so that it was only by much persuasion that she was prevailed on to grant the request.

While Edwards talked she could but listen, frightened all the time at the faintness of her solemn resolution, which had seemed so irrevocable when she made it. He frankly demanded the reason for her change of conduct toward him. And she, like an honest and simple-hearted girl, told the other love story with a trembling voice, while Edwards listened with eyes down-cast.

"This was five years ago?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And the young man's name?"

"Was Edward Brown."

"Curious! I think," he said slowly, pausing as if to get breath and keep his self-control, "I think if my hair were cut off short and parted on one side, as Edward Brown wore his, instead of in the middle, and if my whiskers were shaven off, and if the tan of five years' exposure were gone from my face, and if I were five years younger, and two inches shorter, I think—" he paused here and looked at her.

"Please say the rest quickly," she said in a faint whisper. For the setting sun was streaming in at the west window upon the face of the trapper. His hair was thrown back, and he was looking in her eyes with a look she had never seen before. But he dropped his head upon his hand now and looked at the floor.

"It might be—" he spoke musingly, "it might be that Edward Brown failed to reach his ship in time at New Bedford, and changed his mind and came here, and that after Emilia came he watched this house day and night till his heart came nigh to bursting. But I was going to say," he said, rousing himself, "that in case the years and the tan and the hair could be taken off, and this trapper coat

changed into one of finer cut and material, and the name reversed, that Browne Edwards the trapper would be nearer of kin than a twin-brother to Edward Brown the broken-hearted student."

What Emilia did just here I do not know, and if I did I should not tell you. To faint would, have been the proper thing. But, poor girl! her education had been neglected, and I think she did not faint. When the old philosopher came in he was charmed with the situation, and that evening, when they two walked together on the bank of the Pomme de Terre, Emilia pointed to the stars and said: "Do you know that in all these years God seemed to me a cruel monster turning a crank? And to-night every star seems to be an eye through which God is looking at me as my mother used to. I feel as though God were loving me. See, the stars are laughing in my face! Now I love Him as I did my mother. And to-night I am going to read that curious story about Christ at the wedding."

For God, who is love, loves to find his way to a human heart through love. And Edwards, who had been in bitterness and rebellion during the years of his exile, listened now to the voice of love as to that of an angel whom God had sent out of heaven to bring him back home again. And love became the Revealer of God to him also.

Mr. Lindsley is an invalid now. Lindsleyville belongs to Browne Edwards and his wife. And old Davy has made a will on twenty quires of legal cap, bequeathing to his son-in-law all his right, title, and interest in certain and sundry patents on churns, cannons, bee-hives, magic lanterns, flying-machines, &c., together with some extraordinary secret discoveries. And the old gentleman is slowly dying in the full conviction that he is bequeathing the foundation of an immense fortune to his son-in-law, and more wisdom to the world than has ever been contributed to its stock by all that have gone before. And he often reminds Emilia that she has to thank him for getting so good a husband. If it hadn't been for him she might have married that sickly student.

UNDER THE ELMS.

SHALL I tell you how it is under the Elms,
This beautiful summer day?
How the trees droop over the velvet grass
Where the sunlight and shadows play?
What the flowers to the elms, and the elms to the skies,
In their own sweet voices say?

I would I might picture to you the scene
Each day on my memory penned,
That the green, and the gold, and the azure tints
A greeting soft might send,
And the rural calm to your weary heart
A soothing cheer could lend.

But a magical change has come under the Elms,
As I write at my window here;
And the sunny air, that was calm and still,
Is ringing with voices clear,
And the laughing chorus that floats to me,
Falls in melody on my ear.

There's a glancing of curls through the clustering leaves,
Of a golden and chestnut hue,
And a gleaming of eyes from the swaying grass,
That are hazel, and gray, and blue;
The asparagus bed yields a wonderful crop
Of aprons, and ribbons, too.

A tree branches out in a curious way,
With arms and ankles of snow;
And the terrace has sprouted a little frock,
Mid the clover and chickweed low;
And the candy-tuft, in a fleecy heap,
Two dimpled hands doth show.

Each branch and each leaf, every blade and flower,
Seems bright with a radiant glee,
And the merry picture of jubilant life
Is a beautiful one to see;
While the voices, rippling the quiet air,
Sing a wonderful song to me.

For again the branches seem arching high
To where the blue is spread,
And the waving spires of asparagus
Meet over my stooping head,
And the world again is a play-ground vast,
And the cares of life are fled.

The ladder that reaches the lowest branch
 Seems a staircase to the sky;
 My paper-dolls, locked in each other's arms,
 Safe under a plantain lie;
 And what if the dog before the door
 Should mistake me for a fly!

O children, you have stolen my heart,
 And carried my brain off, too!
 And ruefully dear are your flashing eyes,
 The hazel, and gray, and blue!
 Give me back my senses, you little thieves,
 Or I will be after you!

 BACK-LOG STUDIES.

I.

THE fire on the hearth has almost gone out in New England; the hearth has gone out; the family has lost its center; age ceases to be respected; sex is only distinguished by the difference between millinery bills and tailors' bills; there is no more toast-and-cider; the young are not allowed to eat mince-pies at ten o'clock at night; half a cheese is no longer set to toast before the fire; you scarcely ever see in front of the coals a row of roasting apples, which a bright little girl, with many a dive and start, shielding her sunny face from the fire with one hand, turns from time to time; scarce are the gray-haired sires who strop their razors on the family Bible, and doze in the chimney corner. A good many things have gone out with the fire on the hearth.

I do not mean to say that public and private morality have vanished with the hearth. A good degree of purity and considerable happiness are possible with grates and blowers; it is a day of trial, when we are all passing through a fiery furnace, and very likely we shall be purified as we are dried up and wasted away. Of course the family is gone, as an institution, though there still are attempts to bring up a family round a "register." But you might just as well try to bring it up by hand, as without the rallying-point of a hearth-stone. Are there any homesteads nowadays? Do people hesitate to change houses any more than they do to change

their clothes? People hire houses as they would a masquerade costume, liking, sometimes, to appear for a year in a little fictitious stone-front splendor above their means. Thus it happens that so many people live in houses that do not fit them. I should almost as soon think of wearing another person's clothes as his house; unless I could let it out and take it in until it fitted, and somehow expressed my own character and taste. But we have fallen into the days of conformity. It is no wonder that people constantly go into their neighbors' houses by mistake, just as, in spite of the Maine law, they wear away each other's hats from an evening party. It has almost come to this, that you might as well be anybody else as yourself.

Am I mistaken in supposing that this is owing to the discontinuance of big chimneys, with wide fireplaces in them? How can a person be attached to a house that has no center of attraction, no soul in it, in the visible form of a glowing fire, and a warm chimney, like the heart in the body? When you think of the old homestead, if you ever do, your thoughts go straight to the wide chimney and its burning logs. No wonder that you are ready to move from one fire-placeless house into another. But you have something just as good, you say. Yes, I have heard of it. This age, which imitates everything, even to the virtues of our ancestors, has invented a fireplace, with artificial, iron, or composition logs in it, hacked and painted, in which gas

is burned, so that it has the appearance of a wood fire. This seems to me blasphemy. Do you think a cat would lie down before it? Can you poke it? If you can't poke it, it is a fraud. To poke a wood fire is more solid enjoyment than almost anything else in the world. The crowning human virtue in a man is to let his wife poke the fire. I do not know how any virtue whatever is possible over an imitation gas log. What a sense of insincerity the family must have, if they indulge in the hypocrisy of gathering about it. With this center of untruthfulness, what must the life in the family be? Perhaps the father will be living at the rate of ten thousand a year on a salary of four thousand; perhaps the mother, more beautiful and younger than her beautified daughters, will rouge; perhaps the young ladies will make wax-work. A cynic might suggest as the motto of modern life this simple legend—"Just as good as the real." But I am not a cynic, and I hope for the rekindling of wood fires, and a return of the beautiful home light from them. If a wood fire is a luxury, it is cheaper than many in which we indulge without thought, and cheaper than the visits of a doctor, made necessary by the want of ventilation of the house. Not that I have anything against doctors; I only wish, after they have been to see us in a way that seems so friendly, they had nothing against us.

My fireplace, which is deep, and nearly three feet wide, has a broad hearth-stone in front of it, where the live coals tumble down, and a pair of gigantic brass andirons. The brasses are burnished and shine cheerfully in the fire-light, and on either side stand tall shovel and tongs, like sentries, mounted in brass. The tongs, like the two-handed sword of Bruce, cannot be wielded by puny people. We burn in it hickory wood, cut long. We like the smell of this aromatic forest timber, and its clear flame. The birch is also a sweet wood for the hearth, with a sort of spiritual flame and an even temper—no snappishness. Some prefer the elm, which holds fire so well; and I have a neighbor who uses nothing but apple-tree wood—a solid family sort of wood, fragrant also, and full of delightful suggestions. But few people can afford to burn up

their fruit-trees. I should as soon think of lighting the fire with sweet-oil that comes in those graceful wicker-bound flasks from Naples, or with manuscript sermons, which, however, do not burn well, be they never so dry,—not half so well as printed editorials.

Few people know how to make a wood fire, but everybody thinks he or she does. You want, first, a large back-log, which does not rest on the andirons. This will keep your fire forward, radiate heat all day, and late in the evening fall into a ruin of glowing coals, like the last days of a good man, whose life is the richest and most beneficent at the close, when the flames of passion and the sap of youth are burned out, and there only remain the solid, bright elements of character. Then you want a fore-stick on the andirons; and upon these build the fire of lighter stuff. In this way you have at once a cheerful blaze, and the fire gradually eats into the solid mass, sinking down with increasing fervor; coals drop below, and delicate tongues of flame sport along the beautiful grain of the fore-stick. There are people who kindle a fire underneath. But these are conceited people, who are wedded to their own way. I suppose an accomplished incendiary always starts a fire in the attic, if he can. I am not an incendiary, but I hate bigotry. I don't call those incendiaries very good Christians who, when they set fire to the martyrs, touched off the fagots at the bottom, so as to make them go slow. Besides, knowledge works down easier than it does up. Education must proceed from the most enlightened down to the most ignorant strata. If you want better common schools, raise the standard of the colleges, and so on. Build your fire on top. Let your light shine. I have seen people build a fire under a balky horse; but he wouldn't go—he'd be a horse-martyr first. A fire kindled under one never did him any good. Of course you can make a fire on the hearth by kindling it underneath, but that does not make it right. I want my hearth-fire to be an emblem of the best things.

II.

It must be confessed that a wood fire needs as much tending as a pair of twins. To say

nothing of fiery projectiles sent into the room, even by the best wood, from the explosion of gases confined in its cells, the brands are continually dropping down, and coals are being scattered over the hearth. However much a careful housewife, who thinks more of neatness than enjoyment, may dislike this, it is one of the chief delights of a wood fire. I would as soon have an Englishman without side-whiskers as a fire without a big back-log; and I would rather have no fire than one that required no tending—one of dead wood that could not sing again the imprisoned songs of the forest, or give out in brilliant scintillations the sunshine it absorbed in its growth. Flame is an ethereal sprite, and the spice of danger in it gives zest to the care of the hearth-fire. Nothing is so beautiful as springing, changing flame—it was the last freak of the Gothic architecture men to represent the fronts of elaborate edifices of stone as on fire, by the kindling flamboyant devices. A fireplace is, besides, a private laboratory, where one can witness the most brilliant chemical experiments, minor conflagrations only wanting the grandeur of cities on fire. It is a vulgar notion that a fire is only for heat. A chief value of it is, however, to look at. It is a picture, framed between the jambs. You have nothing on your walls, by the best masters (the poor masters are not, however, represented), that is really so fascinating, so spiritual. Speaking like an upholsterer, it furnishes the room. And it is never twice the same. In this respect it is like the landscape view through a window, always seen in a new light, color, or condition. The fireplace is a window into the most charming world I ever had a glimpse of.

Yet direct heat is an agreeable sensation. I am not scientific enough to despise it, and have no taste for a winter residence on Mt. Washington, where the thermometer cannot be kept comfortable even by boiling. They say that they say in Boston that there is a satisfaction in being well dressed which religion cannot give. There is certainly a satisfaction in the direct radiance of a hickory fire which is not to be found in the fieriest blasts of a furnace. The hot air of a furnace is a sirocco; the heat of a wood fire is only intense sunshine, like that bottled in *Lacrimæ Christi*. Be-

sides this, the eye is delighted, the sense of smell is regaled by the fragrant decomposition, and the ear is pleased with the hissing, crackling, and singing—a liberation of so many out-door noises. Some people like the sound of bubbling in a boiling pot, or the fizzing of a frying spider. But there is nothing gross in the animated crackling of sticks of wood blazing on the hearth; not even if chestnuts are roasting in the ashes. All the senses are ministered to, and the imagination is left as free as the leaping tongues of flame.

The attention which a wood fire demands is one of its best recommendations. We value little that which costs us no trouble to maintain. If we had to keep the sun kindled up and going by private corporate action, or act of Congress, and to be taxed for the support of customs officers of solar heat, we should prize it more than we do. Not that I should like to look upon the sun as a job, and have the proper regulation of its temperature get into politics, where we already have so much combustible stuff; but we take it quite too much as a matter of course, and, having it free, do not reckon it among the reasons for gratitude. Many people shut it out of their houses as if it were an enemy, watch its descent upon the carpet as if it were only a thief of color, and plant trees to shut it away from the mouldering house. All the animals know better than this, as well as the more simple races of men; the old women of the southern Italian coasts sit all day in the sun and ply the distaff, as grateful as the sociable hens on the south side of a New England barn; the slow tortoise likes to take the sun upon his sloping back, soaking in color that shall make him immortal when the imperishable part of him is cut up into shell ornaments. The capacity of a cat to absorb sunshine is only equaled by that of an Arab or an Ethiopian. They are not afraid of injuring their complexions. White must be the color of civilization; it has so many natural disadvantages. But this is politics. I was about to say that, however it may be with sunshine, one is always grateful for his wood fire, because he does not maintain it without some cost.

Yet I cannot but confess to a difference be-

tween sunlight and the light of a wood fire. The sunshine is entirely untamed. Where it rages most freely it tends to evoke the brilliancy rather than the harmonious satisfactions of nature. The monstrous growths and the flaming colors of the tropics contrast with our more subdued loveliness of foliage and bloom. The birds of the middle region dazzle with their contrasts of plumage, and their voices are for screaming rather than singing. I presume the new experiments in sound would project a macaw's voice in very tangled and inharmonious lines of light. I suspect that the fiercest sunlight puts people, as well as animals and vegetables, on extremes in all ways. A wood fire on the hearth is a kindler of the domestic virtues. It brings in cheerfulness, and a family center, and, besides, it is artistic. I should like to know if an artist could ever represent on canvas a happy family gathered round a hole in the floor called a register. Given a fireplace, and a tolerable artist could almost create a pleasant family round it. But what could he conjure out of a register? If there was any virtue among our ancestors—and they labored under a great many disadvantages, and had few of the aids which we have to excellence of life—I am convinced they drew it mostly from the fire-side. If it was difficult to read the eleven commandments by the light of a pine-knot, it was not difficult to get the sweet spirit of them from the countenance of the serene mother knitting in the chimney corner.

III.

WHEN the fire is made, you want to sit in front of it and grow genial in its effulgence. I have never been upon a throne,—except in moments of a traveler's curiosity, about as long as a South American dictator remains on one,—but I have no idea that it compares, for pleasantness, with a seat before a wood fire. A whole leisure day before you, a good novel in hand, and the back-log only just beginning to kindle, with uncounted hours of comfort in it—has life anything more delicious? For "novel" you can substitute "*Calvin's Institutes*," if you wish to be virtuous as well as happy. Even Calvin would melt before a wood fire. A great snow-storm,

visible on three sides of your wide-windowed room, loading the evergreens, blown in fine powder from the great chestnut-tops, piled up in ever-accumulating masses, covering the paths, the shrubbery, the hedges, drifting and clinging in fantastic deposits, deepening your sense of security, and taking away the sin of idleness by making it a necessity, this is an excellent background to your day by the fire.

To deliberately sit down in the morning to read a novel, to enjoy yourself, is this not, in New England, (I am told they don't read much in other parts of the country), the sin of sins? Have you any right to read, especially novels, until you have exhausted the best part of the day in some employment that is called practical? Have you any right to enjoy yourself at all until the fag end of the day, when you are tired and incapable of enjoying yourself? I am aware that this is the practice, if not the theory, of our society—to postpone the delights of social intercourse until after dark, and rather late at night, when body and mind are both weary with the exertions of business, and when we can give to what is the most delightful and profitable thing in life, social and intellectual society, only the weariness of dull brains and over-tired muscles. No wonder we take our amusements sadly, and that so many people find dinners heavy and parties stupid. Our economy leaves no place for amusements; we merely add them to the burden of a life already full. The world is still a little off the track as to what is really useful.

I confess that the morning is a very good time to read a novel, or anything else which is good, and requires a fresh mind; and I take it that nothing is worth reading that does not require an alert mind. I suppose it is necessary that business should be transacted; though the amount of business that does not contribute to anybody's comfort or improvement suggests the query whether it is not overdone. I know that unremitting attention to business is the price of success, but I don't know what success is. There is a man, whom we all know, who built a house that cost a quarter of a million of dollars, and furnished it for another like sum, who does not know anything more about architecture, or painting, or books, or history,

than he cares for the rights of those who have not so much money as he has. I heard him once, in a foreign gallery, say to his wife, as they stood in front of a famous picture by Rubens:—"That is the Rape of the Sardines!" What a cheerful world it would be if everybody was as successful as that man! While I am reading my book by the fire, and taking an active part in important transactions that may be a good deal better than real, let me be thankful that a good many men are profitably employed in offices and bureaus and country stores in keeping up the gossip and endless exchange of opinions among mankind, so much of which is made to appear to the women at home as "business." I find that there is a sort of busy idleness among men in this world that is not held in disrepute. When the time comes that I have to prove my right to vote, with women, I trust that it will be remembered in my favor that I made this admission. If it is true, as a witty conservative once said to me, that we never shall have peace in this country until we elect a colored woman president, I desire to be *rectus in curia* early.

IV.

THE fireplace, as we said, is a window through which we look out upon other scenes. We like to read of the small, bare room, with cobwebbed ceiling and narrow window, in which the poor child of genius sits with his magical poem, the master of a realm of beauty and enchantment. I think the open fire does not kindle the imagination so much as it awakens the memory; one sees the past in its crumbling embers and ashy grayness, rather than the future. People become reminiscent and even sentimental in front of it. They used to become something else in those good old days when it was thought best to heat the poker red hot before plunging it into the mugs of flip. This heating of the poker has been disapproved of late years, but I do not know on what grounds; if one is to drink bitters and gins and the like, such as I understand as good people as clergymen and women take in private, and by advice, I do not know why one should not make them palatable and heat them with his own poker. Cold whiskey out of a bottle, taken as a prescription six times a day

on the sly, isn't my idea of virtue any more than the social ancestral glass, sizzling wickedly with the hot iron. Names are so confusing in this world; but things are apt to remain pretty much the same, whatever we call them.

Perhaps as you look into the fireplace it widens and grows deep and cavernous. The back and the jams are built up of great stones, not always smoothly laid, with jutting ledges upon which ashes are apt to lie. The hearthstone is an enormous block of trap rock, with a surface not perfectly even, but a capital place to crack butternuts on. Over the fire swings an iron crane, with a row of pothooks of all lengths hanging from it. It swings out when the housewife wants to hang on the tea-kettle, and it is strong enough to support a row of pots, or a mammoth caldron kettle on occasion. What a jolly sight is this fireplace when the pots and kettles in a row are all boiling and bubbling over the flame, and a roasting-spit is turning in front! It makes a person as hungry as one of Scott's novels. But the brilliant sight is in the frosty morning, about daylight, when the fire is made. The coals are raked open, the split sticks are piled up in open work criss-crossing, as high as the crane; and when the flame catches hold and roars up through the interstices, it is like an out-of-door bonfire. Wood enough is consumed in that morning sacrifice to cook the food of a Parisian family for a year. How it roars up the wide chimney, sending into the air the signal smoke and sparks which announce to the farming neighbors another day cheerfully begun! The sleepest boy in the world would get up in his red flannel nightgown to see such a fire lighted, even if he dropped to sleep again in his chair before the ruddy blaze. Then it is that the house, which has shrunk and creaked all night in the pinching cold of winter, begins to glow again and come to life. The thick frost melts little by little on the small window-panes, and it is seen that the gray dawn is breaking over the leagues of pallid snow. It is time to blow out the candle, which has lost all its cheerfulness in the light of day. The morning romance is over; the family is astir; and member after member appears with the morning yawn, to stand before the crackling, fierce

conflagration. The daily round begins. The most hateful employment ever invented for mortal man presents itself; the "chores" are to be done. The boy who expects every morning to open into a new world, finds that to-day is like yesterday, but he believes to-morrow will be different. And yet enough for him, for the day, is the wading in the snow-drifts, or the sliding on the diamond-sparkling crust. Happy, too, is he, when the storm rages and the snow is piled high against the windows, if he can sit in the warm chimney-corner and read about Burgoyne, and Gen. Fraser, and Miss McCrea, mid-winter marches through the wilderness, surprises of wigwams, and the stirring ballad, say, of the Battle of the Kegs:—

"Come, gallants, attend and list a friend
Thrill forth harmonious ditty;
While I shall tell what late befell
At Philadelphia city."

I should like to know what heroism a boy in an old New England farm-house—rough-nursed by nature, and fed on the traditions of the old wars—did not aspire to. "John," says the mother, "you'll burn your head to a crisp in that heat." But John does not hear; he is storming the Plains of Abraham just now. "Johnny, dear, bring in a stick of wood." How can Johnny bring in wood when he is in that defile with Braddock, and the

Indians are popping at him from behind every tree? There is something about a boy that I like, after all.

The fire rests upon the broad hearth; the hearth rests upon a great substruction of stone, and the substruction rests upon the cellar. What supports the cellar I never knew, but the cellar supports the family. The cellar is the foundation of domestic comfort. Into its dark, cavernous recesses the child's imagination fearfully goes. Bogies guard the bins of choicest apples. I know not what comical sprites sit astride the cider-barrels ranged along the walls. The feeble flicker of the tallow-candle does not at all dispel, but creates illusions, and magnifies all the rich possibilities of this underground treasure-house. When the cellar-door is opened and the boy begins to descend into the thick darkness, it is always with a heart-beat as of one started upon some adventure. Who can forget the smell that comes through the opened door;—a mingling of fresh earth, fruit exhaling delicious aroma, kitchen vegetables, the mouldy odor of barrels, a sort of ancestral air,—as if a door had been opened into an old romance. Do you like it? Not much. But then I would not exchange the remembrance of it for a good many odors and perfumes that I do like.

It is time to punch the back-log and put on a new fore-stick.

FREE-TRADE AND PROTECTION.

LEGISLATIONS for the public wealth commonly begin at protection, which is a kind of first thought in states and statesmanship. With as much of enthusiasm as even Henry Clay could inspire in a young brain made for him and the tariff, I at least began there. Perhaps I would not have advocated the old English statute requiring the burying of the dead in woolen, as a way of fostering the woolen manufacture. Perhaps I would not have encouraged the manufacture of silks and cottons, by offering bounties on their exportation. But I had no doubt of the wisdom of laying on duties, to increase by so much the prices of articles bought, in a way of promot-

ing their production at home. Shall we not be creating thus, by our own industry, the same articles, making just so much of gain in the total of our wealth? Shall we not also keep the gold at home, and the balance of trade in our favor? No matter if the industries now spent on the new manufacture have before been making other products to sell, that were buying abroad twice as many of the goods now manufactured; industries have no value and might as well be expended as not.

In this rather cheap-looking philosophy, young blood made up in heat what was wanting in argument, and the debate went on, by speech and pen, in stage-coach, and club,

and society, till the heat began to go down and consideration to rise. It was as if an Adam Smith were born inside of the "first-thought" philosophy, beginning there to muster the laws of trade, and even to meditate a show of science. Is there anything plainer, the said Smith would be asking, than that it is bad economy not to obtain everything as and where it can be obtained cheapest? And if we can buy abroad cheaper than we can make at home by our own immediate industry, what are we doing when we undertake, in this manner, to produce for ourselves, but using our industry at a disadvantage? For if we can buy the articles wanted abroad cheaper than we can make them, our industry has, by supposition, gotten something else wherewith to make the payment, with a good percentage over. And if it is objected, that so we lose the whole given quantity of money from the total of the public wealth, does it make that total smaller to send out a million of dollars in money and receive back two millions in goods; when the one million sent out, gotten by our industry, buys for us what would cost just twice the amount of industry at home? What producer could ever think it wise to produce in the least productive way, and at the greatest cost? Thus, if we can barter abroad one barrel of flour for two yards of cloth, shall we make the cloth at home at such disadvantage that the barrel will pay for but a single yard? Had we not better put more hands to making flour and fewer to making cloth, instead of the contrary?

Balked at every turn by such kind of intractable suggestions, what wonder is it that the Young Protectionist philosopher begins at length to feel that he is debating himself out of his arguments, and is going clean over, in spite of himself, to be swayed by another set of convictions. He resolves, accordingly, that a little farther onward, he will graduate into something better. It is done; and he is henceforth to have just as much less respect for the first thought way of protection, as he values more his escape from it. Having now implicit faith in the science, he writes free-trade, not only as the supreme fact of statesmanship, but as the moral law of all commerce, and almost of religious liberty and communion. He has come now to the end where he may

rest. No change of color, he is sure, in the subject, and no riper stage of thought can open still another chapter, requiring still another transition to reach it.

Let us see, as I shortly was compelled to see. Nothing is wanted but a bare suggestion of the fact, which by and by arises, that the issue joined between Free-Trade and Protection is, for the most part, fictitious; and he sees it as plainly as need be. Where the controlling reasons of legislation are only reasons of profit and loss, as in trade, the issue joined is a good one, and beyond a question is decided rightly. This, says Protection, is the way of profit, or increased wealth—make what you can and save your money. Free-Trade replies, Make what you can make cheapest, buy where you can buy cheapest; take the law of best advantage—best that is in trade—and abide by it as by the laws of astronomy.

Well, then, it did, after a long time, come to me to ask, Is there nothing in the world but trade? Is good bargaining the total concern of states and statesmanship? We spend money for education, and what does it buy? Intelligence, some may answer; but that is only a figure of speech, we really buy nothing. The money is sunk, and intelligence is left; there is no trade in the matter, and no trade value concerned. We go to war for our liberties and the integrity of our institutions, expending moneys without count and industries without measure. Do we this in trade? None of us will have any such thought. We sink so much of money wealth, and expect to have, in place of it, a weal immeasurable that is no money weal at all. So, also, we build, we beautify, we fortify; and here again we sink the money weal for what has no trade value. Besides, we want a name, and, what is more, that invisible, intangible, inappreciable thing called honor. We can go a long way round and spend much for it, but we cannot buy it; trade brings no such commodity. Public security again, the security of law and liberty, that which anchors permanence and order, is there any losing trade we would not make to keep it, any sale of it that we would make for the total riches of the globe?

How then is it that free-trade science is going, as we hear, to settle peremptorily all

the great questions of public economy? For if we set ourselves down to it as the test of economy, and say it is final, is there nothing to be done or thought of in the world, we are by and by obliged to ask, that is out of economy and rightly spurns it? May not the worst economy sometimes be the best? To be fostering modes of production, where the trade-scale balance shows only disadvantage, wears a bad look certainly, as respects the matter of economy. But how many and vast supplies are wanted, that must not be left to the uncertainties of trade; where to higgler over the expense would be even a contemptible weakness. This is true in particular of all the supplies that are needed for the equipment of the state of public war. Without these no people is a proper nation, or at least by any possibility a strong one. Therefore these we must not only have, but must have the way of making, ourselves, at any cost.

Led along in this transitional way, am I any the less sure of the free-trade doctrine that I see it so often passing clean out of range, and leaving so many questions undecided. It seems, in one view, and will by and by more largely appear, to settle nothing. It is good against protection, as propounded in terms of direct profit; but protection is at liberty still to invoke public help on other grounds, where the computation of trade-profit shows a disadvantage. There is still a vast realm of interests, wants, and public considerations that so far overtop all trade-profit issues as to even sink them out of sight. Instead, therefore, of going bravely on, as I at first expected, to settle everything by the science, I saw it drifted quite away and stranded, as it were, on a side shore, which the currents of legislation scarcely touch. And yet, in still another view, the currents of the world are in it. It ennobles commerce and the nation by inducing a more fit conception of the communion of the sea. It justifies commerce by revealing the beneficent law in which all peoples and climes are made complementary to each other. It makes the trade of the world a law of good neighborhood for the world, showing the peoples all working for each other, and forbidding them, by mutual jealousies and mutual plunder, to make hos-

tility, injustice, and poverty their common lot. Nay, it even organizes a kind of neutral beneficence, that answers some of the conditions of brotherhood, and offers a good analogy to interpret the highest and most holy.

Under these mental transitions, which almost any mind working in fair intention is likely to pass, it comes, at last, to be concluded, that protection, thrown out in its first argument, the argument of profit, has a large field yet to be occupied; and that free-trade, gaining the same argument, gains it only for such field as the argument of trade profit covers. The practical questions remain, for the most part, still to be decided by other and different considerations. All the greater pity it is that so many politicians, and so many presses, still keep on tugging at their old war, and badgering each other in their old arguments, as if the particular measures of tariff adjustment contended for could be tested, or very much affected any way by such arguments. We have the fanatics of protection citing still their figures on one side, and fanatics of the free-trade lifting their unmeaning flag of revenue reform on the other—the latter a little more violent of the two, because they have so much science to boast that nobody regards because it has no application—not perceiving, as they ought, on both sides, that revenue is supreme just now over both, and the question of protection, or no protection, none but a matter of subordinate consequence.

Conceding now, or even holding scientifically, the real disadvantages of protection, under the laws of trade and tested by the rules of commercial profit, it by no means follows that the question of protection is ended. It may still be soundly justified under conditions of loss. When the advocates of protection claim it as a matter of clear advantage, and make no concession of cost or loss in the transaction, their argument is so far false, and has even a look of nonsense beside. Only a little better is the reply of the free-trade advocates, when they deny the possible right of protection because it involves a loss. Let us glance along over this field and note some of the cases where protection

is vindicated, though the disadvantage, as in trade, is conceded.

1. When it is incidental as regards duties imposed for revenue. Every nation must have revenue to meet its expenditures, and sometimes large revenue. It could be raised by direct taxation. But that is a method inconvenient and unpopular, and one that will, in fact, be avoided where it can be. If raised by imposing duties, the prices of the articles thus levied on will be correspondently increased, and these additions of price will be so much of encouragement given to their production. And it will be no violation of the free-trade doctrine if the duties are not laid equally *pro rata*, but in a way to fall most heavily on luxuries, and most encourage the industries of production. And so deep in the terms of reason, so closely bound up with beneficence, is this way of distinction, that it has been universally assented to by our statesmen, and been formally voted by our popular conventions of all parties for the last twenty-five years. It comes back in almost the same terms, repeating the same jingle of words, till we even know what is coming before it is said. So far the right of protection is granted when it is in fact made up only by contributions of loss; that is, by taxation.

2. When the duties to be laid are like to be only a temporary loss. The proposition is, or may be, to raise the price of a manufactured article for a time, in the expectation that advances in skill, and machinery, and a more secure place in the market—where conspiracies abroad cannot break in to crush out the capital invested—will by and by, or perhaps in a very short time, afford us the same articles at prices largely reduced. Even Adam Smith saw this; conceding that "a particular manufacture may sometimes be acquired sooner than it could have been otherwise, and, after a certain time, may be made at home as cheap, or cheaper, than in the foreign country." (*Wealth of Nations*, vol. i., p. 448.) And what have we ourselves discovered, in hundreds of instances, but exactly this, that the losses or taxation prices we expected did not come, but that the articles protected have been cheapened, some of them, too, from the very first. Who could have imagined that our

rough-handed, half-trained mechanics would be able to hold successful competition with the skilled workmen of Europe in the manufacture of an article as delicate as the watch? And yet we are getting our watches now at scarcely more than half the former price, and are even selling watches at a profit in the open market of the world. We consented to make a loss, but the gain came along too soon to let us distinctly see it.

3. When it may be justified as a retaliatory measure. When some other nation shuts out our products by protective or prohibitory duties, we may properly enough shut away theirs. Or if they compel our goods to come in their bottoms, we may compel theirs to come in ours. Only we must understand that our measure is a war measure, making all cost and no gain, save as we may hope to compel the abandonment of their exclusive policy and conquer thus a more free market. In this case we are in fact fighting for free-trade by protection.

Sometimes a foreign nation may conspire with its own producers to break down our market, or our home production for it, by giving a temporary bonus for the exportation of given articles. Then, to save our own investments, we may lay duties exactly equal to their bonus, and get the very state of free-trade by doing it; when, of course, the rewards they give as prizes are contributed by them to our taxes.

At the same time it is no proper matter of retaliation, or counter-legislation, that another people are able to produce at a cheaper rate than we. No matter what the cause may be, the fact is only to our advantage. If they do it by the help of cheap labor, happy are we that we have dear labor. If they have a better soil, or a softer climate, do they not have them for us? It may be that they do it by means of a lottery; no matter for that, if we get the prizes.

4. When the munitions of war and equipments for it require to be thus provided. The great mind of Washington was not too slow to make this discovery. And what did we also discover in our war of 1812, but that we had nothing to equip the war? Having no woollen manufacture, we could

not clothe our soldiers ; we could not even make a blanket. We had been free-traders, buying all such things because we could buy them cheaper ; but we now discovered, how soon, that we might better have been making blankets at double the cost for the last fifty years. The same was true of saltpetre for gunpowder ; of guns, and cannon, and swords ; and iron and steel out of which to make them. A nation that is to be a power must have at least a sufficient supply of iron made at home, no matter what the cost, to arm itself for war. We began also to make the discovery, shortly, that the very insignificant article of salt, coming in short supply, was nearly a dead necessity—one of the munitions of war—and that manufacturing it for ourselves at double the cost would have been a true advantage.

5. When the saving of investments already made demands it. Thus we had large investments of capital made in New England during the war of 1812, into which we were drawn to supply the urgent demand of the time ; the faith of the government being naturally assumed to repay the service rendered, by such adequate protection afterwards as might be necessary. From being a trading people we were converted thus to being partly a manufacturing people ; so that, when the war was over, we found ourselves converted also from being a free-trade into a protectionist people ; for the change was made necessary to save our investments. Whereupon we met on all sides the taunt of inconsistency ; asking what had become of our free-trade arguments ; had we not set ourselves against protection, and what has turned us now to this new advocacy but the main-chance argument of selfishness that is always first with us ? As if it were possible for a wise nation to let large properties perish, for any small percentage of protection ; above all for a just nation, saved in its dark day by volunteer advances of capital to refuse the care of it, and make answer only by a taunt upon the consistency that asks that care ! Or, taking a different example, we are supposed to be just about abolishing the present small duty of nine cents a bushel on salt. Assuming that the current price of salt will be reduced by only

one half the duty, that is, by four and a half cents a bushel, then, for that very small advantage, we consent to let our many millions of investment in salt manufacture take their chance, and, it may be, totally perish. Perhaps they will not ; I only chance to know that they are running on a very small margin of profit. But if they should, and we should find ourselves at war with England some five years hence, and our supplies by sea cut off, what could we do but make all our investments over again ; for salt is as much a necessity of war as gunpowder. Our petty saving turns out thus possibly to be a very absurd way of economy. We had better pay ten cents more a bushel on salt to the end of the world than to encounter any such risk.

6. Protection, though it be a losing bargain, as in trade, is generally necessary in states that are young, in order to their full organized development. We were a young nation in the war of 1812, and we very soon discovered, in facts already referred to, the lowness of our organization, and the very incomplete scope of our industrial equipments. Our products were not various enough to make us a complete nation. It is often urged as the special advantage of young nations, that they can have the benefits of free-trade, without trouble from the shock that must be given to old artificial investments ; but we had another kind of shock to bear that was far more perilous, from the scant equipment in which our previous free-trade practice had left us. Perhaps we were gaining in wealth by such trade, but we were miserably unprepared by it for the stress of our great public trial.

There must also be a large variety in products and trades, or modes of industry, to raise complexities enough for allowing the full sense of society. A people must have manifold relationships to feel each other as parts in a common unity. If they have only a few trades and occupations, as most young peoples have, they cannot have public consciousness enough to give them a history—any more than a body can be fully conscious that is only, or all, leg. They are like the wholly pastoral race of Tartars, roaming over their wastes, living every man by what feeds every other's life ; organized, therefore, if at all, in

but the faintest manner, and scarcely conscious of being at all national. A colony, beginning to be a state or nation, may have been living almost wholly by a single article of production, because it has brought the readiest and the largest profit—be it cattle, or corn, or cotton. They ought, of course, on free-trade principles, to continue. Which, if they do, they will inevitably make sure of their insignificance. Such a people are only doubles or repetitions of each other—too much alike, too little complementary one to another, to have any real interpenetration, such as makes a conscious whole. They can have no public will, or sentiment, or cause, or counsel. Their interest is too completely identical to make even their agreement significant. Instead of being a body kept in force by an immense, almost infinite interplay of nerves, ducts, tissues, secretions, excretions, yielding new muscle and bone, oils, lubrications, sanitary self-mediations—every organ necessary somehow to every other, and all necessary to all—instead of being thus a body, they are one that has only the bone-making function, or that has a huge overgrown liver organ, packing it full, and pumping its one deluge of bile into the eyes, the skin, the brain, supplying never what is wanted, but only more of what is not wanted, and organizing really nothing. Hence the immense interest a young State may have, in even making heavy loss from its wealth, to stimulate, in disregard of all free-trade maxims, such trades and ways of skilled production as will yield the needed variety. Otherwise their one art or production leaves them only a guild and not a nation. And guilds are the weakest of all organizations, save as they are sprinkled in among other guilds and get strength from the reactions and counteractions of other dissimilarities. Thus a one-guild nation may seem to be high and strong enough to make brave stand for their one thing, but when they are put to some long struggle, as nations are in their wars, the one-thing fire, be it for cotton or anything else, is too flashy to hold; whereas the organization framed by diversities and reciprocities, stands fast in the interlock of functions that make common cause, being components together in a full endowed body.

In this complexity of organization, too, we have the possibility of great sentiments and a great public love, without which no people is either strong or great. Dovetailed in unity by their manifold arts and industries, their sense of country, cause, name, and profoundly conjoined interest, prepare them for a great historic consciousness. We have many fine things to say of grit, mettle, dash, and I know not what other brave incidents that carry applause, but, after all, the best and grandest way of spirit belongs to that complete organization that is, at once, the possibility of great sentiments, and is itself vitalized in the same. And it must be a very niggard statesmanship that goes after free-trade, caring only to buy at the cheapest rate and forswearing the honor that belongs to a truly great people, because it must be gotten at too great cost.

And we must not forget to notice here how many greater things than wealth, and more to be desired, there are—nay, more to be desired, in the long run, for the sake of wealth itself, if that were any fit motive. Strictly speaking, there is no money value in anything but money; and yet whatever good comes round, after many turns, to yield money, has, in some sense, that kind of value. Works of art, going into the souls of a people, kindle sentiments in them, by which all their powers are stocked with beauty, and made fruitful; and so come, at last, to be worth more, even money-wise, than placers of gold. A great poet is worth more, in the computations of public wealth, than any largest millionaire; for if he may yield but a single short lyric that has the force to kindle a nation's feeling, and becomes its national hymn, he brings in a vaster wealth than whole convoys of ships laden with the riches of the world. In it, he buys courage, enthusiasm, constancy, victory, all that conserves the order, knits the strength, concentrates the love of the State—what no largest largesses in gold can either buy or outweigh. And if this should seem to be a mere appeal to fancy, let some State, especially one that is young, lay itself into the work of universal education, making vast expenditures for it—all dead consumption by the free-trade law—what will be seen, a quarter-century or half-century after, but that it has made every man

of its people now two men, by the intelligence put into him, every soldier two soldiers, every army two armies, doubling all its works, engines, possibilities, and magnitudes of history. That people ought now to sell for as much more, if we can speak of that, as they are worth more to themselves—but no matter if they would not. Enough to see, as we certainly may, that statesmanship is not used up under any mere question of wealth and trade, by whatever name it may be called. Indisputable as I think the free-trade science certainly is, in its own small field, it is not everything, nor the test of everything. It simply shows what the law of money-profit and loss may be, as in trade, and so far it settles one of the great questions important to be settled, and always had in view. One, but not all. True statesmanship will make loss, without scruple, for ends that require it, and some of these will even be the highest and most valued. A thousand things that cost money and will pay it back never, save as it is merged and lost sight of in long circuits of causation, he will bravely counsel and decisively execute; and what forbids, if it be so, that he should often make large cost in the protection of industries that are not profitable, save as they add variety, and beget the much needed sentiments of confidence, and fires of public devotion. Any more absolute use of the free-trade principle, admitting the soundness of it, is even unintelligent.

Free-trade, as we have now seen, settles nothing as regards the matter of protection, save the unprofitableness, or bad economy of it; and then the further question may follow whether, on one account or another, the nation had best sacrifice somewhat of economy or profit, with a view to ultimate results of higher consequence. Of this I think we can no longer doubt. It must be done where protection is necessary to the full martial equipment of the state, within itself and out of its own products; and it should be done where the varieties of industry and production are too few to generate those complementary functions which are necessary to a full organization—as will very commonly be true in a young nation just emerging from its colonial or emigration state. This was our condition

at the beginning of the present century, but now we can hardly be called a young nation longer. We have our varieties of production now made up, and are so far advanced in this way that we have already taken our place with the oldest nations of the world. It is no longer required of us, therefore, to be nursing new industries artificially, to any great extent. The arguments for protection are now mostly gone by. We are getting our revenue also by a levy on importations, which operates of itself a kind of universal protection, and about as much of it in degree as can be any way desirable. The questions we have now on hand, therefore, relate mainly to the discriminations to be made, or not made, in favor of certain specified industries. It results, in this manner, that we are not debating at all the original question between free-trade and protection, but only the particular rates and degrees of protection—how much on this? how much on that? In this mill the lobby forces at the Capitol are all the while grinding, to work out a better per cent. for this or that product. They log-roll, as it is called, in combinations of causes or even of party forces; they work by pledges of political rewards; they find how sometimes it is charged to administer a fee. They grab at every most ill-proportioned largess the chances give them, or the twist of political extortion allows them to get.

Commonly, the struggle now is not so much between free-trade and production, as between protections—between the wool-growing interest, for example, and the wool-manufacturing, which are making both demands exactly opposite. In the case of iron the contest is threefold, one party demanding the protection of the iron manufacture by a raising of the prices; a second demanding a reduction of the price in favor of the ship-building interest; a third demanding the right to buy foreign-built ships because it is cheaper than to build. Even the coal trade puts the party vote of Pennsylvania over against all the arts, and steam-working engines of land and sea, and makes out what is called a case for protection; standing meanwhile on beds of deposit that are only too cheaply mined to yield good prices, without adding in what the tricks of anarchy may cost.

It is not to be denied in this view, that protective imposts, in so many forms, complicate the difficulties and exasperate the conflicts of legislation; and it is even a fair ground of objection to all attempts at protection, that they involve this necessary mischief.

The proposition is, it may be said always, that the government shall sit as for the distribution of patronage among its pensioners—or, in our case, to bestow largesses and pay back rewards, for the votes that have earned so much of prize-money represented in them. And yet there is nothing in the particular case of protection, which is not encountered in every other matter of personal advantage. The rampages of greediness are quite as violent, and the rushes of clamor not a whit less boisterous in the distributions of public office. The great government contracts offered are sought by what arts of intrigue and public bribery. Must we, therefore, have no offices and contracts? or shall we consent to have them and, if possible, have them awarded fairly, as may best promote the public good? No government can ask to be clear of such annoyances; for it has to do, at all points, with the greediness of men, and is ordained partly for that purpose. So in this matter of protection, violations of truth, and justice, and even decency, must be taken as they rise, and be handled as they best can be. Could every claim of protection be grounded in right and prosecuted in good behavior, it would certainly be more agreeable, and the task of protective legislation would be delivered of many difficulties and discomforts. But if it cannot be so, then the law-makers must be only more careful not to be overborne, or deceived, and must carry their hand firmly enough to enforce the conviction that only truth and good manners can have any hope of success. The rapacity of the game may in this way be reduced, or very effectually quelled.

On the whole, it may be seen and should be distinctly noted, that the question of protection, as it now stands before our Congress, is at just the point where it must have arrived under free-trade philosophy itself. The legislator under this philosophy must sometimes forswear economy and break loose from all the laws of trade. He must study organization, sentiment, intelligence, and sometimes complementary functions, and varieties of art, as if he were himself the devotee of protection. But if he is a man of one idea so completely as to think that, running up the free-trade flag and marching under it, he has gotten by all these other cares and questions, he is more of a bigot than a statesman, and is far as possible from being a properly qualified law-giver. There ought to be no rational man who denies the free-trade argument; but there is ample room after that for inquiring when it is applicable, as also when it is not. In protection there is no science, but there may be sense; and should be sense enough to see that extravagant helps are the most fatal of hindrances.

It is often assumed that free-trade has a great moral significance. Perhaps it has when another world is ready for it. Getting rid of war and the perils that require munitions of war; getting our nationalities duly unfolded by varieties of production and a complete education; all public debts also liquidated and put out of the way; then free-trade and the liberties of the sea universally acknowledged, will undoubtedly do much to morally ennoble the world. And yet what is wanted now, is not so much to be farther amused by these pictures of ultimate benefit, as to have the science unfolded in a way to justify measures transcending mere issues of trade and to give it the place which belongs to it in a genuine statesmanship.

A FÊTE-DAY AT MALMAISON.

It seems to be one of the inconsistencies or coquetries of human nature to cling to that which is "ready to vanish away;" and so now we cling to Paris, those of us who are so fortunate as to have seen her in the full flower of her magnificence. We feel that we did not admire her half enough; we linger wistfully in her boulevards, and parks, and gardens, and around her grand columns, now falling to dust; but nowhere, perhaps, more regretfully than in the shady walks and echoing rooms of Malmaison.

Paris stretches her finger-tips far into the outlying country, and every town and village responds to her heart-thrills. Malmaison sprang up at the touch of her glory and splendor, and why should it not be desolated in these days of her eclipse? At all events, it seems fitting, with a sort of melancholy logic, that Paris herself should deal the death-blow.

But how brilliant, and without omen of disaster, it all was on that soft May morning, with its puzzling promises of rain and shine, when we drove to the Western Station and bought our tickets for the little town of Rueil.

The lights and shadows were playing chase with the children under the pleasant conventional shades of the gardens of the Tuileries. A morning shimmer trembled on the obelisk and fountains and great rampant horses of the Place de la Concorde, across the long bridge, and up the Champs Elysées, with their sunny paths, and tufts of green, and tinted mist of early buds and spray of fountains,—away to the great Arch around its circle of far sky. The stream of gay, restless life had begun to pour down the Boulevards, where the windows already shone with jewels and silks and a thousand fascinations, and the restaurants stood with open doors, giving the most appetizing glimpses of their cosiness of little tables, with snowy cloths and tempting breakfast.

All was sparkling, festival-like,—no squalor, no apparent discontent, not a minor tone anywhere. Such disagreeable, unpopular things were not allowed in Paris. They were forced back into the hidden places, into dark, hope-

less hearts; but they have spoken since, and even then they did make a sound in the air. Listening attently, one had a sense of hollowness, of ghastly unreality sometimes, under all the plausible, beautiful surface; a sort of half fancy of a sound of doom, under the roar of equipage and tumultuous life. It was difficult for a New Englander to find exactly the right anodyne for the moral sense in this bewildering Paris. It pressed just enough to make it very refreshing at times to find one's self out in the pretty country, a little prim, perhaps, but with the ever sweet and fresh touch of nature upon it, so healing, so true, even in artificial France. So it was not in the least desolate to glide along in our comfortable railway carriage, away from all the splendor, through the scattering suburbs and lingering trail of houses, out into more open spaces, never empty of human life and dwellings, to be sure, as in this country, but still rural, and now just flushing up in their Spring beauty of green and blossom.

We found the station of Rueil to be some little way from the town; but as there was only a rather unattractive omnibus for conveyance, and the distance was not great, we decided to walk through the lane connecting the station with the town,—no bowered English lane, but a French *ruelle*, thinly shaded and straight, yet with a straggling air, in spite of its straightness. So we felt no very poignant regrets when we came to the end of our road, and to the entrance of the quaint little paved square or market-place. Across this lay the way to Malmaison; and if now we had gone right on without pause, we should have taken our guide, gone through Malmaison as a sort of duty-work, consulting the instructive Murray to find out what emotions it was proper to have; and should probably have ended by not having any, but have been as devoid of feeling as we often were, just when we knew that our hearts ought to be melted within us. For, to tell the truth, the edge had been taken off our appetites by much sight-seeing, and we had become sadly numb and unsensitive. Why is it that the best things take us so unawares? We go after them, we court them, and they fly

like shy birds. But when the mind is quite bare of expectation and goes quietly on its way, there comes some unlooked-for incident, some surprise of light and sound, some grace of atmosphere,—and suddenly the soul is thronged with visitants, delightful, sometimes holy, that leave behind them a blessed remembrance for a lifetime. In this direction lie some hints as to the attainment of happiness, and that special form of it known as European travel. A little less of strenuous pursuit, a little more of *laissez-aller*, would probably prevent a good deal of disappointment in both quarters.

So we discovered this day, trudging, with hearts quite off their guard, along the road to Rueil, and came on something not down in Murray or Baedeker, which we were faithfully carrying under our arms.

At our left, on the corner of the market-place, stood a small Gothic church in dark stone, such as may be seen in almost every French town. This one was the burial-place of Josephine, however, and besides had a beautiful carved portico, the gift of Cardinal Richelieu, some three hundred years ago; and so we meant to take a look at it on our return. But as we were passing we saw the leathern curtain at the door swinging back and forth as one after another slipped in; and as it let souls in it let sweet organ-music out, all the sweeter, the more entreating, that it came so in wafts and breaks of sound. We could not resist; we too lifted the curtain, and found just standing-room left at the back of the church.

It was a fête-day,—Ascension-day. The church was quite thronged with peasants in their picturesqueness of costume—men in blouses, women in snow-white frilled caps, and masses of children in white holiday dresses; and up by the altar, where the priests were intoning the service, and the boys throwing upward films of incense from the silver balls, which they swung back and forth on crimson cords,—there, in the far-off fragrant dimness, was Josephine herself. We saw her kneeling,—she also in white—marble white,—movelessly prostrate among her people, the very descendants, probably, of those who had shared her bountiful goodness. Many are the sweet traditions of her walks among them, in those

days when her own sorrow and deprivation made her always kindly heart yet more alive to the needs of others. In those days, too, when the dazzling blaze of earthly glory no longer blinded, she had turned more to the heavenly consolations as she understood them, and knelt, with a wistful heart, in the little church where Te Deums had so often resounded for the victories of Napoleon.

Both lives are finished now; and as we saw her white, motionless form, our thoughts were lifted upward by the thought of the day that was being commemorated, and by the solemn music that poured down from the high organ-loft, as if out of the answering sky somewhere; and we could not help feeling how short it all was,—the glory and the sorrow,—and the hereafter seemed all.

After service the church soon emptied itself, and we were almost alone; but the music floated sweetly on, while we walked up the vacant aisle to the altar and stood close by the marble Empress. She was kneeling there in the quiet remoteness, in her coronation robes, emblems, we trust, of a crowning more enduring and blessed,—the heavenly crowns have no thorns. On the side of the monument, just above the arch and pillars which support it, was this simple inscription: "Eugène and Hortense to Josephine." It was more than half a century since she had been laid away there, in that same sweet month of May, whose springing grasses and opening blooms make it so easy to believe in new life and happy resurrections. Yes, we shall always be thankful for this chance of travel that turned our footsteps into that quiet burial-place, on the fête-day of Ascension. How could one help catching some of the deeper meanings of that sad, brilliant history, or feeling an "*attendrissement du cœur*" that should prepare him to view more sympathetically the home where were passed the happiest and the bitterest days of that eventful career?

Across the market-place; then through a street of the town, and past some fine mansion-houses with steep roofs, and with high stone walls inclosing their pretty gardens, of whose spring attire we caught glimpses through the iron gates; then a lane,—a real lane with its falling veil of young green,—an

avenue between ranks of trees, a wide, high gateway, a straight piece of gravel walk, and we found ourselves before the door of Malmaison. A somber-looking place too, it must be confessed, seeming to bear the burden of a memory; with that wonderful expressiveness that all historic houses have, as if they were on the point of telling you their story. Malmaison had no beauty of architecture, none of the piquancy of the French château, with its turrets and peaks and high chimneys. You saw, at a glance, that it was no mansion of an old family estate, but a place of summer pleasure; and that was its charm,—many a delightful summer was written upon its front. It was so spread out, and so low in proportion, that you felt at first as if it were all ground floor, and its great windows, now tightly closed, had been made to let in as much as might be of air and light and all outer beauty. It was impossible not to wish that they might stand wide once more, and the house be filled with soft summer breezes, and scent of flowers, and the brilliant throng, where one most graceful and beautiful presence should give harmony to all, and he of the massive head and pale, inscrutable face be the master. But instead of that, the closed blinds had the look of seals, and the door opened, and then shut with a clang behind half a dozen Americans.

In the outer vestibule was a guide in waiting, a soldier, I believe, and forbidden to receive fees, which may have accounted for his extraordinary gloom and reticence; or, perhaps, the profound melancholy of Malmaison had sunk into his spirit, though I incline to the former hypothesis. However that may be, he seemed to us a fit exhibitor of the grave, silent house, and under his awe-inspiring escort we entered the interior of the building.

The floors of the corridors and most of the rooms were bare and waxed, and our footsteps echoed in a ghostly way through the darkened rooms. We were allowed, though, to open some of the blinds at the back, and let in the blessed daylight upon the dead memories, and look out upon the paradise of lawn and garden, more park-like and luxuriant than the old French style of landscape gardening usually allowed.

Nothing can be more desolate than a European palace or dwelling, when once it is thrown open to the public. Everything is made proper, and safe from vandalism; only the stately furniture remains, and is ranged in solemn order round the wall, like a house made ready for a funeral. The little knick-knacks and signs of personal taste are all withdrawn; the animating soul is gone,—only an outline, a bare skeleton, is left. So that the amount of impression you get depends entirely on whether your imagination happens to be on the *qui vive* or not.

We remember well ending off a wearisome day through the monotonous miles of palace at Versailles, with a visit to the Petit Trianon. It seemed to us, overstrained as we were, as empty as the celebrated cupboard of Mother Hubbard. We said to ourselves, "Marie Antoinette, the beautiful, the martyred, has lived here; in this room she sat; here she slept; down that path she wandered; and this was her favorite seat,"—but our minds gave forth no more response than a muffled drum. It seems to be all a matter of chance; but fate had been very propitious to us this day at Rueil. In the little church there, we had come near to Josephine, and freshened all our thoughts of her; more than that, won new thoughts of her, in a perfectly natural, effortless way, and so we did not lose her altogether out of this empty, echoing Malmaison.

The wing at the left of the entrance was entirely occupied by the library, which had been the special room of Napoleon. After the divorce, Josephine kept it all exactly as he left it—the pen and paper on the desk, the map spread out, where he was studying his campaign. She allowed no one to enter, dusting and airing the room herself, so that it looked to us, perhaps, much as it did during the latter part of her lifetime. It was a large room, with floor of polished wood, and with immense windows on three of its sides. The one at the back looked out on a green stretch of undulating lawn, with clumps of trees here and there. The room itself was evidently a mental workshop. There were book-cases, a writing-desk, some chairs—nothing more; it had been amply furnished long ago with thoughts and deeds. Just after we entered,

the rain, which had been long threatening, poured down. It dashed wildly against the great windows, and the wind sighed mournfully outside,—the very air seemed a sigh in that wonderful room,—such genius, such beauty, such gigantic selfishness, such sorrow, such great things that were, and the greater things that might have been!

At the other end of the house, on the right of the entrance, were the parlors and reception-room of Josephine. There were not many of them,—only three, if I remember rightly; and they were of moderate size, except the room in the wing, which corresponded in shape and proportions to the library of Napoleon. The furniture here had a look of by-gone elegance. The hand of time had been silently at work on it, and the embroidered flowers on the chairs had grown quite pale, almost colorless under its touch. Faded too were the roses in the embroidery that lay unfinished in Josephine's work-basket, and the needle was rusting just where she had left it, in a rose half done. There was an old-fashioned piano in the room, which had still some music upon it—an old French song lying open, I remember. There were also flower-vases standing about everywhere, and outside, through the wide windows, showed the park, and gardens beyond, where Josephine had delighted to spend many of her summer hours, and had worked with veritable rake and pruning-knife. Everywhere little vanishing suggestions of tastes genuine and even simple. Ah well! the heart of an empress beats, probably, much like any other heart, and longs, not unlikely, for those home and heart-joys which are the portion of happier women. Happiness is a strange, evasive thing,—comes not on call, wears no visible crown, hides itself away much like some flowers, whose presence is revealed only by their perfume. Happy women, wearing unseen crowns, envy not, but pity rather, those royal sisters of yours who are so often weary with the weight of gold on the head, and of lead in the heart.

But our guide, solemn as he was, left little time for moralizing, and led the way to the upper story. The exterior had so much deceived us, that we were surprised,

on climbing the resounding staircase, to find so much room. There was Josephine's suite of private apartments, bath-rooms and boudoir, dressing and sleeping rooms. These too looked stripped and desolated, emptied of life; but some little signs were left, that indicated an elegant and refined taste. The tints were delicate and well chosen, and there were exquisite china vases, and a bronze clock and candlesticks on the mantel-piece of the boudoir. In the state bedroom remained the fading traces of a certain grandeur. It was tapestried in deep red, and one end of the room was circular in form, and contained the massive bedstead. Here it was, in that far-off May-time, that Josephine passed away from all the joys and sorrows of this most mortal life.

It was a tranquil evening, we are told, and the year, all abloom, breathed its fragrance and bird-song in at the open window; but the faithful dying heart turned far away to him, the great faithless one, who was testing even then, at Elba, the possibility of failure,—and the word "Napoleon" was her last breath. The Emperor Alexander, who stood by, exclaimed, "She is no more!—that woman whom France has named the beneficent, that angel of goodness, is no more!" Thousands of her people came for a last look at their lifeless benefactress. It was the last reception at Malmaison; and then she was borne out and laid away to rest by the high altar in the church at Rueil.

We pictured it all to ourselves, as we sat in the vestibule, waiting for the rain to cease. The birds were singing in the wet branches, and the newly-awakened flowers were sweetening the air, just as it had been fifty years and more ago, and the fragrance of a name also still lingered there. As when, in some old home, you open a drawer long closed, and a scent comes out, of lavender or rose, the breath of some long-ago time, stirring a thousand unnamable feelings, and you shut it again in a dream; so with us at Malmaison, and so, as the sun came out, the door shut behind us, and we left the avenue and the lane, with its glistening trees, and the fine old houses standing in their quickening gardens, and passed the church on the corner of the market-place once more, breathing a "Re-

quiescat," and carried the dream with us back into the hot life of Paris.

And now they tell us that the last resting-place has been disturbed by the sounds of war; that the old church at Rueil, in its hoary age, has not proved too hallowed a place for the plunge of shot and shell; so, even in death, the uncrowned Empress, the unmarried wife, has not found an enduring quiet. Is it that there is no rest to any one that has ever shared the name or fate of that baleful genius who has left his splendid and fiery track across all Europe? Does the spell of that name reach across the tomb? Well, if the marble shrine in the sheltered sanctuary has failed our tempest-tossed Josephine, may the chances of war at least spare that other memorial of her, standing as fair and white in the very streets and dust of Paris itself.

Some weeks after the day at Malmaison, when the season had come to its perfection, and Paris was in the height of its out-door summer existence, we went up one evening to Trocadero, that height above the Champs de Mars, which the Emperor had made into a garden-like upper terrace, where all the world might rest and look down upon that great city, and all the mighty works he had done in it. Truly, it was a fair sight, the utmost that the world could do, and we felt as if the kingdoms thereof were being shown to us. We could mark the trail of the Seine with its majesty of bridges; below us, spread out the Champs de Mars; and the distant pavilions of the Tuileries mounting above the tree-tops, and many a spire and tower and glistening facade caught the last rosy tints of the day. That tender departing light always seemed a little incongruous in Paris, like a holy benediction in a gay and thoughtless assembly; but it was beautiful; and, after all, those heavenly benedictions of light and color and air, and many another besides, descend from arms

stretched wide. They do not discriminate; they fall alike upon the just and the unjust, and only the soul itself can shut them out.

Under these beneficent heavens we lingered till past twilight, when the million glittering lights coming out below, made the city all asparkle, or ran hither and thither on the carriages, like will-o'-the-wisps. Then came the calmer luster of the moon, a resplendent moon, bright and high enough almost to lean its shining face down over the darkest and narrowest streets, and drive the darkness out. Our way homeward, or rather hotelward, led us, however, through the great new avenues, down which the light poured like a stream. One of these, the Josephine avenue, is among those laid out and named by the present, or rather late, Emperor. It crosses the very spot where Josephine had erected a convent or charity school for girls, and a statue of her had been set to mark the place of her kind deed. We did not know this till, suddenly, we saw a white, glancing figure, tall and graceful, bending its head graciously down toward us in the moonlight; and then some one told us the story. The pure white light, the lovely, almost yearning attitude, the sweet mystery of the evening, the quiet spot so apart from the glare of the city, and the thought of the good deed, all threw an indescribable charm about the place, and seemed to set the seal upon the delightful impressions received in that day of shower and shine at Malmaison.

But, fortunately, delightful impressions are not the only witnesses. History has given her weightier sanction, and her wandering sister, Tradition, has never ceased to throw beautiful flowers on that grave. If in sad, mortal fashion some stains are to be seen, sympathy may well drop an effacing tear, for the sake of one who loved much, not with the blind egotism of passion, but with a loyal and self-sacrificing heart.

SAMSON'S RIDDLE SOLVED.

THE LION-CUP *versus* THE LION-CUB.

It is now more than thirty centuries since Samson "twisted" his riddle at the marriage festival in Timnath. Did the Philistines *untwist* it? Has the world ever guessed it? These are questions which should interest every Biblical scholar, and, I am confident, will do so, as they proceed with me in the inquiry I am making. I start with the proposition, confidently stated, that Samson smashed a "wine-press" in the vineyards of Timnath, but rent no "young lion" there; and that the true rendering of the Hebrew text, in the words translated "and behold, a young lion roared against him," is, or should be, "and behold, the *lion-cup* (or 'wine-press') called loudly, inviting him." And to the correctness of this rendering I invite not only the attention of the general reader, but the best oriental scholarship of the country.

The riddle of Samson occurs in the 14th chapter of Judges, and is familiar (the common version of it) to almost every child, certainly to every Sabbath-school child, in Christendom. The historical narrative represents Samson as rending a young lion in the vineyards of Timnath, and afterwards as finding a swarm of bees and honey in its carcass, and then as taking the honey therefrom, eating himself, and giving to his parents to eat. And, upon the strength of these seemingly miraculous incidents, he puts forth his riddle to the thirty companions brought in to be his attendants at the feast. It is this:—

"Out of the eater came forth meat,
Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

The generally received solution of this "cup-question," or riddle, and the one which his Philistine companions were supposed to have guessed, after ploughing for seven days with "Samson's heifer," is this:—

"Out of the lion (which, when living, *was* an 'eater') came forth honey (or a 'meat'), and out of the strong (or the lion as he was *when* living) came forth sweetness, or the honey Samson had taken and eaten."

It is true that the correctness of this solu-

tion was, in most bitter and terrible irony, conceded by Samson:

"If ye had not ploughed with my heifer,
Ye had not found out my riddle."

But this will appear, from a thorough examination of the chant or song in the original, to have been only a "concessive retort" made by Samson, and that in a poetical distich, answering in rhythmical quantity to their interrogative solution, which was also a poetical distich.

Samson loved, it seems, a young and no doubt beautiful Philistine girl, living in Timnath, a village only about two miles and a half from Zorah, where his parents resided. He had probably seen the girl often, as the text informs us that "she pleased him well." His parents objected to the match, or alliance, for the reason that she was the daughter of an uncircumcised Philistine, a detested race of oppressors in Israel. He had been told that no Philistine woman, no matter what her protestations of affection might be, would ever prove true to an Israelite husband, if her own race demanded an act of infidelity or perfidy on her part. They were a people as treacherous as they were oppressive, with this perfidious *taint* of the race so deeply and universally rooted that there was no exception to be found "from Dan to Beersheba," or within the whole range of territory covered by them, and made detestable by their oppressions at the time referred to in the narrative. This is no doubt what Samson had repeatedly been told. One of the objects of propounding his riddle, therefore, may have been to test the truthfulness and sincerity of this young girl's professions. He knew that the Philistines would endeavor to extort the secret from her, and the mulct or forfeit was made a large one to increase their importunity in this direction, and the more effectually test the virtue and integrity of the young wife. The sequel shows his sagacity in this respect, for we are told that she wept during the seven days because he would not tell her the riddle, and

that on the seventh day she "lay sore upon him" until he disclosed to her the secret, that is, communicated what she supposed to be the solution, which she immediately made known to her people. On the evening of the seventh day, "before the sun went down" (that is, just in time to save them from the forfeit), they asked him:

"What is sweeter than honey?
What is stronger than a lion?"

Then comes Samson's indignant and cutting retort, or concessive reply, which was far more truthful than polite to the future Mrs. Samson, and so the riddle portion of the chant ends. The Philistines had not guessed his riddle, but they had guessed enough to satisfy our hero that they had "ploughed with his heifer," and he immediately goes down to Ashkelon, slays thirty Philistines, takes their garments, covered no doubt with blood, and, returning, flings them down at the feet of his attendants, as the price of their treachery. He then leaves both wife and Philistines in disgust, and returns to his home in Zorah.

This is the story as told, or the dramatic part of the chant known as the fourteenth chapter of Judges. And in order to give the true rendering of the fifth, eighth, and ninth verses of this chapter, and at the same time avail myself of brevity in the exposition, I will lay down a few preliminary propositions, from which no well-informed Biblical scholar will dissent:—

1. The Book of Judges is purely a historical narrative, interwoven with chants or songs for dramatic effect, but in no instance running into



THE WINE-PRESS.

either allegorical or prophetic pictures or representations, such as characterized the prevailing bent of the oriental mind at the time

the book was written. As a collective history of the Judges, it covers a period of which it is difficult to fix the precise chronology. The book commences with a reference to Joshua's death, and resumes the narrative in almost the concluding words of the history preceding it. In other words, it is rigidly historic in its character, and not allegorical.

2. Samson was dedicated to be a *Nazarite* for life, that is, he was not to touch *wine*, nor any *dead body*, from the day of his birth to the day of his death. This was a peculiar consecration, bearing a striking resemblance to that of a high-priest. The "angel of the Lord" had indicated to his mother that he should bear this priestly office; his parents had dedicated him to it, and, when he arrived at an age to comprehend the nature of the obligation, he undoubtedly took the Nazaritic vow upon him—one of the most sacred and inviolable that could be administered.

3. The *mission* of Samson was (as divinely predicted) to *commence* the deliverance of Israel out of the hands of the Philistines.

4. In every instance in which "the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him" (except that erroneously rendered in regard to the "young lion"), it was with a view to the destruction by him of the property or lives of the Philistines, or to his deliverance out of their hands.

5. Samson being a *Nazarite*, his greatest "enemy" (not excepting the Philistines themselves) was the "wine-press."

6. Stripped of their diacritical signs, vowel-points, and the *matres lectionis*, the Hebrew words translated "young lion" (Judges xiv. 5) are *KPR-ARTH*; the first meaning either a *cup* or a *cub* (cub of a lion), and the second meaning *lions* (for the word is plural) distinctively. And the proper translation of the text is, the "*cup* of the lions," or "lion-cup," and not the "*cub* of the lions" or "lion-cub."

7. The stone wine-press in Samson's time was cut out of solid rock. It consisted of two blocks of stone, one of which was about ten feet broad and three feet thick, with a receptacle eight feet square and fifteen inches deep, for depositing the grapes, and this rested upon another block or standard, about five feet square, with a wine receptacle four feet

broad and three feet deep, and about two feet below the grape receptacle—thus presenting to the eye the appearance of a *gigantic cup* cut from the solid rock. Such a wine-press, with the lower corners of the upper block rounded off to present a pleasing effect to the eye, would bear a striking resemblance to a cup or goblet.

This was the "lion-cup" in the vineyards of Timnath. The dimensions are those given by Robinson of an ancient wine-press found by him, cut out of the living rock. But all vineyards did not furnish a "living rock" from which to cut such a press, and where the stone had to be brought from a distance, it undoubtedly took this form and shape, corresponding with presses known to have been cut from the living rock.

8. The Hebrew language was originally written with consonants only, there being no provision in their orthographic system for the representation of vowel-sounds. The *a*, or *Aleph*, was itself a consonant, but the weakest of all in expression, being equivalent to the light breathing of *h* in our word *hour*. This letter, with the *vav* and *yoth* (*v* and *y*), came in time to supply the place of vowels, and received the names of *matres lectionis*, or the *mothers* or *aids* of reading. Nordheimer, in his Critical Grammar of the language, says, in speaking of these consonantal vowels, that they are inclined to lose their consonantal power entirely, and are frequently rejectable in words, or convertible the one into the other. They are servile letters, immutable in their character, and liable to disappear for want of consonantal strength. They are frequently found wanting in their proper place in words, especially in the older Phœnician inscriptions, showing that they might, or might not, have been used by the writer of the dramatic chant in question, and that their appearance in the MSS. coming down to our time may be due to the subsequent transcribers, as the accents and



SAMSON AND THE LION, FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE 15TH CENTURY.

vowel-points were due to the Masoretes. Gesenius, who is the highest authority on this point, asserts that the Phœnicians were in the habit of dropping the *matres lectionis* in their monumental writings, and he adds that this omission constitutes one of the chief difficulties of reading these inscriptions. The celebrated "Mesha stone," recently discovered, and the oldest inscription of any length which has as yet been brought to light, fully confirms this opinion of Gesenius. This stone must have been inscribed in the reign of King Mesha, who was ruler of the Moabites about the year 900 B. C., which takes us back to within 260 years of the time when Samson propounded his riddle. In the very first lines of this stone, we find the letter *yoth* omitted in the name *Mesha*, and *vav* in the name

Chemosh. Had the inscription upon this stone passed through the hands of the Masoretes, or the earlier transcribers of the synagogue-rolls, these consonantal vowels would have been added, and with a subsequent loss of the stone, the highest oriental scholarship of our day would be inadequate to pass judgment upon the question of their original use in the two words named. What is true then of the accents and vowel-points is measurably true of the *matres lectionis*, that is, they were dropped where their consonantal strength was not sufficiently discernible by the ear to make their appearance essentially a guide to sound. A comparison of the earlier with the later MSS. will show an enlarged use of the *matres lectionis* by the transcribers, as a comparison of the earlier with the later Phœnician inscriptions will undoubtedly show their enlarged use, as the language advanced in vowel strength.

9. The Hebrew language did not undergo the change effected by the introduction of the accents and vowel-points until about the commencement of the sixth century. Before that time all the vowel strength of the language was locked up in the *matres lectionis*, or feebly expressed through them. The Masoretes (or learned Rabbins transcribing the Old Testament) then sought to give authoritative and intelligible uniformity to the reading of the Scriptures, and adopted the present system of accents and vowel-points for that purpose. These, with the *matres lectionis*, make two words from *K P R*, namely, *kephir*, "the cub of a lion," and *kephor*, "the cup." And it may be stated here, as a matter of information to the general reader, that the Hebrew and Phœnician are essentially the same language, or, at least, but different dialects of the same language. The oldest known Bible MS. now in existence is a Pentateuch roll, originally brought from Derbend, in Daghestan, which was transcribed about the year 580 A.D. All MSS. back of that date have been lost to the world, and the Hebrew scholar is now limited in his researches to the learning developed during the Masoretic period, and to such Phœnician inscriptions as have come down to us in various forms from different periods of time.

Bearing these several propositions or preliminary statements in mind, and the principles governing the Hebrew language as therein stated, it will be apparent, I think, as we proceed, that it was the "wine-press" in the vineyards of Timnath that Samson rent, on the occasion referred to in the text, and not a "young lion."

The original of the text as it comes to us from the Masoretes is: *hinnēh kephir-arāyōth shoēg likrātho*, translated in the King James version, "and behold, a young lion roared against him." The translation for which I contend, and that which is essential to the true exposition of the riddle, is this: "and behold, the lion-cup (cup of the lions) raging ('strong drink is raging,' Prov. xx. 1) in his presence," or "at his meeting;" or, more literally, "behold, the lion-cup called loudly to invite him."

The original consonants used to represent the two words, *kephir-arāyōth*, to the eye, as well as the consonantal sounds expressing them to the ear, were *KPR-ARTH*. That the *vav* and *yoth* were not originally used in writing these words, as they appear in the chant, and that they were not used by Samson, except the more effectually to conceal the *pun*, or play upon words, by which he sought to mislead the Philistines, is manifest, I think, from other portions of the chant, as well as from the solution so provokingly sought to be drawn out by Samson. The first of these words, as I have stated, means either a *cup* or a *cub* (cub of a lion), and the second means *lions* distinctively, as it has the plural form. The two words together make either "the lion-cup" (wine-press) or "the lion-cub." The original, or root-word, *KPR*, means "to cover," and was applied to a young lion because it was "covered" with shaggy hair, and to a cup because it had a "cover." For the same reason, no doubt, it was applied to a wine-press, because it was carefully "covered" at all seasons of the year. Besides, the wine-press was, in shape, like a gigantic cup, and having the strength of a lion to overcome the mightiest, especially in a prolonged encounter, it would naturally be called the "lion-cup of the vineyard." This name would be not only strikingly figurative, but strongly

suggestive of the qualities or characteristics of the wine-press. This point is not only definitionally strengthened, but overwhelmingly sustained, by the two words translated "carcass" in the 8th verse. The first of these is *mapeleth*, and means the "ruin" or "fallen heap," terms entirely applicable to a "smashed wine-press," but not to the decayed or decaying carcass of a lion. Dropping the *matres lectionis* from the second word rendered "carcass" in the same verse (the 8th), and we have the Hebrew consonants *GTH*, or the same word rendered "wine-press" in the 6th chapter of the same book (*Judges*), 11th verse, where "Gideon threshed wheat in (not beside) the wine-press (*GTH*) to hide it from the Midianites." This would seem conclusive of the point already hinted at, either that the *matres lectionis* were not used by the writer of the chant, or that they were so used as to deepen the pun or play upon words, which included the double idea of a "lion-cub" and "lion-cup." The 8th verse should therefore read, "and he turned aside to see the fallen heap of the wine-press; and behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in it" (or, literally, in the "lion-cup"). And this was the most natural place in the world for a swarm of bees to take shelter in, if the upper or grape receptacle only had been destroyed, as the lower or wine receptacle would furnish them as perfect a "hive" as could be cut from the living rock. The saccharine fermentation of the grape is always a most tempting sweet to the honey-bee, and if immediately after the vintage season, there would be this additional temptation to its ordinary rock resort in that region.

This dramatic chant or song (for it is manifestly such in the original) is remarkable for its puns, or play upon words. A purely consonantal language gives great scope and facility for this sort of enigma, much greater, in fact, than is possible with a multiplicity of vowel-sounds superadded to those that are consonantal only; and this is true, whether the pun is presented to the ear in sound or to the eye by letter. The solution of Samson's riddle turns, in fact, upon an ingenious pun. The words *KPR-ARTH* are so played upon by Samson, or so "twisted" by him, as to mean

one thing in his own mind, and another to his wife and her people. He had actually destroyed the "wine-press" in the vineyards of Timnath. If cut from the living rock, it was a most valuable piece of Philistine property. It was no doubt a matter of much curiosity and speculation with them to know how it had been destroyed. As Samson rent it "with nothing in his hands," there could have been no external evidences of violence, and they must have supposed that a bolt from heaven shivered or rent it in pieces. At all events, they were ignorant of Samson's miraculous strength, and had not the remotest idea that he could have done it. In putting forth his riddle, therefore, he is evidently tantalizing them with the loss of their wine-press, as he afterwards tantalized them, through Delilah, with reference to the source of his great strength.

What he tells his wife on the seventh day is, that he had rent a *KPR-ARTH* in the vineyards of Timnath, and that he had afterwards turned aside to see its fallen body, "and behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in it." The play upon the several words used is so ingenious that she understands him to mean a "a lion-cub," and not a "lion-cup." For, after she had communicated with the Philistines, they ask not what is stronger than a *KPR-ARTH*, but what is stronger than an *ARE*, using the singular form of the noun for *lion* only, and losing sight entirely of the pun, or *double entendre*, by which the substantial or basis fact of the riddle had been communicated.

And this solution of the riddle does no injustice to the Bible Hercules. Had the wine-press of Timnath been cut out of the solid rock, it would have required a much more Herculean feat to rend it in fragments (make a "fallen heap" of it) than it would to have rent a "young lion." It was, no doubt, in the vintage season of the year when he first went down to Timnath with his parents. The wine-press might then be full of grapes and flowing with new wine, with no one to tread it. If called the "lion-cup," as it undoubtedly was, it would then literally "roar against him," that is, it would strongly challenge him to an encounter, he being a Nazarete

and the wine-press his chief "enemy" or tempter. The word *shoëg* may mean either the *raging* of persons or things, as *the raging of wine when it is red in the cup*. The language is somewhat figurative, but the meaning is readily deducible, and certainly not far-fetched in this instance. And here we are told that the "spirit of the Lord (which only led him to act against the Philistines) came mightily upon him," and he rent the wine-press as he would have rent a kid. This makes the first act of the Bible Hercules the destruction of Philistine *property*, the second the destruction of *life*, and so on afterwards alternately of property and life, until the grand climax of his career—the destruction of both together in the Temple of Dagon.

"It was of the Lord (so says the text) that he sought an occasion against the Philistines," a circumstance that even Samson's parents did not know. The rending of a lion in the hedged vineyards of Timnath would have been no act of destruction against the Philistines. It would rather have been a help to them. With his Nazaritic vow upon him there might have been a double motive in his smashing the wine-press, or the "lion-cup," as it "called loudly inviting him." It was, as has been said, his *enemy*, and his *mission* was to overcome enemies with a fierce destruction. Not so if it had been a young lion laying waste a Philistine vineyard. His "mission" would have required that he should use the lion, as he afterwards did the foxes (jackals), for the destruction of Philistine property. It was no act of hostility on his part literally to "trample upon the young lion" where he then was. He should have encouraged their migration thither from the jungles of the Jordan, or from the mountains to the north of Zorah.

"But he told not his father or mother what he had done." And why? Had he actually rent a young lion, it would have been the most natural thing in the world for him to tell his parents of it. But to have smashed a wine-press in the vintage season, when filled with grapes and flowing with new wine, might have been regarded by them as a technical violation of his consecration vow. It would be "touching the fruit of the vine," which he

was sworn not to do; and hence his silence with his parents as to what he had done. And again, when he turned aside, on his second visit to Timnath with his parents, to see the "ruin" or "fallen heap" of the wine-press (translated "the carcass of the lion"), and found a swarm of bees and honey therein, "he told them not that he had taken the honey out of the wine-press." And here was a more powerful reason still for his secrecy, as his consecration vow forbade his touching anything coming from such a source.

Some of the commentators on the Book of Judges have been greatly troubled to explain how Samson could have stripped the thirty slain Philistines of their garments at Ashkelon, "without touching their dead bodies," which, as a Nazarite, he was forbidden to do. But *non constat* that he stripped them *after* they were dead. And yet it seems not to have occurred to these commentators, that to go into the "dead body" of a lion and eat honey therefrom was equally a forbidden act by the law of the Nazarites, and much more defiling to his priestly office.

These banquet riddles, or "cup-questions," as they were called, were the favorite devices for pastime and amusement at marriage festivals, their design being to pleasantly while away the seven days' continuance of the feast. They were contrived to puzzle and perplex the attendants, and rewards and mulcts were generally coupled with them in order to add zest to the entertainment. Samson says, "I will twist you a *twister*," and he certainly did; for he succeeded in not only puzzling his attendants, but in propounding a riddle which *it has taken the world three thousand years to guess!*

And now that the true rendering has been given to the riddle portion of the chant, this Phœnician tradition becomes the simplest piece of *naturalism* in the world, so far at least as the *habits* of the honey-bee are concerned, and one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the Bible to the *incipient* believer is removed. The honey-bee, as is well known, is one of the neatest, cleanliest, and most fastidious insects in the world, both in its habits and in its choice of a location to deposit honey. It never yet went into the dead body

of a lion or any other animal for such a purpose, and never *will*, until an Almighty fiat shall change its entire nature and habits. The plea of a miracle, or the interruption of the laws of nature, will not suffice in this case. It must have required a continuous and constantly-working change in the laws of nature, which negatives the idea of a miracle. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego might temporarily abide the violence of fire, with the Lord to quench it, but to become a race of salamanders and permanently live in fire thereafter, would be simply an exchange of one law of nature for another, without the slightest definitional feature of a miracle attaching to it. It would be simply the transference of the arctic whale to the tropical seas, with such a permanent change in his physical nature as would adapt him to other and different conditions of life. Miracles always cease where nature resumes sway.

But the rendering I have given to the riddle portion of the chant meets all the conditions of the four several distichs in which the "cup-question," or enigma, is anticipated, put, guessed, and retortively answered. For the original *premise*, or antecedent proposition on which the riddle is based, is a poetical distich; the enigma, as put, a poetical distich; the stolen solution of the Philistines, a poetical distich; and the concessive retort of Samson, a poetical distich.

"Out of the eater came forth meat,
Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

That is, out of the "wine-press," which consumes (figuratively "eats") grapes by the million, came forth "wine," one of the three leading "meats" of the Bible ("corn, wine, and oil"), and out of the strong (or the "lion-cup," capable of overcoming the mightiest potentates of the earth in a prolonged encounter) came forth sweetness, or the honey Samson had taken and eaten from the "ruins of the wine-press."

This was the riddle as Samson understood it, and as he ingeniously and tantalizingly put or punned it to the Philistines. He as much as says, "Guess, if you can, who smashed your wine-press! I 'twist you this *twister*'—give you this pun or *double entendre*—this play upon 'lion-cup' and 'lion-cub'—and let me see if you have wit enough to guess it."

They never dreamt that their "lion-cup" had been rent by human hands. It was too Herculean a feat for any mortal man to accomplish, and nothing short of a thunderbolt from their terrible Dagon could have done it; and so they ineffectually plough with Samson's "heifer" (*honey-fugle* with his wife) to guess the riddle. The Philistines "ploughed" for only seven days without guessing the riddle, but the ingenious writer of the chant has left the world to plough ineffectually with the same "heifer" for more than thirty centuries without guessing it.

A TARTAR LOVE-SONG.

Blow, Wind, blow!
And carry news of me
Away to Astrabad,
Where dwells my dear Sakina,
And, soon as you have seen her,
Your wings in her bosom throw,
And say, "A Tartar lad
Has sent this kiss to thee!"

A PLEA FOR CHINESE LABOR.

THE vexed question of the American Housekeeper of the present day is the question of "*Help*." No other is so engrossing or so unanswerable. We venture to assert that the trials of our American women in forming and maintaining an orderly and well-arranged household have not been paralleled since the Home has been an institution of human existence, and that they have been almost sufficient to make her regret that happy barbaric epoch when her skin-clad ancestress sat in her hut of mud, and ate her food without the aid of modern implements or the preparatory discipline of fire.

Just now the meeting of Labor and Capital on the western shore of our Western Hemisphere engages a wide-spread attention. So possible does it now appear that Chinese labor may become a feature of our manufactories and homes, that I propose to inquire into the reasons which dispose our housekeepers to hazard the trial of a new element in their kitchens, in place of the turbulent one that now holds sway there.

For there can be no doubt of the fact that there is an increasing desire among the women who have the management of servants and households to give trial to the "heathen Chinese." The great and growing trouble in our domestic machinery arises from want of willing and efficient service there. I am convinced, after much observation, inquiry, and experience, that this is not only the complaint of indolent and inefficient mistresses, who do not know the alphabet in the science of house-keeping, but that it is equally the trial of thorough and well-balanced housewives, who are capable of doing with their own hands all kinds of domestic duties if they possess physical strength, and have no social requirements which impinge on the time which household service requires. Daily I see cultivated and intelligent women sit down to talk over their troubles with "help," with the very same engrossing interest which we used to fancy was only felt by the dawdling, inefficient creature who employed servants only to abuse them. Literature and art are often left untouched while a group of fine women discuss

the manifold incapacities of the domestics who infest their kitchens; while they report, with wondering comments, the invaluable qualities of servants they have met in England or on the Continent; the touching anxiety these trans-Atlantic treasures show to retain a place which American help would scorn; and latterly, after all this, comes the final winding-up in this sentence: "It is said we shall soon have the Chinese in our kitchens. I hope so. They may be better, and they *can't* be worse."

In a visiting tour last summer, in the houses of old friends in New England, I found in five out of six households in which I was for a few days a guest, that there were no servants in the house, and the ladies of the family were doing their own work,—in every case, not from choice, but from necessity. All had ample means and commodious houses, with modern conveniences; all had the same story to tell, with modifications.

At A—'s house there were two daughters, fine, charming girls; with cultivated musical tastes, fond of reading, thoroughly-trained housekeepers, and, what was best of all, they had robust and splendid health. The house was large and handsome, governed by good taste and good order. They have four or five in their family, and as it is such a delightful home to visit, there is always a guest or two, sometimes three or four, in the house. Yet all the long hot summer not a servant had been with them long enough to lighten the household labor. All summer, through the hard days, the two young ladies had cooked and swept and dusted, and even washed and ironed at unheard of hours, that they might have leisure to give to their guests. They were always well dressed, always ready to go for a drive, or to play a duet on the piano. I confess their management was little short of a miracle, and I know one rarely gets such dinners as those in which grace and intellect lend a share in the preparations. But while I praised some of their marvels of dainty cookery, Christine said, with a heavy sigh:—

"Yes, there is a pleasure in doing such offices for one's friends, but the truth is, I am

all overworked, and well-nigh tired to death. I have no time to read or to practice some music which I am starving for. And look at my hands! I sleep in gloves every night to keep them barely presentable. Yet it is hopeless to think of getting even the worst of Irish help. We are close by a large manufacturing town, and if we get a girl, she stays just long enough to turn everything topsyturvy, and then departs with her luggage for the factories, leaving us to clean house after her. Miriam and I have resolved we will not have another Bridget in our kitchen, and there is nothing better to be got. I read all the newspapers say on the Chinese labor question. If I can get a Chinaman I shall at least give him a trial. Certainly they cannot be worse than our present set of servants."

Mrs. B— was even more to be commiserated. Early in the summer she shut up her house, gladly dismissed her two incapable domestics, and went to the Springs in the hope of restoring her failing health. When I saw her she had waited a weary month, using every endeavor to do without girls till she could find those in some degree competent for their positions. Quite a number of the usual slovenly sort, with their democratic manners and manifold requirements, had offered themselves.

"But up to this time," said the little woman, wearily, "I can't make up my mind to take any of them. My house is nearly all newly furnished, and is spick and span clean from garret to cellar. How can I let them come in and spoil everything, and know that I am all the time living in an atmosphere of dirt and disorder? If I were only strong enough, I would rather do all the work myself."

Here she opened the door of the servants' room, a large pleasant chamber with bright carpet and pretty cottage furniture, and asked piteously, "How *can* I endure to put a dirty Irish girl, with perhaps a host of attendant vermin lurking in her bags and bundles, into a nice room like this? Yet if I should venture to suggest personal cleanliness as a requirement, she would leave in high dudgeon. I declare," she added, as if her audacity almost startled her, "I believe I'd try a Chinaman, if I knew where to get one."

The other homes of which I saw the inside workings were all in similar case. The only exception among the half-dozen was the adomble Eleanor, who never makes any bad bargains, and whose porringer is always fortunately adjusted to catch all the porridge which falls from her sky. Her cook and chambermaid are colored, of the real "valuable old servant" species, and they have been with her for years. Her house shone like silver and gold; affairs in her kitchen went on like well-oiled machinery, and she could not understand how other people had so much trouble in their housekeeping.

When I returned to New York city, I was constantly reminded of a witty story which appeared a year or two ago in one of our current magazines. It was of a foreigner from India or Japan, who, struck by the apparent absence of government machinery, set himself at work to discover who were the rulers of the American people, and after filling many note-books and industriously comparing notes, he concluded that the American government was made up of families, each of which was controlled by a despotic power, unseen and hidden, called "Biddies," or the "Irish help," which was more absolute and tyrannical than that of an Eastern autocrat.

My friend Sophronia has a new house half an hour's ride from New York city. Every thing in it is a miracle of elegance and convenience, and her kitchen especially is a thing of beauty to the soul of a housekeeper. It is a light and airy room, covered with shining oil-cloth which rivals a Brussels in beauty. Adjacent is the dining-room, and at the back capacious pantries and a laundry perfectly fitted up. The whole looks like a paradise for cooks and housemaids.

Yet Sophronia lives a little distance from the great city, and few of the "ladies who do housework" can be found obliging enough to leave the city even during the hottest summer months. Most of the time during the past summer, my friend, who has three young children, has toiled like a galley-slave, in nursery, parlor, and kitchen, that she might lighten the labors of the single servant she has been able to secure. A few weeks ago,

Bridget announced that she was going in town to spend Sunday "with her cousin." It was the hottest day of the year, and Sophronia had a sick headache, but she dared utter no remonstrance; only hoped feebly that Bridget would be back by Monday morning.

Monday passed, and Tuesday, and Bridget came not. At length Sophronia determined to go in town and inquire about her. It was barely possible she might be ill.

She found her way to the cousin's abode, which was in the very dirtiest part of a dirty avenue. When she attempted to enter, the stench was almost unbearable. In the room, which seemed to be parlor, dining-room, and kitchen united, she discovered Bridget, sitting in the midst of several filthy children. On being pressed as to her reasons for not coming back, the girl at length answered doggedly:

"I didn't mean to come back again, ma'am. I've noticed a good many times lately, when you have helped me clear the table in the dining-room, you have put out the victuals as if you expected me to eat in the kitchen, and that hurted my feelings. I never lived with no one that expected me to eat in their kitchen, and if I ain't fit to eat in the dining-room, you may please yourself with another girl."

Sophronia looked about for one moment at the dirt and disorder apparent in the cousin's "dining-room." She noted the bare table, propped up against the wall, on which was the remains of the miserable breakfast from which they had just risen, and recalled her kitchen and its comfortable appointments. Then she said meekly:

"You know, Bridget, I can't be left in this way this hot weather, with all the children. If that is all, it shall not part us. You need never eat in the kitchen hereafter. If you like, take your food into the parlor, or the library, and eat it there. Only come back till the hot weather is over."

And on this Bridget marched triumphantly back with her mistress.

When Sophronia told me this story, I cried out that I would not have taken her; that now her exactions would be redoubled, and she would be the actual mistress of the house.

"I know it," answered Sophronia. "She

rules me with an iron sway. But what can I do? She is comparatively neat. I think she is honest, except in respect to trifles of tea and sugar, which she occasionally smuggles off to her cousin. I cannot do all my own work. My neighbors are worse off than I. A change might be from the frying-pan into the fire."

All these facts I have stated are not isolated; they are representative. The American woman at the head of a family lives under a succession of dynasties in her kitchen which are constantly changing, and of which it is difficult to decide upon the worst. The domestic appears, induced perhaps by such an advertisement as follows, which we clipped, with its accompanying remarks, from a weekly paper:

WANTED—A RELIABLE, INTELLIGENT person to be one of the family. Must be fond of children, and to have the care of them; ages, four to ten. Also, to do sewing, and to *take an interest* generally.

Best of reference required.

Address "Banker."

The amount of wages—we beg pardon, salary—is not mentioned. Probably the "person," being one of the family, would be allowed to call for whatever pocket-money she wanted. As for duties, in old times they would have been those of child's nurse, seamstress, and maid-of-all-work. But these terms involve the idea of domestic service, an idea inadmissible in a free country. Hence the reliable, intelligent Bridget is respectfully informed that she must be fond of children, and "to" have the care of them; also, "to" do sewing, and—whatever else she is told to do. This last requirement, however, is by no means expressed in such brutal words as we have chosen, but is wrapt up in a model euphemism, the polite phrase being "*to take an interest* generally."

She states the privileges, asks how her room is furnished, and if the servants have no better place than the kitchen in which to receive company. An acquaintance told me she lost the opportunity to engage two Irish girls, who came highly recommended, because she could not consent to give up a small room off the dining-room, which she used for her sewing-room, as a "servant's parlor," and the girls would come on no other condition.

If their questions are all answered satisfactorily, the girls take the place and invest it with their luggage. Usually the longest time

of investiture is five or six months, or a season. At the end of this time they change, even when no cause for dissatisfaction is alleged, because, as one of them explained, "there are always plenty of places to be had, and it is pleasant to have a change in a body's life, and to see the *insides of so many houses*."

It is necessary to make some protest against the existing state of affairs. At present the balance of power is held in our kitchens. The protest we want to make is in favor of the introduction of Chinese labor there.

Already this imperturbable Oriental has found his way as far into this Western Hemisphere as the shoe factories of Massachusetts. In New Jersey his venerated pigtail and his ivory chop-sticks are beginning to excite the admiration of the inhabitants of some of the manufacturing towns. Let a few be imported here and put on trial as domestic cooks, chamber-maids, and laundresses.

It is true that the vices of the lower and ignorant classes are alleged against them; that they are accused of inability to tell the truth and a tendency to petty thieving. But I venture to believe that the mistress is rarely found who discovers truth enough in her Hibernian domestics to build a bridge from their minds to her own, and there is hardly a kitchen in the land which has not a leak of teas and sugars and other small articles, in sufficient quantities to endanger its safety. Besides, it is declared by all who have means of knowing that these Eastern heathen do not understand the meaning of waste, and that they dispense cleanliness and order in their domains. And if these last-named rare Christian virtues can become common in our kitchens, we may fondly hope for a Utopia into which all the other virtues will swarm.

Supposing ourselves, however, to have effected a desired reform in our households, there is still a consideration which we must strongly urge upon ourselves—that our new servants shall not be spoiled by bad management on the part of the mistresses. For as certainly as there are two horns to a dilemma, so surely on each of them must hang a conclusion. If that very class whom we often see in England, under the guise of patient and enduring drudges, sometimes obsequiously

servile, are here transformed into indifferent and impertinent servitors, refusing to be ruled even by the gentlest sway, there must be some objective causes for the change.

It is true that the difference between democratic and aristocratic systems of society marks greatly the difference between the employers and the employed. Under a government which affirms grandly that *all* are free and equal, it is difficult to make one class understand that equality does not mean level in wit, good-breeding, and culture. So exaggerated are the democratic ideas instilled into some of our newly-landed foreigners, that Bridget is sometimes surprised that her American mistress is not willing to lend her best shawl to be worn to "mass," and will resent the use of her tooth-brush and other toilet materials. Denied these little privileges, she flounces off with: "Shure an' I thought in this country one person was as good as another!" The American woman, familiar and affable by nature, does not draw so defined a line as she might between herself and the persons whom it is necessary she should control, if she wishes to be mistress in her own house, and so encourages the natural disposition to reduce all persons and things to their own level, which is characteristic of a portion of our foreign population.

The other day Mrs. Greatheart, in a shopping expedition at Stewart's, was accosted by a huge, overdressed Irishwoman, who advanced towards her with both hands extended in a gush of welcome. "I don't think I know you," said Mrs. Greatheart, drawing back. "O yes, 'm, I'm the *lady* who lives at Mrs. Lacroix's, next door to yees." It was her neighbor's laundress, whom she had sometimes seen in the area! "I never lived with but one *LADY* in America," said an Irish girl, naïvely, who had been several years at service in New York. "She was born in England. *SHE* never let me sit down in her presence."

There are two points on which I shall touch, in which woman might help reform somewhat the present wretched system of domestic service. The first is by having herself a thorough comprehension of the household details in the house of which she

is mistress. There has been so much said on this point that to urge it is like breath wasted, but I believe if all the housewives in the country could combine in a grand strike, a species of "trades union," and send away every cook, chambermaid, and laundress, till she had mastered all the details of housework, and knew practically what it all meant, the result would be a glorious one. For every well-ordered, thrifty, and economical household is not only an individual triumph, but a national benefit.

The second point for reform is the manner in which servants are engaged, and the rules which subsist among women in employing them. Among men of business there is a code so rigid, that if a clerk, porter, or errand-boy were known to be dismissed by his employer for dishonesty, insolence, or glaring incapacity, he would find it difficult if not impossible to get another situation. If a man hires a book-keeper or clerk, in almost all cases he desires references as to capacity, and his recommendations are generally accurate and exact. There is no such code of honor or sensible dealing among women. If Mrs. A—— sends away her girls for any cause, however grave, it is quite as likely that

her neighbor next door will take them without inquiry. Sometimes it is found Mrs. A—— will recommend a girl glaringly incapable to a new place, because she is too good-natured to be frank about her. It would take too long to enumerate instances which show a complete lack of justice and good sense in this respect among women. Until this is reformed, and we deal with each other as men of business do, in recommending and dismissing those who have places in their offices or counting-rooms, our troubles will increase rather than diminish.

This is the age when much is expected of woman. She must be the ornament of society as well as the mistress of a well-ordered household. She must know how to cook the dinner, talk politics, nurse the children, deliver lectures, write books, and keep up with the daily newspapers. She must unite in herself the qualities of Martha and Mary, of Penelope and Aspasia. It becomes her, then, to look carefully to all the means to lighten her arduous duties, lest one day she shall go down under them, or fall suddenly into ruin, like "The One Hoss Shay," and the world will all at once find itself without its mistress.

MY HUSBAND'S FIRST LOVE.

SHE was coming to make us a visit; so said the letter that my husband, Walter Etheridge, of the law firm of Masons & Etheridge, tossed carelessly into my lap, after a rapid glance at the daintily written pages.

She was Miriam Delamater.

And Miriam Delamater was my husband's first love.

Now Walter and I had never talked about the matter. How could I talk about it? I *would* not. More than once, when we were first married, he had spoken to me of his father's ward, with whom he had grown up from boyhood, and who had been almost as a sister to him. But my lip, even during our blissful honeymoon, had curled incredulously as he said this, and I had speedily turned the conversation into a different channel.

But I knew all about it, nevertheless. I had

learned that long before he had known me his love had bowed at the shrine of this stately maiden, this peerless blonde beauty. I knew that I had not been his first love, and that this girl, this Miriam Delamater, had been.

And now she was coming to see us!

I wondered if Walter did not perceive that I was troubled, and if he did not share in some degree, as a man's nature might, my own unrest? But no. He sat sipping his coffee and running his eye over the latest despatches from the seat of war, as placidly as ever. Presently he rose.

"Metz holds out well," he said, "but the siege cannot last much longer. When did Miriam say she was coming?"—and he took up the letter.

"To-morrow—no, to-day," I answered, as we glanced down the page together. "This

is the 13th. She will be here on the evening express."

"That suit of Englesby's comes on at one o'clock," he said, taking up his hat, "and I fear we shall not be through at five. But never mind. I will manage to meet her at the depot somehow. I am glad she is coming, Barbara. You are so lonely sometimes, and she is a very superior woman. I am sure you will like her."

He kissed me hastily, and hurried away to the office.

Heaven save the mark! If there was anything on earth that I did not like, it was a "superior" woman!

But there was little time for thinking or regretting. A wail from the nursery summoned me up-stairs to the relief of my good, faithful Hannah, who was trying to quiet the baby while her thoughts were in the kitchen.

"I'm glad you've come, Miss Barbara," she said. I shall be only Miss Barbara to her—the child she had loved and tended—as long as we both live. "This boy's a-teethin', just as true as preachin'. He'd never worry so if he wa'n't. But take him, child, for the bread is riz, and it's time it was in the oven."

It was a hot, breathless morning. Sitting down by the window with little Allie on my lap, I re-read Miss Delamater's letter, lingering longest over this passage:—

"Do give my love to your wife. I remember hearing the young men rave about Barbara Wilson's grace and beauty years ago. Now that you have crowned her queen of hearts, I am doubly anxious to know her."

I doubted whether the fair writer had even so much as heard of me until the day when, standing beneath the shadow of St. Peter's, with the blue skies of Rome above her head, and its storied hills around her, news had come to her that her old friend and companion had taken unto himself a wife. As for the raving about my "grace and beauty," in the quiet country home where Walter had found me, that mode of procedure was not the fashion. Perhaps I did my coming guest great injustice, but I felt as if the pretty speech was made simply for effect; and I fear it hardened my heart against her.

I tried to feel that there was a species of

indelicality, a lack of true womanly feeling indicated by the approaching visit. How could she thus thrust her unwelcome presence—unwelcome at least to me—into our home? But a moment of reflection showed me the absurdity of that idea. Walter's father had been her guardian. As boy and girl they had played together, sang together, studied together. Whether or no any warmer feeling had ever found lodging in her heart, there could be little doubt that she cherished for him something closely akin to a sisterly affection. It was right that, after her five years of travel, she should, if she wished, come to his home as to a brother's, and find welcome there.

And as for my good, noble, true-hearted husband, could I not trust him?

So I thrust the demon of jealousy into my heart's darkest closet, and turned the key upon him. No ray of light should visit him; no breath of air should strengthen and vivify him; no voice should break the silence to which I committed him. He should die there, unshrined and unaneled.

Allie betook himself to his nap at last, and then, "on hospitable thoughts intent," I went in pursuit of Hannah. The dark mood of the early morning had passed, and I flew about my small house only intent upon making it fair and presentable to eyes that had seen so much, and a pleasant resting-place for feet that had wandered so far. The guest-chamber was swept and garnished, the parlor was made fresh and sweet with the soft, wandering airs of summer, and the breath of roses and heliotropes. The baby was tied into his high-chair, and pounded away upon the kitchen table, while Hannah and I tossed together light, golden drifts of sponge-cake, and moulded jellies clear as amber. We roasted a chicken—and ourselves as well—that it might be ready to slice for supper; and, through much tribulation and stress of body and mind, I prepared a salad after an approved French recipe that I had never tried before.

Doubtless I did twice as much as I should have done that day; twice as much as was in any way needful. But I was a young wife, a young housekeeper; and I could not bear that Miriam Delamater's critical, fastidious

eyes should find any lack in my home or its appointments that forethought or labor of mine could supply.

"Look your prettiest to-night, Babette," Walter had said, when he went out after dinner; "I'll have Miriam here by a quarter past five at the latest."

I meant that evening, of all evenings in the year, to leave myself ample time to make such a toilette as my husband best liked. But the moments flew apace, and when at last I took Allie and went up to my chamber it was long after four.

The child was uncomfortably warm and tired from his long confinement in the high-chair; and his little frock was creased and soiled, for Hannah had given him all sorts of things to play with. Hastily stripping him, I gave him a bath, arrayed him in fresh garments, and brushed the golden-brown hair that coiled about my fingers in a host of tiny curls. Then I placed him on the bed, to keep him out of harm's way, and began my own preparations.

But Master Allie raised his voice in wild lamentation and refused to be comforted, although I gave him my best bracelets and my watch-chain. He had been left to his own devices long enough, he thought, and no coaxing or cajolery sufficed to restore his good-humor.

I called Hannah.

"Dear me, Miss Barbara! I'd come if I could, goodness knows. But the biscuits 'll burn to cinders if I leave 'em, and besides, I'm picking over the raspberries for tea."

"Then you must cry, Allie," I said, desperately, as I turned to my dressing-table, and tried to arrange my hair with hands that trembled so that I could not perform my task. Braids would not stay in place, and curls were incorrigible.

It was just ten minutes past five, and I was still in my dressing-sack, with my hair upon my shoulders, after a third attempt to put up the heavy mass, when I heard the sound of wheels. A moment more, and there were footsteps in the hall below, and my husband's voice called,

"Barbara! Barbara!"

Allie screamed louder than ever, and I answered as well as I could from out the din,

"I will come presently—as soon as I can."

I heard the two walk into the parlor, and in another minute Walter came bounding upstairs two steps at a time. His cheeks were flushed, and his eyes bright as with some hidden joy.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, as his eye took in the state of the case; "anybody sick? Is Hannah dead? or what's up?"

"I am tired to death," I answered, "and Allie is cross as the mischief, and Hannah's busy, and—I am not dressed."

"So I see," he said, curtly. "You ought to have begun earlier, instead of fussing so long in that confounded kitchen."

Now I knew this as well as he did; but I did not care to be told of it just then. So, woman-like, I began to "weep a little weep."

"There, there!" exclaimed Walter, "don't go to crying now, and spoil your eyes. I wanted you to look your very best to-night, and I am so disappointed, Barbara! I'll go down town to-morrow morning and get another girl, if things go on at this rate."

This was Walter's standing threat; while at the same time he knew, and I knew, that one servant was all we could afford. And one would have been enough, even in this emergency, if I had not been too ambitious. His words stung me to the quick.

"Go back to Miss Delamater," I said, "and have Hannah show her to her room. Supper will be ready by the time she is dressed—and so will I. I am sorry I was not ready to receive your friend, Walter; but by the time she has been married two or three years, and has a fretful baby on her hands, she will have learned to make allowances."

Diverted by his father's entrance, Allie stopped crying. Pride and a little spicing of anger gave me strength and calmness, and I was soon dressed.

Miss Delamater accepted my apologies with gracious sweetness, praised the house and the baby, and the beauty of the little village nestling among the hills. She congratulated Walter upon his patriarchal dignity, and told him that he wore his new honors as if "to the manner born." Then we went out to supper; and while she did full justice to the biscuits and cold chicken, she remarked

to him that she perceived he had done wisely in choosing a wife from the country. Country girls devoted themselves so much more exclusively to domestic affairs that it could not be doubted that they made better house-keepers than those who had been taught to regard literary and social culture as the "one thing needful."

Was there latent sarcasm underlying her soft words? I could not tell. But I felt shy and ill at ease, and I was glad when I could rise from the table and lead the way back to the parlor. My good Hannah came for Allie presently, and I was at liberty to devote myself to my guest.

I had often heard that Miriam Delamater was beautiful—that there was some rare, subtle charm about her by which men's hearts were lured from out their bosoms almost without their knowledge or consent. But I was not prepared for all that was revealed to me that night. It was not the beauty of girlhood, but that of complete, superb womanhood. She was full five years older than myself; nearly as old as Walter, in fact. I seemed to myself a mere child beside her—a child physically, intellectually, and spiritually.

The shaded lamp was turned low until the room was filled only with a soft radiance almost like moonlight. The windows were open, and the muslin curtains fluttered gently to and fro in the scented airs that stole up from my lilies and heliotropes and violets in the garden below. Miriam half sat, half reclined, in a high-backed crimson chair, against which her magnificent hair of "paly gold" gleamed in the tender light. I do not know what she wore—some diaphanous tissue woven of mist and sunbeams, I think; but it was worn with a careless ease and grace that made it seem a part of herself.

Walter sat in a corner of the sofa near her, and their talk wandered back to his father's house, and the days when they were children together. Her words vivified and glorified whatever they touched; and their past, warmed into life by her breath, seemed as beautiful as a dream. The present paled before it.

I withdrew to a table in a far corner of the room, and seemed to busy myself with the

last *Scribner*. Do not think that they purposely overlooked me, or ignored my presence. But they talked of persons and things of which I knew nothing, and so—foolishly, perhaps—I glided away from them.

But I could not read. Gradually the current of talk drifted round to Miriam's life abroad. How she glowed and sparkled then! How like a leaf torn from some old romance seemed the story of her sojournings in Venice, in Florence, in Rome, in Dresden, in Paris, in Berlin! Her great violet eyes kindled and their light deepened and darkened as she spoke of the old cathedrals, the storied castles, the art and architecture which it had been the dream of my life to see, but which I probably never should see until this mortal had put on immortality, and my disembodied spirit should be free to wander at will.

Walter hung on her words, her looks, as one enchanted. I did not wonder at it; I could not blame him. But ah! how it hurt me!

I stole softly out of the room and up-stairs to my chamber, while they were wrapped in some dream of Michael Angelo or Raphael. Taking a lamp, I walked straight to the large mirror that overhung my dressing-table. Walter had been wont to call me his gypsy queen—his brown-eyed fairy, and the like. I had been praised, sometimes, for a certain dark, oriental style of beauty; and I had been glad, for his sake. But I was little and brown, with small, irregular features. I needed the cosmetic of joy; and to-night there was no color in my cheeks, no luster in my eyes. I looked old and worn and faded; and that woman down stairs, with her eloquent words, her witching glances, her peerless beauty, was weaving her old spells about my husband, and luring his heart away from me.

If I looked old then, I must have been a perfect Methuselah—or whatever the feminine of that venerable name may be—before the first of September. Miriam Delamater's presence chafed and harassed me beyond measure. There was nothing in her sayings or doings that I could deliberately, and in the broad, clear light of common sense, quarrel with.

She and my husband met upon the frank, free footing of old friends. Surely I had no right to find fault with that? And it was not her fault that she was fairer, calmer, stronger, and more self-poised than I. *She* was not to blame that the wondrous charm of her voice, her face, her manner was so potent; or that her grace, her quiet self-possession, her rare conversational powers oppressed me with a vague, yet painful sense of inferiority, and made me silent and constrained in her presence. It was only that I was weak and childish, incapable of sustaining myself, and of commanding my husband's admiration. Thus I reasoned with myself in the night-watches, and strove to be generous, if not content.

But my heart rebelled. This guest of ours, whether willfully or no, did come in between my husband and myself. There were no more long confidential talks for us in the still twilights; there were no sweet, familiar words at noonday; there were no brisk rides or walks in the breezy mornings. For wherever we were, there was Miss Delamater; and she was a born diplomat and believed in monopolies.

Then, too, I was physically worn and wretched. The addition of this one member to my household added wonderfully to my domestic cares and labors. Miriam Delamater had the art of appearing exceedingly helpful—even officiously so. I do not doubt in the least that Walter thought her a great assistance to me; and blessed her for her sisterly aid and counsel. But the truth was, she was utterly helpless and inefficient when it came to the practical, daily recurring needs of life. To make a bad matter worse, she did not know this, and was always volunteering (in Walter's presence, mind you) to do some stupendous deed in the housekeeping or culinary line; which, when once begun, Hannah or I were forced to finish. For my lady was sure to become exhausted before she had made an end to her beginnings, while she claimed credit for having done whatever she had undertaken.

During all these dreary weeks, Walter was never unkind or impatient with me. But he could not understand matters. He could not

comprehend my "whims and humors," as he called them; and I kept my own mouth closely sealed. I doubt if I made myself very charming in those days; and I suspect, now, that he was as thoroughly puzzled as a man ever was by his wife's demeanor. He would come in fresh and vigorous from his earnest, eager work, to find Miss Delamater in the parlor ready to talk to him—or with him—of books, of art, of noted men whom she had met, of famous places she had seen. She kept his whole intellectual being in healthy action. By and by a little pale, spiritless woman would come stealing in, and sit silently in the shade.

Sometimes it was the little woman's own fault that she was not brighter and fresher. Sometimes a spirit of dumb submission that was yet far from being patience took possession of her, and she would not strive to make herself as charming as she could, and as she had through all her wedded life till now. Sometimes she was silent when she might have talked well and wisely—as well, perhaps, as the more brilliant woman whom she allowed to eclipse her. Sometimes she willfully threw her husband in the way of temptation by being still, and cold, and passive herself, when this old friend of his was most attractive, most winning.

I see all this now, but I did not see it then. I only felt that I was wretched, and I believed that Miriam Delamater was the cause.

One morning at the breakfast table allusion was made to Bryant's poem to the *Fringed Gentian*; and Miss Delamater remarked that she did not know the flower.

"What! not know the *Fringed Gentian*?" said Walter, turning round quickly. "Well, I advise you to make its acquaintance before you go flower-hunting again 'on the Alps and the Apennines.' I will bring you a blossom to-night, if I can find one. It must be in bloom by this time."

"No, thank you," she answered, carelessly. "If I see the flower at all I want to see it in its native haunts. No single blossom for me, if you please."

"Then what say you, Barbara? Let us go up to the head of the lake this afternoon, toward sunset, and we can reap a harvest of

gentians. Meldon's woods must be filled with them."

I did not particularly care to go; but I had still enough common-sense remaining to know that the walk, and the sweet, fresh evening air would do me good. So we went, all three of us.

I am not going to describe our walk on the shores of that lovely lake, the glorious sunset sky, the opaline gleams, the tints of purple and rose, amethyst and amber, that glorified cloud and wavelet and mountain. Even my perturbed spirit felt that "it was good to be there." We lingered so long that when we entered the woods the sun was slowly sinking—a globe of fire behind the crest of Mount Victory.

The first frosts had come, and the leaves were beginning to fall. But, bright with "heaven's own blue," the gentian "looked through its fringes to the sky" from every damp and shaded nook. We found them on every side of us; and wandered on, lured by seemingly richer specimens just beyond, until we were checked by the gathering darkness. I looked up, and a single star shone down upon me through a parting in the trees. But even as I looked a dense cloud swept over it.

Walter and Miss Delamater were at a little distance. He was showing her a spot where the May-flowers were largest and sweetest in the spring. I called to them.

"Walter! Miriam!" I said. "It is getting late, and I believe it is going to rain. We must hurry home."

They came back to me hastily. But before we had taken a dozen steps the wind swayed the tops of the pine trees, a sullen, angry roar came from the deeper woods into which we had not penetrated, and it became evident that one of the sudden, violent tempests of autumn was upon us.

We hurried on, while it grew darker and darker every moment, and the southing and shrieking of the wind and the creaking of the tossing boughs raised a bewildering tumult about us. Taking a hand of each, Walter tried to urge us forward. But our feet became entangled in the brakes and underbrush, and we made slow progress.

"Hark! is that thunder?" said Miriam, under her breath.

"It is too cold for a thunder-storm," Walter answered. "It is only the wind."

Even as he spoke a fearful gust tore our hands apart. Denser darkness, darkness that could be felt, fell about us; we could not see an inch before our faces—we could not see each other.

Suddenly the air was filled with flying particles, and crash after crash resounded from the forest. We were in the very path of the tornado. Great trees fell prostrate to the right and to the left of us, and huge branches were borne like straws on the wings of the tempest. Stricken to the ground, crouching there in dire extremity, we waited for what might come.

But high above the roar of the elements, the fierce beating of the storm, I heard my husband's voice.

"Barbara! Barbara! Barbara!" I heard it through the darkness, and could not answer him.

Barbara—not Miriam—even in that supreme moment when soul spoke to soul, and we stood upon the confines of the other world!

When I returned to consciousness I was in a darkened room, and there were two or three strange women about me. I tried to move my left arm, but could not. It was bandaged from the shoulder down. Walter knelt at the foot of the bed.

The women went out.

I cannot tell you about it. Some things are too sacred to be made subjects of common speech. But I knew that night by my husband's tears and caresses, by the silent kisses that his trembling lips pressed upon my cold ones, by his few scarce articulate words of thanksgiving, by his whispered prayers, how grievously I had wronged him by my jealous doubts.

I learned more, by and by, after Miriam had gone, and my bruised arm had got well. One day I told him all I had thought and felt and suffered. For a long time he sat silently, with his hand clasping mine. Then he said,

"I want to show you something, Barbara," and left the room.

He came back presently with a little blue

velvet case in his hand. There was something in his face that I had never seen there before; something that showed that his whole being was stirred to its inmost depths.

"I want to show you something," he repeated. "You are wholly mistaken about my feeling for Miriam. Rumor coupled our names, as was but natural. But I never loved her, even when we were boy and girl together, with any other than a quiet, brotherly affection. If I had I should have told you before I asked you to be my wife. But I want to show you this picture of the young girl who *was* my first love. There must never be any more concealments between us, Barbara. You must read my heart to the very last page."

My hand trembled so that it was with difficulty I unfastened the clasp.

It was my own likeness—a little, miserable, worn, faded vignette, taken in my early girlhood; and under the glass were a withered flower or two—the first I had ever given him. I looked up. There were tears in his eyes.

"That is a relic of my callow days," he said, half laughing. "I stole that picture long before you dreamed that I loved you; and I have been ashamed to show you the poor old thing, so magnificently encased in blue and gold. But it tells the whole story, my Barbara. You shall keep it henceforward, and study it at your leisure whenever you are inclined to be jealous of your husband's first love."

I believed every word he said. But yet—I hope we shall never have another visit from Miriam.

EDSON'S MOTHER.

We were deep in our diet-lists and the disentanglement of those dark and mysterious phonetics which seem the special province of ward-masters and hospital stewards, when a tap fell upon the door.

"Come in," ejaculated H., with a resigned voice. "My dear, if I should be found dead in my bed to-morrow, carve upon my tomb the words, 'Milk-porridge'—I have just come across a thirteenth way of spelling it."

"If you please, mum," said the little orderly, respectfully waiting for the end of the sentence, "Edson's mother has come."

"Has she, indeed, poor soul? Where have you put her, Paul?"

"Down stairs, mum, in the offis—she's takin' on awful!" (this by way of mild suggestion).

"Who is Edson?" asked H., as I folded up my papers.

"That Maine man in ward P—, don't you remember? who has twice been so desperately low. This time the doctor says there is absolutely no chance for him. I wrote his friends last week, but hardly hoped he would live to see them."

Down stairs I went, making on the way a quick instinctive picture of the person I was

about to see. "Given a man—to evolve his wife and mother"—is a problem which possesses undying interest for the female mind—at least for mine. A hospital affords unlimited black-board for demonstration of that sort; and though my lines are always getting into tangles, and A and B refusing to equal C, still I worked on undiscouraged. What though our weakly, nervous little drummer proved to possess a parent of the ancient Roman type, majestically double-chinned, whose air, as she sat by his bedside, was as that of a royal eagle condoling with an invalid peewit? What though Sergeant T—, the tawny-bearded and lion-faced, who had ejaculated "Thunder!" and "O pshaw!" with such unction over Dora in *David Copperfield*, turned out the lawful owner of a Dora of his own?—I persisted in my little problem, and a vision of the sinewy, reserved Maine man crossing my mind as I ran down stairs—his mother must be like him, I thought; of the same type, angular, self-contained, strong. This idea full in my mind, and my heart brimming with sympathy, I opened the office door. A gurgling sound as of a faucet imperfectly turned met my ear, and before me sat—what?

My first impression was wonderment that

anything so big and so helpless should have been suffered to come from Maine alone. Tall, and enormously fat—that quivering, aimless fat which suggests absence of bones underneath; a tight string of gold beads encircling her neck below a terrace of chins; a pair of blue, lack-luster eyes, from which a stream of tears was dripping; two limp, appealing hands crossed on her lap,—such was Edson's mother! I stopped—struck dumb for one instant by my own excessive folly—then, rallying, hastened forward.

"I am glad you could come, Mrs. Edson,—we had hardly hoped it; and I am thankful to say you are in time to see your son. He is perfectly conscious, though very weak."

The poor old woman gave a series of strange gulps and the tears ran faster, but she said nothing.

"Would you like to go at once to the ward, or will you rest a while first, and drink a cup of tea? I think that will be the better plan, unless the delay is too painful for you."

The fat neck slowly shook the fat head. I rang the bell, and while Mrs. Edson composed herself on the creaking lounge, essayed a little comfort.

"The doctors say that your son has wonderful rallying-power. They do not speak encouragingly of him now, but you know he has revived twice before when almost as low as this, so it is just possible—"

The maternal head was slowly shaken afresh. "Oh no, he ain't a-goin to git well," she sobbed. "I ain't prepared for that."

"It is wise not to be too hopeful, still—"

"His pa's made all the arrangements," she interrupted; "the body's to be took on by Pratt's Express. Pa's spoke to the man, and all."

At this juncture tea appeared. I made her a cup, and when she appeared somewhat quieted and refreshed, proposed taking her to her son. To my surprise she hesitated and hung back.

"You'll go, too?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"I can't be left alone. I should just go all of a heap if I was," she asserted.

The evening was clear and cool. Little rosy clouds were floating above a soft, daffo-

dil-hued sunset. "Retreat" was sounding; the flag came, slowly fluttering in heavy folds, down its tall staff. The officers were grouped on the piazza of headquarters; altogether the place wore its pleasantest aspect. I pointed out these things to my companion, hoping to interest her; but she scarcely listened, and clung to my arm in a way which promised ill for the coming interview.

"Remember," (impressively—my hand on the latch), "that your son is very, very weak. You *must* control yourself. If you cry, or agitate him, it may cost his life!"

"P" was our crack ward. Its perfections had cost both time and labor. I was justly proud of them, and trusted its aspect of comfort and order would soothe Mrs. Edson's nerves. But as we passed up the long, light room, with its spotless floor, its neat rows of pallets with trim blue counterpanes and snowy pillows, its walls hung with gay prints, and rocking-chairs "atilt with heroes," her trepidation increased. We reached the screened bed—I held her back.

"Edson!"

Slowly the heavy lids unclosed.

"Here is something pleasant. Your mother has come all the way from Maine to make you a visit! Would you like to see her now?"

The lips formed an inaudible "yes." I motioned Mrs. Edson to advance,—to my surprise she hung back and refused to stir. Her eyes wildly sought after the door; she seemed so ready for escape that I seized her arm. It was actually necessary to exert some strength to propel her round the corner of the screen and into her son's line of vision. Anything so inert and heavy I never imagined before. I guided her hand to his helpless fingers, seated her by the bedside, and after a word or two moved away to leave them in greater freedom.

Mrs. Edson clutched my dress.

"Don't!" she gasped—"don't go."

"Only to speak to this man close by," I said, wondering.

"Oh don't! I can't be left alone of him. I'm afraid!"

"Afraid of what!"

"I'm afraid," was the only answer.

She was reasonless as a child—or as several dozen children rolled into one. I could neither calm nor convince, so remained perforce, “making conversation,” and trying to hide from the sick man the spectacle of his agitated parent. The scene at last became too ludicrous and too painful for endurance. I conveyed Mrs. Edson, nothing loath, to the far end of the ward, and left her in the little nurse’s room, under charge of “Mary,” promising to call and take her away when I had finished my rounds.

Ah, those rounds!—that slow passage from bed to bed; those mute looks of recognition and regard; the strange friendship which united those who suffered and those who served; how unreal and far away they seem in these days of peace and reaction! how impossible! and yet how bracing are they to memory, when,

“Sad with the breath of that diviner air,
That loftier mood,”—

we turn back to catch a pulse of the inspiration which once tingled in our veins, and which carried a whole nation on its impetuous tide for four wonderful years.

Going back to Edson after a while, I surprised a look of relief in his impassive face.

“Is—my—mother—gone?” he whispered, a long pause between each word.

“Yes. She seems very tired to-night. To-morrow she will be rested and able to be a comfort to you, I hope.”

The next day and the next our patient was very low. His life hung by a thread, the doctor said, and the ward surgeon shook his head gravely when I ventured a word of hope. But there was something in the man’s indomitable eyes which forbade despair. Plainly as eyes could speak they said, “I mean to live.” Once he asked for his mother. It was not easy to persuade her to enter the ward again, but we said she *must*, which coercion we afterwards regretted, for she moaned and cried hysterically every moment of the time, and clutched my dress tightly, to prevent any stirring from her reach. Her gulping sobs arrested her poor son’s attention at length.

He was evidently distressed. “Don’t—mother—” he said feebly more than once,

and at last, summoning all his strength for the effort, he beckoned me nearer, and gasped in an almost inaudible voice: “Miss —, if—my—mother—doesn’t—go away—I—shall—die.”

We hurried Mrs. Edson away, and this was the last interview between them. A boat-load of wounded arrived that night, and for a day or two I was too busy to pay further attention to her. The nurses reported that she spent her time in the linen-room, collecting and putting in order her son’s clothing; and I was glad that her maternal anxiety should find so safe and practical an outlet.

The fifth day came. Early in the morning bad news arrived from ward P. Edson was dying. We broke the tidings as gently as possible to his mother, and proposed that she should go to him, but she showed such misery of reluctance that I forbore to press the point, and hurried down alone. Doctor — met me with a very grave face. The ward was awfully quiet; the laughs and merry chatter had hushed to silence; the men grouped about the stoves wore solemn, expectant faces; a few were peeping round the corner of the screen within which lay Edson, with gray, set features, unconscious of us all, drifting fast on that dark, retreating tide whose reflux brings no vestige from the other shore. I watched him a moment, and still an instinct whispered of hope.

“Might I not give him some champagne, doctor?”

“Certainly, if he can take it, but I fear it will be of no use.”

I persevered; slowly and painfully, drop by drop, pouring it between the stiffening lips; the muscles of the throat moving ever so slightly, but enough to prove that it was swallowed. Spoonful after spoonful—hour after hour. The clock struck eleven. It was the time for the daily boat; her whistle sounded down the bay. A change of hue was coming into the still, gray face on the pillow. It was not more lifelike perhaps, but it was less like death—and my hopes rose. Just then Mrs. Smith, good “Mary” of ward P, flew up the room at a pace very different from her usual noiseless prowling, and whispered:—

"What *do* you think? Mrs. Edson is going!"

"Going!"

"Yes, in the boat. She says it is of no use to stay! And she wants to speak to you a minute."

I thrust the spoon and glass in her hands and almost ran out of the ward. Sure enough, there was Mrs. Edson, bonneted and shawled, with a big bundle beside her, and her bag in her hand. She looked fairly alive, for the first time since her arrival at the hospital, and greeted me with a voice that was loud and voluble:—

"Yes, Miss —, I'm goin'. My old man's lonesome enough, I reckon, and I'd better be getting along toward home. I've taken poor Charles's things. He won't need 'em any more, and it's best they should go. His shirts is all here, exceptin' one which the lady in the linen-room couldn't find, and there's some new flannel ones which come from the store in P., and hain't never been used; them I shall return; the folks can't say nothing against takin' them back, under the circumstances, and they're too small for Pa and John. And about Charles, Miss —; his Pa was a-speakin' to the man at Pratt's Express about carryin' on him up to Pequasset; and he said he would attend to it for twenty-eight dollars. It's a good deal of money; but we've 'lotted to spend it. I s'pose he can be boxed up here."

I bowed, fairly unable to speak.

"Please direct, 'Care Samuel P. Jacks, Providence,'" she went on. "He's brother-in-law to Pa's sister, and he'll see to having it put aboard the cars all straight. And Pa'll send the money for the express. It has got to be paid beforehand, the man says."

The boat stopped at the dock, her blue smoke curling aloft in the crisp October air. Mrs. Edson collected her parcels.

"That's all, I reckon. Good-by, Miss —. I shall al'ays say and stick to it that Charles was well cared-for by you. Of course a hospital can't be like home. We all know that!" Dispensing these final words as a benediction, she shook her vast skirts and moved away. Ten minutes later the "Thos. Beecher"

steamed up the bay, and that was the last of Edson's Mother.

Or not quite the last. Strange to say, after two days of desperate exhaustion our patient rallied for the third time. I never saw so iron a will. He resolved to live, and he did live. This time the rally was a final one. For days he subsisted upon champagne. How many dozen he drank I cannot now remember. I know their value more than covered the sum which his frugal parent had "lotted" to spend upon his mortuary travels. And while he mended, telegraphs came pouring in from "Samuel P. Jacks, Providence": "Surprised to hear nothing of Charles. Hope there is no mistake! Please forward *it* by the boat to-morrow." And all this while the "It" was a "*He*," and beginning to consume beef-steaks in goodly quantity! More embarrassing still was the necessity of accounting to Edson for the disappearance of all his wearing apparel. He actually had nothing but an old army overcoat left to come to life in! We concealed the horrors of the situation as long as we could, but little by little they leaked out.

"I can't think what my mother was about," he said, with a sort of pathetic patience. "If she'd even left my writing-paper I could let her know I was getting well; but she took every sheet, and my pocket-handkerchiefs, and my hair-comb! It's a very strange way of acting!"

Happily it was in our power to relieve his wants. The affluent charities of the time kept our shelves supplied with every necessary and luxury known to man. From these kindly gifts we drew. Three months later, hale and hearty in spite of his missing leg, Edson, no longer an "It," but clothed and in his right mind, took the morning-boat in propria persona, and, without the assistance of Pratt's Express, returned to his native Maine.

We hear from him occasionally. He is well. He has a farm and a wife, and is content and prosperous, though with true New England caution he takes care not to say so. But he has never mentioned his mother, and how he and she settled the perplexing matter of the flannel shirts, we shall never know.

CÆSAR ROWAN.

YES, I heern about de proclamation—
 Ole Mas' Linkum's—dessay, boss, it's right;
 But fo' seventy yeah on dis plantation,
 Young Mas' Jeemes an I have fit de fight—
 An' to-day
 Whah I've bin I mean to stay.

Don't pe'cisely know how ole I be, sah;
 But I 'memb' dat ole Mas' Rowan sed—
 "No use tellin' me about ow Cesah;
 He was ten when Cousin John went dead—
 Ten fo' sho—"
 Dat was sixty yeah ago.

Heah I've bin upon de ole plantation
 Evvah sence—knew all the folks aroun'.
 What's de use o' makin' a noration?
 Deh all dead, done gone, an' ondergroun',
 So it seems:—
 No one lef' but young Mas' Jeemes.

Him an' me were raised by ole Mas' Rowan—
 High ole times, boss, mawnin', night, an' noon;—
 In de fields we wuhked whah hands were hoein';
 In de woods we went to hunt de coon.
 Wuhk an' play,
 We were pardners ev'ry day.

An' when he growed up, an' went to college
 Down at Williamsbu'g, I tell yuh den,
 Cesah, he picked up a heap o' knowledge,
 Tendin' on him 'mong de gentlemen—
 Cesah dah,
 Cesah heah, an' everywhah.

Den he mawied—mawied Nancy Merritt—
 Ginnul Petah's daughtah from Soufside—
 Tell yuh, boss, she had a mighty sperrit,
 Beauty—mps! an' full o' grace an' pride;
 Eyes so bright,
 Fahly lit de house at night.

Young Mas' Randolph he come nex' Decembah,
 Chris'mas day, sah—ki! de time was good;
 Egg-nogg plenty—dah I *mus'* remembah—
 Cesah he got tight—o' co'se he would—
 Drunk wid joy,
 Kase Miss Nancy had a boy.

Setch a boy as dat when he growed oldah!
 Stout an' strong, de maken' of a man;
 Dis yeh chin jes' retched up to his shouldah;
 I was nowhah 'longside young Mas' Ran'—
 Nowhah—no!
 An' I ain't a dwarf fo' sho.

Well, one day, I 'membah dat for sahtain,
 We sot out wid grist fo' Sinkah's mill;

Young Mas' Jeemes sez, jes' as we were startin'—
 "Keep ole Cesah safe!"—Sez he, "I will!

Yes, dat's so!
 Bring back Cesah, wheddah no."

Den he smile, Mas' Ran' he smile dat mawnin'
 Like an angel—yes, he did, po' boy!
 No one seemed to have a mite of wawnin'
 What was comin' on to spile our joy.
 Down de hill,
 On we rode to Sinkah's mill.

Gwine dah, Rocky Branch was high an' roa'in',
 Jes' above de mill de bridge we cros';
 Puffick taw'ent off de dam was pou'in';
 Fall in dah, boss, den you sho done los'.
 I rid on;
 Down de bridge went—I was gone.

Me an' hoss an' grist an' timbers fallin';
 In we went, an' off we all were sweep';
 Den I heah Mas' Randolph's voice a callin'—
 "Hole fas', Cesah!" an' wid dat he leap'—
 Nothin' mo'—
 Den I loss all else fo' sho.

Seems to me I felt his fingahs tetch me,
 Den I knowed no mo' ontwell I heah
 Some one say—"De bottle yander retch me!
 Gib'm a dram! He'll do now, nevah feah!"
 Sez I den—
 "Whah's Mas' Randolph, gentlemen?"

Ev'ry one dah seemed to be dumbfounded,
 So I raise an' ax agin fo' him;
 Den dey tole me young Mas' Ran' was drowned—
 Hit his head agin a swingin' limb.
 Drowned! dead!
 "Po' ole Missus!" den I sed.

Home de kawpse o' po' Mas' Ran' we kerried;
 Dah was Missus—not a wuhd she spoke;
 But she died de day dat he was buried;
 Doctah Gahnett sed heh hea't was broke—
 She went dead
 Wid a broken hea't he sed.

Sense de day we buried po' Miss Nancy,
 Monsus bad times come to young Mas' Jeemes;
 Dah he sits all day wropt up in fancy,
 Eyes wide open, dreamin' daylight dreams.
 But fo' me,
 Dun no whah Mas' Jeemes would be.

Heah's de place whah him an' I were bawn in;
 Heah we stay', an' heah we pottah roun',
 Twell dey tote de pah of us some mawnin',
 Way out yander to de buryin' groun';
 Dah we'll lay
 Waitin' fo' de Jedgemen' Day.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEX FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 203.)

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

He said little more, but from what followed, I suspect either he or his father spoke to Sir Giles on the subject; for, one day, as I was walking past the park-gates, which I had seldom entered since my return, I saw him just within, talking to old Mr. Coningham. I saluted him in passing, and he not only returned the salutation in a friendly manner, but made a step towards me as if he wished to speak to me. I turned and approached him. He came out and shook hands with me.

"I know who you are, Mr. Cumbermede, although I have never had the pleasure of speaking to you before," he said frankly.

"There you are mistaken, Sir Giles," I returned; "but you could hardly be expected to remember the little boy who, many years ago, having stolen one of your apples, came to you to comfort him."

"I remember the circumstance well," he said. "And you were that unhappy culprit? Ha! ha! ha! To tell the truth, I have thought of it many times. It was a remarkably fine thing to do."

"What! steal the apple, Sir Giles?"

"Make the instant reparation you did."

"There was no reparation in asking you to box my ears."

"It was all you could do, though."

"To ease my own conscience, it was. There is always a satisfaction, I suppose, in suffering for our sins. But I have thought a thousand times of your kindness in shaking hands with me instead. You treated me as the angels treat the repentant sinner, Sir Giles."

"Well, I certainly never thought of it in that light," he said; then, as if wishing to change the subject, "Don't you find it lonely now your uncle is gone?" he asked.

"I miss him more than I can tell."

"A very worthy man he was—too good for this world, by all accounts."

"He's not the worse off for that now, Sir Giles, I trust."

"No; of course not," he returned quickly, with the usual shrinking from slightest allusion to what is called the other world—"Is there anything I can do for you? You are a literary man, they tell me. There are a good many books of one sort and another lying at the Hall. Some of them might be of use to you. They are at your service. I am sure you are to be trusted even with mouldy books, which, from what I hear, must be a greater temptation to you now than red-cheeked apples," he added, with another merry laugh.

"I will tell you what, Sir Giles," I answered. "It has often grieved me to think of the state of your library. It would be scarcely possible for me to find a book in it now. But if you would trust me, I should be delighted, in my spare hours, of which I can command a good many, to put the whole in order for you."

"I should be under the greatest obligation. I have always intended having some capable man down from London to arrange it. I am no great reader myself, but I have the highest respect for a good library. It ought never to have got into the condition in which I found it."

"The books are fast going to ruin, I fear."

"Are they indeed?" he exclaimed, with some consternation. "I was not in the least aware of that. I thought so long as I let no one meddle with them, they were safe enough."

"The law of the moth and rust holds with books as well as other unused things," I answered.

"Then, pray, my dear sir, undertake the thing at once," he said, in a tone to which the uneasiness of self-reproach gave a touch of imperiousness. "But really," he added, "it seems trespassing on your goodness much too far. Your time is valuable. Would it be a long job?"

"It would doubtless take some months; but the pleasure of seeing order drawn from confusion would itself repay me. And I *might* come upon certain books of which I am greatly in want. You will have to allow me a carpenter though, for the shelves are not half sufficient to hold the books; and I have no doubt those there are stand in need of repair."

"I have a carpenter amongst my people. Old houses want constant attention. I shall put him under your orders with pleasure. Come and dine with me to-morrow, and we'll talk it all over."

"You are very kind," I said. "Is Mr. Brotherton at home?"

"I am sorry to say he is not."

"I heard the other day that he had sold his commission."

"Yes—six months ago. His regiment was ordered to India, and—and—his mother—. But he does not give us much of his company," added the old man. "I am sorry he is not at home, for he would have been glad to meet you."

Instead of responding, I merely made haste to accept Sir Giles's invitation. I confess I did not altogether relish having anything to do with the future property of Geoffrey Brotherton; but the attraction of the books was great, and in any case I should be under no obligation to him; neither was the nature of the service I was about to render him such as would awaken any sense of obligation in a mind like his.

I could not help recalling the sarcastic criticisms of Clara when I entered the drawing-room of Moldwarp Hall—a long, low-ceiled room, with its walls and stools and chairs covered with tapestry, some of it the work of the needle, other some of the Gobelin loom; but although I found Lady Brotherton a common enough old lady, who showed little of the dignity of which she evidently thought much; and was more condescending to her yeoman neighbor than was agreeable, I did not at once discover ground for the severity of those remarks. Miss Brotherton, the eldest of the family, a long-necked lady, the flower of whose youth was beginning to curl at the edges, I found well-read, but whether

in books or the reviews of them, I had to leave an open question as yet. Nor was I sufficiently taken with her not to feel considerably dismayed when she proffered me her assistance in arranging the library. I made no objection at the time, only hinting that the drawing up of a catalogue afterwards might be a fitter employment for her fair fingers; but I resolved to create such a fearful pother at the very beginning, that her first visit should be her last. And so I doubt not it would have fallen out, but for something else. The only other person who dined with us was a Miss Pease—at least so I will call her—who, although the law of her existence appeared to be fetching and carrying for Lady Brotherton, was yet, in virtue of a poor-relationship, allowed an uneasy seat at the table. Her obedience was mechanically perfect. One wondered how the mere nerves of volition could act so instantaneously upon the slightest hint. I saw her more than once or twice withdraw her fork when almost at her lips, and, almost before she had laid it down, rise from her seat to obey some half-whispered, half-nodded behest. But her look was one of injured meekness and self-humbled submission. Sir Giles now and then gave her a kind or merry word, but she would reply to it with almost abject humility. Her face was gray and pinched, her eyes were very cold, and she ate as if she did not know one thing from another.

Over our wine Sir Giles introduced business. I professed myself ready, with a housemaid and carpenter at my orders when I should want them, to commence operations the following afternoon. He begged me to ask for whatever I might want, and after a little friendly chat I took my leave, elated with the prospect of the work before me. About three o'clock the next afternoon I took my way to the Hall, to assume the temporary office of creative librarian.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PREPARATIONS.

It was a lovely afternoon, the air hot, and the shadows of the trees dark upon the green grass. The clear sun was shining sideways on the little oriel window of one of the rooms

in which my labor awaited me. Never have I seen a picture of more stately repose than the huge pile of building presented, while the curious vane on the central square tower glittered like the outburning flame of its hidden life. The only objection I could find to it was that it stood isolated from its own park, although the portion next it was kept as trim as the smoothest lawn. There was not a door anywhere to be seen except the two gateway entrances, and not a window upon the ground floor. All the doors and low windows were either within the courts, or opened on the garden which, with its terraced walks and avenues, and one tiny lawn, surrounded the two further sides of the house, and was itself enclosed by walls.

I knew the readiest way to the library well enough: once admitted at the outer gate, I had no occasion to trouble the servants. The rooms containing the books were amongst the bedrooms, and after crossing the great hall, I had to turn my back on the stair which led to the ball-room and drawing-room, and ascend another to the left, so that I could come and go with little chance of meeting any of the family.

The rooms, I have said, were six, none of them of any great size, and all ill-fitted for the purpose. In fact, there was such a sense of confinement about the whole arrangement as gave me the feeling that any difficult book read there would be unintelligible. Order, however, is only another kind of light, and would do much to destroy the impression. Having with practical intent surveyed the situation, I saw there was no space for action. I must have at least the temporary use of another room, where the last of the suite of book rooms farthest from the armory had still a door into the room beyond, and I tried it, thinking to see at a glance whether it would suit me, and whether it was likely to be yielded for my purpose. It opened, and, to my dismay, there stood Clara Coningham, fastening her collar. She looked sharply round, and made a half-indignant step towards me.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times, Miss Coningham," I exclaimed. "Will you allow me to explain, or must I retreat unheard?"

I was vexed indeed, for, notwithstanding a

certain flutter at the heart, I had no wish to renew my acquaintance with her.

"There must be some fatality about the place, Mr. Cumbermede," she said, almost with her old merry laugh. "It frightens me."

"Precisely my own feeling, Miss Coningham. I had no idea you were in the neighborhood."

"I cannot say so much as that; for I had heard you were at The Moat; but I had no expectation of seeing you—least of all in this house. I suppose you are on the scent of some musty old book or other," she added, approaching the door where I stood with the handle in my hand.

"My object is an invasion rather than a hunt," I said, drawing back that she might enter.

"Just as it was the last time! when you and I were here," she went on, with scarcely a pause, and as easily as if there had never been any misunderstanding between us.

I had thought myself beyond any further influence from her fascinations, but when I looked in her beautiful face, and heard her allude to the past with so much friendliness, and such apparent unconsciousness of any reason for forgetting it, a tremor ran through me from head to foot. I mastered myself sufficiently to reply, however.

"It is the last time you will see it so," I said; "for here stands the Hercules of the stable—about to restore it to cleanliness and, what is of far more consequence in a library—to order!"

"You don't mean it!" she exclaimed with genuine surprise. "I'm so glad I'm here!"

"Are you on a visit, then?"

"Indeed I am; but how it came about I don't know. I daresay my father does. Lady Brotherton has invited me, stiffly, of course, to spend a few weeks during their stay. Sir Giles must be in it; I believe I am rather a favorite with the good old man. But I have another fancy: my grandfather is getting old; I suspect my father has been making himself useful, and this invitation is an acknowledgment. Men always buttress their ill-built dignities by keeping poor women in the dark; by which means you drive us to infinite conjecture. That is how we come to be so much

cleverer than you at putting two and two together and making five."

"But," I ventured to remark, "under such circumstances, you will hardly enjoy your visit."

"Oh! shan't I? I shall get fun enough out of it for that. They are—all but Sir Giles—they are great fun. Of course, they don't treat me as an equal, but I take it out in amusement. You will find you have to do the same."

"Not I. I have nothing to do with them. I am here as a skilled workman—one whose work is his sufficient reward. There is nothing degrading in that—is there? If I thought there was, of course I shouldn't have come."

"You *never* did anything you felt degrading?"

"No."

"Happy mortal!" she said with a sigh—whether humorous or real, I could not tell.

"I have had no occasion," I returned.

"And yet, as I hear, you have made your mark in literature?"

"Who says that? I should not."

"Never mind," she rejoined, with, as I fancied, the look of having said more than she ought. "But," she added, "I wish you would tell me in what periodicals you write."

"You must excuse me. I do not wish to be first known in connection with fugitive things. When first I publish a book, you may be assured my name will be on the title-page. Meantime, I must fulfill the conditions of my *entrée*."

"And I must go and pay my respects to Lady Brotherton. I have only just arrived."

"Won't you find it dull? There's nobody of man-kind at home but Sir Giles."

"You are unjust. If Mr. Brotherton had been here I shouldn't have come. I find him troublesome."

I thought she blushed, notwithstanding the air of freedom with which she spoke.

"If he should come into the property to-morrow," she went on, "I fear you would have little chance of completing your work."

"If he came into the property this day six months, I fear he would find it unfinished. Certainly what was to do should remain undone."

"Don't be too sure of that. He might win you over. He can talk."

"I should not be so readily pleased as another might."

She bent towards me, and said in an almost hissing whisper:

"Wilfrid, I hate him."

I started. She looked what she said. The blood shot to my heart, and again rushed to my face. But suddenly she retreated into her own room, and noiselessly closed the door. The same moment I heard that of a further room open, and presently Miss Brotherton peeped in.

"How do you do, Mr. Cumbermede?" she said. "You are already hard at work, I see."

I was, in fact, doing nothing. I explained that I could not make a commencement without the use of another room.

"I will send the housekeeper, and you can arrange with her," she said, and left me.

In a few minutes Mrs. Wilson entered. Her manner was more stiff and formal than ever. We shook hands in a rather limp fashion.

"You've got your will at last, Mr. Cumbermede," she said. "I suppose the thing's to be done!"

"It is, Mrs. Wilson, I am happy to say. Sir Giles kindly offered me the use of the library, and I took the liberty of representing to him that there was no library until the books were arranged."

"Why couldn't you take a book away with you and read it in comfort at home?"

"How could I take the book home if I couldn't find it?"

"You could find something worth reading, if that were all you wanted."

"But that is not all. I have plenty of reading."

"Then I don't see what's the good of it."

"Books are very much like people, Mrs. Wilson. There are not so many you want to know all about; but most could tell you things you don't know. I want certain books in order to question them about certain things."

"Well, all I know is, it'll be more trouble than it's worth."

"I am afraid it will—to you, Mrs. Wilson;

but though I am taking a thousand times your trouble, I expect to be well repaid for it."

"I have no doubt of that. Sir Giles is a liberal gentleman."

"You don't suppose *he* is going to pay me, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Who else should?"

"Why, the books themselves, of course."

Evidently she thought I was making game of her, for she was silent.

"Will you show me which room I can have?" I said. "It must be as near this one as possible. Is the next particularly wanted?" I asked, pointing to the door which led to Clara's room.

She went to it quickly, and opened it far enough to put her hand in and take the key from the other side, which she then inserted on my side, turned in the lock, drew out, and put in her pocket.

"That room is otherwise engaged," she said. "You must be content with one across the corridor."

"Very well—if it is not far. I should make slow work of it if I had to carry the books a long way."

"You can have one of the footmen to help you," she said, apparently relenting.

"No, thank you," I answered. "I will have no one touch the books but myself."

"I will show you one which I think will suit your purpose," she said, leading the way.

It was nearly opposite—a bedroom, sparsely furnished.

"Thank you. This will do—if you will order all the things to be piled in that corner."

She stood silent for a few moments, evidently annoyed, then turned and left the room, saying:

"I will see to it, Mr. Cumbermede."

Returning to the books, and pulling off my coat, I had soon compelled such a cloud of very ancient and smothering dust, that when Miss Brotherton again made her appearance her figure showed dim through the thick air, as she stood—dismayed I hoped—in the doorway. I pretended to be unaware of her presence, and went on beating and blowing, causing yet thicker volumes of solid vapor to

clothe my presence. She withdrew without even an attempt at parley.

Having heaped several great piles near the door, each composed of books of nearly the same size, the first rudimentary approach to arrangement, I crossed to the other room, to see what progress had been made. To my surprise and annoyance, I found nothing had been done. Determined not to have my work impeded by the remissness of the servants, and seeing I must place myself at once on a proper footing in the house, I went to the drawing-room to ascertain, if possible, where Sir Giles was. I had of course put on my coat, but having no means of ablution at hand, I must have presented a very unpresentable appearance when I entered. Lady Brotherton half rose, in evident surprise at my intrusion, but at once resumed her seat, and turned her chair half towards the window where the other two ladies sat, saying:

"The housekeeper will attend to you, Mr. Cumbermede—or the butler."

I could see that Clara was making inward merriment over my appearance and reception.

"Could you tell me, Lady Brotherton," I said, "where I should be likely to find Sir Giles?"

"I can give no information on that point," she answered with consummate stiffness.

"I know where he is," said Clara, rising. "I will take you to him. He is in the study."

She took no heed of the glance broadly thrown at her, but approached the door.

I opened it, and followed her out of the room. As soon as we were beyond hearing, she burst out laughing.

"How dared you show your workman's face in that drawing-room?" she said. "I am afraid you have much offended her ladyship."

"I hope it is for the last time. When I am properly attended to, I shall have no occasion to trouble her."

She led me to Sir Giles's study. Except newspapers and reports of companies, there was in it nothing printed. He rose when we entered, and came towards us.

"Looking like your work already, Mr.

Cumbermede!" he said, holding out his hand.

"I must not shake hands with you this time, Sir Giles," I returned. "But I am compelled to trouble you. I can't get on for want of attendance. I *must* have a little help."

I told him how things were. His rosy face grew rosier, and he rang the bell angrily. The butler answered it.

"Send Mrs. Wilson here. And I beg, Hurst, you will see that Mr. Cumbermede has every attention."

Mrs. Wilson presently made her appearance, and stood with a flushed face before her master.

"Let Mr. Cumbermede's orders be attended to *at once*, Mrs. Wilson."

"Yes, Sir Giles," she answered, and waited.

"I am greatly obliged to you for letting me know," he added, turning to me. "Pray insist upon proper attention."

"Thank you, Sir Giles. I shall not scruple."

"That will do, Mrs. Wilson. You must not let Mr. Cumbermede be hampered in his kind labors for my benefit by the idleness of my servants."

The housekeeper left the room, and after a little chat with Sir Giles I went back to the books. Clara had followed Mrs. Wilson, partly, I suspect, for the sake of enjoying her confusion.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ASSISTANCE.

I RETURNED to my solitary house as soon as the evening began to grow too dark for my work, which, from the lowness of the windows and the age of the glass, was early. All the way as I went I was thinking of Clara. Not only had time somewhat obliterated the last impression she had made upon me, but I had, partly from the infection of Charley's manner, long ago stumbled upon various excuses for her conduct. Now I said to myself that she had certainly a look of greater sedateness than before. But her expression of dislike to Geoffrey Brotherton had more effect upon me than anything else, inasmuch as there vanity found room for the soles of both her absurdly small feet;

and that evening, when I went wandering, after my custom, with a volume of Dante in my hand, the book remained unopened, and from the form of Clara flowed influences mingling with and gathering fresh power from those of nature, whose feminine front now brooded over me half-withdrawn in the dim, starry night. I remember that night so well! I can recall it now with a calmness equal to its own. Indeed, in my memory it seems to belong to my mind as much as to the outer world; or rather the night filled both, forming the space in which my thoughts moved, as well as the space in which the brilliant thread of the sun-lighted crescent hung clasping the earth-lighted bulk of the moon. I wandered in the grass until midnight was long by, feeling as quietly and peacefully at home as if my head had been on the pillow and my soul out in a lovely dream of cool delight. We lose much even by the good habits we form. What tender and glorious changes pass over our sleeping heads unseen! What moons rise and set in rippled seas of cloud or behind hills of stormy vapor while we are blind! What storms roll thundering across the airy vault, with no eyes for their keen lightnings to dazzle, while we dream of the dead who will not speak to us! But, ah! I little thought to what a dungeon of gloom this lovely night was the jasmine-grown porch!

The next morning I was glad to think that there was no wolf at my door, howling *work-work!* Moldwarp Hall drew me with redoubled attraction; and instead of waiting for the afternoon, which alone I had intended to occupy with my new undertaking, I set out to cross the park the moment I had finished my late breakfast. Nor could I conceal from myself that it was quite as much for the chance of seeing Clara now and then as from pleasure in the prospect of an ordered library that I repaired thus early to the Hall. In the morning light, however, I began to suspect as I walked, that, although Clara's frankness was flattering, it was rather a sign that she was heart-whole towards me than that she was careless of Brotherton. I began to doubt also whether, after our first meeting, which she had carried off so well—cool even to kindness, she would care to remember that I was in the house, or

derive from it any satisfaction beyond what came of the increased chances of studying the Brothertons from a humorous point of view. Then, after all, why was she there?—and apparently on such familiar terms with a family socially so far superior to her own? The result of my cogitations was the resolution to take care of myself. But it had vanished utterly before the day was two hours older. A youth's wise talk to himself will not make him a wise man, any more than the experience of the father will serve the son's need.

I was hard at work in my shirt-sleeves, carrying an armful of books across the corridor, and thinking whether I had not better bring my servant with me in the afternoon, when Clara came out of her room.

"Here already, Wilfrid!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you have some of the servants to help you? You're doing what any one might as well do for you."

"If these were handsomely bound," I answered, "I should not so much mind; but being old and tattered, no one ought to touch them who does not love them."

"Then, I suppose, you wouldn't trust me with them either, for I cannot pretend to anything beyond a second-hand respect for them."

"What do you mean by a second-hand respect?" I asked.

"I mean such respect as comes from seeing that a scholar like you respects them."

"Then I think I could accord you a second-hand sort of trust—under my own eye, that is," I answered, laughing. "But you can scarcely leave your hostess to help me."

"I will ask Miss Brotherton to come too. She will pretend all the respect you desire."

"I made three times the necessary dust in order to frighten her away yesterday."

"Ah! that's a pity. But I shall manage to overrule her objections—that is, if you would really like two tolerably educated house-maids to help you."

"I will gladly endure one of them for the sake of the other," I replied.

"No compliments, please," she returned, and left the room.

In about half an hour she reappeared, ac-

companied by Miss Brotherton. They were in white wrappers, with their dresses shortened a little, and their hair tucked under mob caps. Miss Brotherton looked like a lady's maid, Clara like a lady acting a lady's maid. I assumed the command at once, pointing out to what heaps in the other room those I had grouped in this were to be added, and giving strict injunctions as to carrying only a few at once, and laying them down with care in regularly ordered piles. Clara obeyed with a mock submission, Miss Brotherton with a reserve which heightened the impression of her dress. I was instinctively careful how I spoke to Clara, fearing to compromise her, but she seemed all at once to change her rôle, and began to propose, object, and even insist upon her own way, drawing from me the threat of immediate dismissal from my service, at which her companion laughed with an awkwardness showing she regarded the pleasantry as a presumption. Before one o'clock, the first room was almost empty. Then the great bell rang, and Clara, coming from the auxiliary chamber, put her head in at the door.

"Won't you come to luncheon?" she said, with a sly archness, looking none the less bewitching for a smudge or two on her lovely face, or the blackness of the delicate hands which she held up like two paws for my admiration.

"In the servants' hall? Workmen don't sit down with ladies and gentlemen. Did Miss Brotherton send you to ask me?"

She shook her head.

"Then you had better come and lunch with me."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I hope you will *some* day honor my little fragment of a house. It is a curious old place," I said.

"I don't like musty old places," she replied.

"But I have heard you speak with no little admiration of the Hall: some parts of it are older than my sentry-box."

"I can't say I admire it at all as a place to live in," she answered curtly.

"But I was not asking you to live in mine," I said—foolishly arguing.

She looked annoyed, whether with herself

or me I could not tell, but instantly answered,—

"Some day—when I can without——. But I must go and make myself tidy, or Miss Brotherton will be fancying——. She is so suspicious, she will think I have been talking to you!"

"And what have you been doing then?"

"Only asking you to come to lunch."

"Will you tell her that?"

"Yes—if she says anything."

"Then you *had* better make haste and be asked no questions."

She glided away. I threw on my coat, and recrossed the park.

But I was so eager to see again the fair face in the mob cap, that although not at all certain of its reappearance, I told my man to go at once and bring the mare. He made haste, and by the time I had finished my dinner, she was at the door. I gave her the rein, and two or three minutes brought me back to the Hall, where, having stabled her, I was at my post again, I believe, before they had finished luncheon. I had a great heap of books ready in the second room to carry into the first, and had almost concluded they would not come, when I heard their voices, and presently they entered, but not in their mob caps.

"What an unmerciful master you are!" said Clara, looking at the heap. "I thought you had gone home to lunch."

"I went home to dinner," I said. "I get more out of the day by dining early."

"How is that, Mr. Cumbermede?" asked Miss Brotherton, with a nearer approach to cordiality than she had yet shown.

"I think the evening the best part of the day—too good to spend in eating and drinking."

"But," said Clara, quite gravely, "are not those the chief ends of existence?"

"Your friend is satirical, Miss Brotherton," I remarked.

"At least, you are not of her opinion, to judge by the time you have taken," she returned.

"I have been back nearly an hour," I said. "Workmen don't take long over their meals."

"Well, I suppose you don't want any more of us now," said Clara. "You will arrange

the books you bring from the next room upon these empty shelves, I presume."

"No, not yet. I must not begin that until I have cleared the very last, got it thoroughly cleaned, the shelves seen to, and others put up."

"What a tremendous labor you have undertaken, Mr. Cumbermede!" said Miss Brotherton. "I am quite ashamed you should do so much for us."

"I, on the contrary, am delighted to be of any service to Sir Giles."

"But you don't expect us to slave all day as we did in the morning?"

"Certainly not, Miss Coningham. I am too grateful to be exacting."

"Thank you for that pretty speech. Come, then, Miss Brotherton, we must have a walk. We haven't been out of doors to-day."

"Really, Miss Coningham, I think the least we can do is to help Mr. Cumbermede to our small ability."

"Nonsense!"—(Miss Brotherton positively started at the word). "Any two of the maids or men would serve his purpose better, if he did not affect fastidiousness. We shan't be allowed to come to-morrow if we overdo it to-day."

Miss Brotherton was evidently on the point of saying something indignant, but yielded notwithstanding, and I was left alone once more. Again I labored until the shadows grew thick around the gloomy walls. As I galloped home, I caught sight of my late companions coming across the park; and I trust I shall not be hardly judged if I confess that I did sit straighter in my saddle, and mind my seat better. Thus ended my second day's work at the library of Moldwarp Hall.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN EXPOSTULATION.

NEITHER of the ladies came to me the next morning. As far as my work was concerned, I was in considerably less need of their assistance, for it lay only between two rooms opening into each other. Nor did I feel any great disappointment, for so long as a man has something to do, expectation is pleasure enough, and will continue such for a long time. It is those who are unemployed to

whom expectation becomes an agony. I went home to my solitary dinner almost resolved to return to my original plan of going only in the afternoons.

I was not thoroughly in love with Clara; but it was certainly the hope of seeing her, and not the pleasure of handling the dusty books, that drew me back to the library that afternoon. I had got rather tired of the whole affair in the morning. It was very hot, and the dust was choking, and of the volumes I opened as they passed through my hands, not one was of the slightest interest to me. But for the chance of seeing Clara I should have lain in the grass instead.

No one came. I grew weary, and for a change retreated into the armory. Evidently, not the slightest heed was paid to the weapons now, and I was thinking with myself that when I had got the books in order I might give a few days to furbishing and oiling them, when the door from the gallery opened, and Clara entered.

"What! a truant?" she said.

"You take accusation at least by the forelock, Clara. Who is the real truant now—if I may suggest a mistake?"

"I never undertook anything. How many guesses have you made as to the cause of your desertion to-day?"

"Well, three or four."

"Have you made one as to the cause of Miss Brotherton's graciousness to you yesterday?"

"At least I remarked the change."

"I will tell you. There was a short notice of some of your writings in a certain magazine which I contrived should fall in her way."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "I have never put my name to anything."

"But you have put the same name to all your contributions."

"How should the reviewer know it meant me?"

"Your own name was never mentioned."

I thought she looked a little confused as she said this.

"Then how should Miss Brotherton know it meant me?"

She hesitated a moment—then answered:

"Perhaps from internal evidence. I suppose I must confess I told her."

"Then how did *you* know?"

"I have been one of your readers for a long time."

"But how did you come to know my work?"

"That has oozed out."

"Some one must have told you," I said.

"That is my secret," she replied, with the air of making it a mystery in order to tease me.

"It must be all a mistake," I said. "Show me the magazine."

"As you won't take my word for it, I won't."

"Well, I shall soon find out. There is but one could have done it. It is very kind of him, no doubt; but I don't like it. That kind of thing should come of itself—not through friends."

"Who do you fancy has done it?"

"If you have a secret, so have I."

My answer seemed to relieve her, though I could not tell what gave me the impression.

"You are welcome to yours, and I will keep mine," she said. "I only wanted to explain Miss Brotherton's condescension yesterday."

"I thought you had been going to explain why you didn't come to-day."

"That is only a reaction. I have no doubt she thinks she went too far yesterday."

"That is absurd. She was civil; that was all."

"In reading your thermometer, you must know its zero first," she replied sententiously.

"Is the sword you call yours there still?"

"Yes, and I call it mine still."

"Why don't you take it, then? I should have carried it off long ago."

"To steal my own would be to prejudice my right," I returned. "But I have often thought of telling Sir Giles about it."

"Why don't you, then?"

"I hardly know. My head has been full of other things, and any time will do. But I should like to see it in its own place once more."

I had taken it from the wall, and now handed it to her.

"Is this it?" she said, carelessly.

"It is—just as it was carried off my bed that night."

"What room were you in?" she asked, trying to draw it from the sheath.

"I can't tell. I've never been in it since."

"You don't seem to me to have the curiosity natural to a —"

"To a woman—no," I said.

"To a man of spirit," she retorted, with an appearance of indignation. "I don't believe you can tell even how it came into your possession!"

"Why shouldn't it have been in the family from time immemorial?"

"So!—And you don't care either to recover it, or to find out how you lost it!"

"How can I? Where is Mr. Close?"

"Why, dead—years and years ago!"

"So I understood. I can't well apply to him, then,—and I am certain no one else knows."

"Don't be too sure of that. Perhaps Sir Giles —"

"I am positive Sir Giles knows nothing about it."

"I have reason to think the story is not altogether unknown in the family."

"Have you told it, then?"

"No. But I *have* heard it alluded to."

"By Sir Giles?"

"No."

"By whom, then?"

"I will answer no more questions."

"Geoffrey, I suppose?"

"You are not polite. Do you suppose I am bound to tell you all I know?"

"Not by any means. Only, you oughtn't to pique a curiosity you don't mean to satisfy."

"But if I'm not at liberty to say more?—All I meant to say was, that if I were you, I *would* get back that sword."

"You hint at a secret, and yet suppose I could carry off its object as I might a rusty nail which any passer-by would be made welcome to!"

"You might take it first, and mention the thing to Sir Giles afterward."

"Why not mention it first?"

"Only on the supposition you had not the courage to claim it."

"In that case I certainly shouldn't have the courage to avow the deed afterward. I don't understand you, Clara."

She laughed.

"That is always your way," she said. "You take everything so seriously! Why couldn't I make a proposition without being supposed to mean it?"

I was not satisfied. There was something short of uprightness in the whole tone of her attempted persuasion—which indeed I could hardly believe to have been so lightly intended as she now suggested. The effect on my feeling for her was that of a slight frost on the spring blossoms.

She had been examining the hilt with a look of interest, and was now for the third time trying to draw the blade from the sheath.

"It's no use, Clara," I said. "It has been too many years glued to the scabbard."

"Glued!" she echoed. "What do you mean?"

I did not reply. An expression almost of horror shadowed her face, and at the same moment, to my astonishment, she drew it half-way.

"Why! you enchantress!" I exclaimed. "I never saw so much of it before. It is wonderfully bright—when one thinks of the years it has been shut in darkness."

She handed it to me as it was, saying:

"If that weapon was mine, I should never rest until I had found out everything concerning it."

"That is easily said, Clara; but how can I? My uncle knew nothing about it. My grandmother did, no doubt, but almost all I can remember her saying was something about my great grandfather and Sir Marquess."

As I spoke, I tried to draw it entirely, but it would yield no farther. I then sought to replace it, but it would not move. That it had yielded to Clara's touch gave it a fresh interest and value.

"I was sure it had a history," said Clara. "Have you no family papers? Your house, you say, is nearly as old as this: are there no papers of *any* kind in it?"

"Yes, a few," I answered—"the lease of the farm—and—"

"Oh! rubbish!" she said. "Isn't the house your own?"

"Yes."

"And have you ever thoroughly searched it?"

"I haven't had time yet."

"Not had time?" she repeated, in a tone of something so like the uttermost contempt that I was bewildered.

"I mean some day or other to have a rummage in the old lumber-room," I said.

"Well, I do think that is the least you can do—if only out of respect to your ancestors. Depend on it, they don't like to be forgotten, any more than other people."

The intention I had just announced was, however, but just born of her words. I had never yet searched even my grandmother's bureau, and had but this very moment fancied there might be papers in some old chest in the lumber-room. That room had already begun to occupy my thoughts from another point of view, and hence, in part, no doubt the suggestion. I was anxious to have a visit from Charley. He might bring with him some of our London friends. There was absolutely no common room in the house except the hall-kitchen. The room we had always called the lumber-room was over it, and nearly as large. It had a tall stone chimney-piece, elaborately carved, and clearly had once been a room for entertainment. The idea of restoring it to its original dignity arose in my mind; and I hoped that, furnished after as antique a fashion as I could compass, it would prove a fine room. The windows were small, to be sure, and the pitch rather low, but the whitewashed walls were paneled, and I had some hopes of the ceiling.

"Who knows," I said to myself, as I walked home that evening, "but I may come upon papers? I do remember something in the farthest corner that looks like a great chest."

Little more had passed between us, but Clara left me with the old dissatisfaction beginning to turn itself, as if about to awake once more. For the present I hung the half-naked blade upon the wall, for I dared not force it lest the scabbard should go to pieces.

When I reached home I found a letter

from Charley, to the effect that, if convenient, he would pay me a visit the following week. His mother and sister, he said, had been invited to Moldwarp Hall. His father was on the continent for his health. Without having consulted them on the matter, which might involve them in after-difficulty, he would come to me, and so have an opportunity of seeing them in the sunshine of his father's absence. I wrote at once that I should be delighted to receive him.

The next morning I spent with my man in the lumber-room; and before mid-day the rest of the house looked like an old curiosity shop—it was so littered with odds and ends of dust-bloomed antiquity. It was hard work, and in the afternoon I found myself disinclined for more exercise of a similar sort. I had Lilith out, and took a leisurely ride instead. The next day and the next also I remained at home. The following morning I went again to Moldwarp Hall.

I had not been busy more than an hour or so when Clara, who, I presume, had in passing heard me at work, looked in.

"Who is a truant now?" she said. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Here has Miss Brotherton been almost curious concerning your absence, and Sir Giles more than once on the point of sending to inquire after you!"

"Why didn't he, then?"

"Oh! I suppose he was afraid it might look like an assertion of—of—of baronial rights, or something of the sort. How could you behave in such an inconsiderate fashion!"

"You must allow me to have *some* business of my own."

"Certainly. But with so many anxious friends, you ought to have given a hint of your intentions."

"I had none, however."

"Of which? Friends or intentions?"

"Either."

"What! No friends? I verily surprised Miss Pease in the act of studying her *Cookery for Invalids*—in the hope of finding a patient in you, no doubt. She wanted to come and nurse you, but daredn't propose it."

"It was very kind of her."

"No doubt. But then you see she's ready

to commit suicide any day, poor old thing, but for lack of courage!"

"It must be dreary for her."

"Dreary! I should poison the old dragon."

"Well, perhaps I had better tell you, for Miss Pease's sake, who is evidently the only one that cares a straw about *me* in the matter, that possibly I shall be absent a good many days this week, and perhaps the next, too."

"Why then—if I may ask—Mr. Absolute?"

"Because a friend of mine is going to pay me a visit. You remember Charley Osborne, don't you? Of course you do. You remember the ice-cave, I am sure."

"Yes I do—quite well," she answered.

I fancied I saw a shadow cross her face.

"When do you expect him?" she asked, turning away, and picking a book from the floor.

"In a week or so, I think. He tells me his mother and sister are coming here on a visit."

"Yes—so I believe—to-morrow, I think. I wonder if I ought to be going. I don't think I will. I came to please them—at all events not to please myself; but as I find it pleasanter than I expected, I won't go without a hint and a half at least."

"Why should you? There is plenty of room."

"Yes; but don't you see?—so many inferiors in the house at once might be too much for Madame Dignity. She finds one quite enough, I suspect."

"You do not mean that she regards the Osbornes as inferiors?"

"Not a doubt of it. Never mind. I can take care of myself. Have you any work for me to-day?"

"Plenty, if you are in a mood for it."

"I will fetch Miss Brotherton."

"I can do without *her*."

She went, however, and did not return. As I walked home to dinner, she and Miss Brotherton passed me in the carriage, on their way, as I learned afterward, to fetch the Osborne ladies from the rectory, some ten miles off. I did not return to Moldwarp

Hall, but helped Styles in the lumber-room, which before night we had almost emptied.

The next morning I was favored with a little desultory assistance from the two ladies, but saw nothing of the visitors. In the afternoon, and both the following days, I took my servant with me, who got through more work than the two together, and we advanced it so far that I was able to leave the room next the armory in the hands of the carpenter and the housemaid, with sufficient directions, and did not return that week.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TALK WITH CHARLEY.

THE following Monday, in the evening, Charley arrived, in great spirits, more excited indeed than I liked to see him. There was a restlessness in his eye which made me especially anxious, for it raised a doubt whether the appearance of good spirits was not the result merely of resistance to some anxiety. But I hoped my companionship, with the air and exercise of the country, would help to quiet him again. In the late twilight we took a walk together up and down my field.

"I suppose you let your mother know you were coming, Charley?" I said.

"I did not," he answered. "My father must have nothing to lay to their charge in case he should hear of our meeting."

"But he has not forbidden you to go home, has he?"

"No, certainly. But he as good as told me I was not to go home while he was away. He does not wish me to be there without his presence to counteract my evil influences. He seems to regard my mere proximity as dangerous. I sometimes wonder whether the severity of his religion may not have affected his mind. Almost all madness, you know, turns either upon love or religion."

"So I have heard. I doubt it—with men. It may be with women. But you won't surprise them? It might startle your mother too much. She is not strong, you say. Hadn't I better tell Clara Coningham? She can let them know you are here."

"It would be better."

"What do you say to going there with me

to-morrow? I will send my man with a note in the morning."

He looked a little puzzled and undetermined, but said at length,

"I daresay your plan is the best. How long has Miss Coningham been here?"

"About ten days, I think."

He looked thoughtful, and made no answer.

"I see, you are afraid of my falling in love with her again," I said. "I confess I like her much better than I did, but I am not quite sure about her yet. She is very bewitching, anyhow, and a little more might make me lose my heart to her. The evident dislike she has to Brotherton would of itself recommend her to any friend of yours or mine."

He turned his face away.

"Do not be anxious about me," I went on. "The first shadowy conviction of any untruthfulness in her, if not sufficient to change my feelings at once, would at once initiate a backward movement in them."

He kept his face turned away, and I was perplexed. After a few moments of silence, he turned it toward me again, as if relieved by some resolution suddenly formed, and said with a smile under a still clouded brow,

"Well, old fellow, we'll see. It'll all come right, I daresay. Write your note early and we'll follow it. How glad I *shall* be to have a glimpse of that blessed mother of mine without her attendant dragon!"

"For God's sake don't talk of your father so. Surely, after all he is a good man!"

"Then I want a new reading of the word."

"He loves God, at least."

"I won't stop to inquire,"—said Charley, plunging at once into argument,—"*what* influence for good it might or might not have to love a non-existence: I will only ask—Is it a good God he loves, or a bad one? If the latter, he can hardly be called good for loving him."

"But if there be a God at all, he must be a good God."

"Suppose the true God to be the good God, it does not follow that my father worships *him*. There is such a thing as worshipping a false God. At least the Bible

recognizes it. For my part, I find myself compelled to say either that the true God is not a good God, or that my father does not worship the true God. If you say he worships the God of the Bible, I neither admit nor dispute the assertion, but set it aside as altering nothing; for if I admit it, the argument lies thus: my father worships a bad God; my father worships the God of the Bible: therefore the God of the Bible is a bad God; and if I admit the authority of the Bible, then the true God is a bad God. If, however, I dispute the assertion that he worships the God of the Bible, I am left to show, if I can, that the God of the Bible is a good God, and, if I admit the authority of the Bible, to worship another than my father's God. If I do not admit the authority of the Bible, there may, for all that, be a good God, or, which is next best to a perfectly good God, there may be no God at all."

"Put like a lawyer, Charley; and yet I would venture to join issue with your first assertion—on which the whole argument is founded—that your father worships a bad God."

"Assuredly what he asserts concerning his God is bad."

"Admitted; but does he assert *only* bad things of his God?"

"I daren't say that. But God is one. You will hardly dare the proposition that an infinite being may be partly good and partly bad."

"No. I heartily hold that God must be *one*—a proposition far more essential than that there is one God—so far at least as my understanding can judge. It is only in the limited human nature that good and evil can co-exist. But there is just the point: we are not speaking of the absolute God, but of the idea of a man concerning that God. You could suppose yourself utterly convinced of a good God long before your ideas of goodness were so correct as to render you incapable of attributing anything wrong to that God. Supposing such to be the case, and that you came afterward to find that you had been thinking something wrong about him, do you think you would therefore grant that you had been believing either in a wicked or in a false God?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you must give your father the same scope. He attributes what we are absolutely certain are bad things to his God—and yet he may believe in a good God, for the good in his idea of God is alone that in virtue of which he is able to believe in him. No mortal can believe in the bad."

"He puts the evil foremost in his creed and exhortations."

"That may be. Few people know their own deeper minds. The more potent a power in us, I suspect it is the more hidden from our scrutiny."

"If there be a God then, Wilfrid, he is very indifferent to what his creatures think of him."

"Perhaps very patient and hopeful, Charley—who knows? Perhaps he will not force himself upon them, but help them to grow into the true knowledge of him. Your father may worship the true God, and yet have only a little of that knowledge."

A silence followed. At length—

"Thank you for my father," said Charley.

"Thank my uncle," I said.

"For not being like my father?—I do," he returned.

It was the loveliest evening that brooded round us as we walked. The moon had emerged from a rippled sea of gray cloud, over which she cast her dull opaline halo. Great masses and banks of cloud lay about the rest of the heavens, and in the dark rifts between, a star or two were visible, gazing from the awful distance.

"I wish I could let it into me, Wilfrid," said Charley, after we had been walking in silence for some time along the grass.

"Let what into you, Charley?"

"The night and the blue and the stars."

"Why don't you, then?"

"I hate being taken in. The more pleasant a self-deception, the less I choose to submit to it."

"That is reasonable. But where lies the deception?"

"I don't say it's a deception. I only don't know that it isn't."

"Please explain."

"I mean what you call the beauty of the night."

"Surely there can be little question of that?"

"Ever so little is enough. Suppose I asked you wherein its beauty consisted: would you be satisfied if I said—In the arrangement of the blue and the white, with the sparkles of yellow, and the colors about the scarce-visible moon?"

"Certainly not. I should reply that it lay in the gracious peace of the whole—troubled only with the sense of some lovely secret behind, of which itself was but the half-modeled representation, and therefore the reluctant outcome."

"Suppose I rejected the latter half of what you say, admitting the former, but judging it only the fortuitous result of the half-necessary, half-fortuitous concurrences of nature. Suppose I said:—The air which is necessary to our life, happens to be blue; the stars can't help shining through it and making it look deep; and the clouds are just there because they must be somewhere till they fall again; all which is more agreeable to us than fog, because we feel more comfortable in weather of the sort, whence, through complacency and habit, we have got to call it beautiful:—suppose I said this, would you accept it?"

"Such a theory would destroy my delight in nature altogether."

"Well, isn't it the truth?"

"It would be easy to show that the sense of beauty does not spring from any amount of comfort; but I do not care to pursue the argument from that starting-point.—I confess, when you have once waked the questioning spirit, and I look up at the clouds and the stars with what I may call sharpened eyes—eyes, that is, which assert their seeing, and so render themselves incapable for the time of submitting to impressions, I am as blind as any Sadducee could desire. I see blue, and white, and gold, and, in short, a tent-roof somewhat ornate. I daresay if I were in a miserable mood, having been deceived and disappointed, like Hamlet, I should with him see there nothing but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. But I know that when I am passive to its powers, I am aware of a presence altogether different—of a something at once soothing and elevating, powerful to move

shame—even contrition and the desire of amendment."

"Yes, yes," said Charley hastily. "But let me suppose further—and, perhaps you will allow, better—that this blueness—I take a part for the whole—belongs essentially and of necessity to the atmosphere, itself so essential to our physical life; suppose also that this blue has essential relation to our spiritual nature,—taking for the moment our spiritual nature for granted,—suppose, in a word, all nature so related, not only to our physical but to our spiritual nature, that it and we form an organic whole, full of action and reaction between the parts—would that satisfy you? would it enable you to look on the sky this night with absolute pleasure? would you want nothing more?"

I thought for a little before I answered.

"No, Charley," I said at last—"it would not satisfy me. For it would indicate that beauty might be after all but the projection of my own mind—the name I gave to a harmony between that around me and that within me. There would then be nothing absolute in beauty. There would be no such thing in itself. It would exist only as a phase of me, when I was in a certain mood; and when I was earthly-minded, passionate, or troubled, it would be *nowhere*. But in my best moods I feel that in nature lies the form and fashion of a peace and grandeur so much beyond anything in me, that they rouse the sense of poverty and incompleteness and blame in the want of them."

"Do you perceive whither you are leading yourself?"

"I would rather hear you say."

"To this, then—that the peace and grandeur of which you speak must be a mere accident, therefore an unreality and pure *appearance*, or the outcome and representation of a peace and grandeur which, not to be found in us, yet exist, and make use of this frame of things to set forth and manifest themselves in order that we may recognize and desire them."

"Granted—heartily."

"In other words—you lead yourself inevitably to a God manifest in nature—not as a powerful being—that is a theme absolutely

without interest to me—but as possessed in himself of the original pre-existent beauty, the counterpart of which in us we call art, and who has fashioned us so that we must fall down and worship the image of himself which he has set up."

"That's good, Charley. I'm so glad you've worked that out!"

"It doesn't in the least follow that I believe it. I cannot even say I wish I did:—for what I know, that might be to wish to be deceived. Of all miseries—to believe in a lovely thing and find it not true—that must be the worst."

"You might never find it out, though," I said. "You might be able to comfort yourself with it all your life."

"I was wrong," he cried fiercely. "Never to find it out would be the hell of all hells. Wilfrid, I am ashamed of you!"

"So should I be, Charley, if I had meant it. I only wanted to make you speak. I agree with you entirely. But I *do* wish we could be *quite* sure of it;—for I don't believe any man can ever be sure of a thing that is not true."

"My father is sure that the love of nature is not only a delusion, but a snare. I should have no right to object, were he not equally sure of the existence of a God who created and rules it.—By the way, if I believed in a God, I should say *creates*, not *created*.—I told him once, not long ago, when he fell out upon nature—he had laid hands on a copy of *Endymion* belonging to me—I don't know how the devil he got it—I asked him whether he thought the devil made the world. You should have seen the white wrath he went into at the question! I told him it was generally believed one or the other did make the world. He told me God made the world, but sin had unmade it. I asked him if it was sin that made it so beautiful. He said it was sin that made me think it so beautiful. I remarked how very ugly it must have looked when God had just finished it! He called me a blasphemer and walked to the door. I stopped him for a moment by saying that I thought, after all, he must be right, for according to geologists the world must have been a horrible place and full of the most hideous creatures before sin

came and made it lovely. When he saw my drift, he strode up to me like—well, very like his own God, I should think—and was going to strike me. I looked him in the eyes without moving, as if he had been a madman. He turned and left the room. I left the house, and went back to London the same night."

"Oh, Charley! Charley! that was too bad!"

"I knew it, Wilfrid, and yet I did it! But if your father had made a downright coward of you, afraid to speak the truth, or show what you were thinking, you also might find that when anger gave you a fictitious courage, you could not help breaking out. It's only another form of cowardice, I know; and I am as much ashamed of it as you could wish me to be."

"Have you made it up with him since?"

"I've never seen him since."

"Haven't you written, then?"

"No. Where's the use? He never would understand me. He knows no more of the condition of my mind than he does of the other side of the moon. If I offered such, he would put aside all apology for my behavior to him—repudiating himself, and telling me it was the wrath of an offended God, not of an earthly parent, I had to deprecate. If I told him I had only spoken against his false God—how far would that go to mend the matter, do you think?"

"Not far, I must allow. But I am very sorry."

"I wouldn't care if I could be sure of any-

thing—or even sure that if I were sure, I shouldn't be mistaken."

"I'm afraid you're very morbid, Charley."

"Perhaps. But you cannot deny that my father is sure of things that you believe utterly false."

"I suspect, however, that if we were able to get a bird's-eye view of his mind and all its workings, we should discover that what he called assurance was not the condition you would call such. You would find it was not the certainty you covet."

"I have thought of that, and it is my only comfort. But I am sick of the whole subject. See that cloud!—Isn't it like Death on the pale horse? What fun it must be for the cherubs, on such a night as this, to go blowing the clouds into fantastic shapes with their trumpet cheeks!"

Assurance was ever what Charley wanted, and unhappily the sense of intellectual insecurity weakened his moral action.

Once more I reveal a haunting uneasiness in the expression of a hope that the ordered character of the conversation I have just set down may not render it incredible to my reader. I record the result alone. The talk itself was far more desultory, and in consequence of questions, objections, and explanations, divaricated much from the comparatively direct line I have endeavored to give it here. In the hope of making my reader understand both Charley and myself, I have sought to make the winding and rough path straight and smooth.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

THREE PIECES OF THE WOMAN QUESTION.

FIRST PIECE.

A SURVEY of the States of the Union, and of the Union under the general government, will show to any candid observer that the legislation of the country, in all its departments, is above, rather than below, the average moral sense of the nation. The fact is seen in the inadequate execution of the laws. There are many statutes relating to public morals and civil policy which appear to be the offspring of the highest and purest principles, that stand as dead letters in State and national law, simply because the average moral sense of the people does not demand and enforce their execution.

They are enacted through the influence or by the power of men of exceptional virtue, who find, to their sorrow, that while it is easy to make good laws, it is difficult, and often impossible, to execute them. So far as we know, it has never occurred to them to call for the assistance of women in the execution of these laws, nor has it occurred to women to offer their assistance to them for this end. One or two questions, suggested by the discussions of the time, naturally grow out of this statement.

First.—Is it of any practical advantage to have better laws, until the average morality of the people is sufficient to execute those which we have?

Second:—Is it right that women should have an equal or a determining voice in the enactment of laws which they do not propose to execute, which they do not propose to assist in executing, which they could not execute if they would, and which they expect men to execute for them?

Third:—Supposing that women would give us better laws than we have (which is not evident), what would be the practical advantage to them or to us, so long as they must rely upon us to execute them—upon us, who find it impossible to enforce our own laws, some of the best of which are the outgrowth of the pure influence of women in home and social life?

SECOND PIECE.

In national and international life there are policies of action and attitude to be adopted and maintained. These policies sometimes cost a civil war for their establishment or defense, and, not unfrequently, a war with related nations. It so happens, in the nature of the case, that no single nation has it in its power to abolish war. The only way for a nation to live, when attacked by foes within or without, is to fight; and, in the present condition of the world, a national policy which has not behind it the power of physical defense is as weak and contemptible a thing as the world holds. Out of this statement, which we presume no one will dispute, there arise two questions.

First:—Would a lack of all personal risk and responsibility, on the part of those delegated to establish and pronounce the policy of a nation, tend to prudent counsels and careful decisions?

Second:—Is it right—is it kind and courteous to men—for women to demand an equal or a determining voice in the establishment of a national policy which they do not propose to defend, which they do not propose to assist in defending, which they could not defend if they would, and which they expect men to defend for them?

THIRD PIECE.

Mr. Gleason, the Tax Commissioner of Massachusetts, reported to the Legislature of that State in May, that a tax of nearly two million dollars is paid annually by the women of the State on property amounting, at a low valuation, to one hundred and thirty-two million dollars. The fact is an interesting and gratifying one, in every point of view. Naturally it is seized upon by the advocates of woman-suffrage, and brought prominently forward to assist in establishing woman's claim to the ballot. The old cry of "no taxation without representation" is renewed, however much or little of essential justice may be involved in the phrase. Well, if women are, or ever have been, taxed as women (which they are not, and never have been); if they produced this wealth, or won it by legitimate trade (which they did not); if the men who produced it received their right to the ballot by or through it; if nine-tenths of the wealth of the State were not in the hands of business men whose pursuits have specially fitted them to be the guardians of the wealth of the State; if the

counsels of these tax-paying women could add wisdom to the wisdom of these men; if the men who produced this wealth, and bestowed it upon these women, did it with distrust of the laws enacted by men for its protection, and with the desire for the social and political revolution which woman-suffrage would produce, in order that it might be better protected; if there were any complaint of inadequate protection to this property on account of its being in the hands of women—if all or any one of these suppositions were based in truth—then some sort of a plea could be set up on Mr. Gleason's exhibit by those who claim the ballot for woman. As the facts are, we confess our inability to find in it any comfort or support for those who seek for the revolution under consideration. On the contrary, we find that the ballot as it stands to-day, with its privileges, responsibilities, and limitations, secures to woman complete protection in the enjoyment of revenues which are proved to be immense, all drawn from land and sea by the hands of men whose largess testifies alike of their love and their munificence.

LOUISVILLE AND SCHOOL REFORM.

AN overwhelming popular vote was cast the other day in Louisville, Kentucky, in favor of a single daily session of the public schools, and that of three hours only—from nine o'clock in the morning until twelve.

If the question were submitted in the same way to other communities, we are inclined to think that a similar decision would be arrived at in the great majority of cases. The concurrent testimony of thoughtful men—especially men whose daily experience has taught them the exhausting nature of honest brain-work—has long been that six hours' study a day is far too much for young minds. When children are kept that length of time in school, they must either idle away the greater part of it, or else suffer mental and physical exhaustion. Fortunately, the instinct of self-preservation generally saves them. We say fortunately, for the habit of "sojering," bad as it is, is to be preferred to that premature stiffening of the brain which so often checks the mental development of precocious and overstimulated children, and makes them little better than smart children all their lives—provided it does not put an untimely end to their promising existence.

In mental as well as in physical growth time is a factor not less important than aliment and exercise. To obtain the best results in education the three must go together in just proportions. The forcing process endeavors to dispense with time,—to do in one year what cannot be safely done in less than two. The results are patent to the least observant. As children trained for the circus are apt to suffer for their excessive and untimely development by a stoppage of growth, so the victims to early mental forcing are usually stunted in mind. And when the immature mind is overworked under conditions detrimental to bodily development—inaction, confinement in a vitiated atmosphere, and other evils incidental to most school-

rooms—the candle is burnt at both ends, as the saying is. Both body and mind suffer harm. This is no mere theory: the proofs are tangible to everybody, save, perhaps, some few school officers, whose official pride blinds them to the terrible cost of the temporary brilliancy that seems to redound so much to their credit.

If the problem were simply to accomplish an amount of educational work equal to that done now, the Louisville plan would unquestionably be the wisest one. It is better for the children and more satisfactory to the teachers. But the work now done is not enough; indeed not half enough to meet the necessities of the nation. Scarcely a third of the legal school population of the country is regularly under instruction. So long as this is the case, and so long as fifteen or twenty millions of dollars are called for every year to increase the capacity of the schools, it does not seem to be altogether the wisest plan to allow the vast school-machinery already provided to lie idle the greater part of the time. Short sessions are excellent in themselves, only we need more of them. Instead of a single three-hour session a day in each school-room, there ought rather to be two or three, each with an independent set of pupils. This would at once double or treble the working capacity of the schools without any additional expense. With such a system of double or triple schools, overcrowding would promptly be done away with; teachers would be able to give a much larger amount of individual attention to their pupils; and thousands of children might be added to the number now taught. Besides, the short-time schools would not clash with other and paramount interests, as the schools do now. The poorest children would be able to spare the two or three hours a day required for schooling, and have ample time left for all the labor they are competent to do. The children of the well-to-do would be not less favored. The three hours of every day now wasted in school would be gained for the elementary business training they are now deprived of; or for physical culture, or the pursuit of any branch of literature or art toward which their tastes may incline them, and for which they have little spare time or strength under the present style of schooling.

The only persons likely to object to such a change of system are those inconsiderate parents who send their children to school less to have them taught than to get them out of the way. It is no doubt a comfort to them to have a public governess provided for their unruly offspring; but that is not exactly the original purpose of the public schools; and it may safely be left to the community at large to determine how far the general good may be sacrificed for individual convenience.

RATHER A SLIM RELIGION.

To the ordinary mind and the natural heart personal gossip comes with a relish. People particularly like to hear about the habits, peculiarities, and history of eminent persons—of eminent literary persons more

than any other. When such persons die, it usually happens that they leave behind them admirers (with brief notes and long memories), who establish their claim to the public confidence by revealing such private confidence as may have been reposed in them. While there is a legitimate curiosity to be gratified, and a legitimate way of gratifying it in these posthumous revelations, it must be confessed that they are too often made with that copious lack of judgment which the lamented Artemus called "slopping over." It is not a pretty phrase—this of A. Ward—but it characterizes, as no other can, the officious and redundant flatteries of a fame with which the flatterer is proudly happy to associate himself. It sometimes happens, in efforts of this character, that their authors reveal a little of themselves, and unconsciously attribute views and feelings of their own to the subjects of their eulogy. We hope, for the sake of Mr. Hawthorne's reputation, that this has been done by the *littérateur* who has been "whispering" through the trumpet that holds an ocean in its name and a continent in its audience.

We were not aware, until we read it among the revelations of this writer, that the author of *The Scarlet Letter* was a very religious man. We knew that he was a gloomy man—or a man whose life was checkered with fitful despondencies. This is fully accounted for by the somberness of his religious "views," as they are whispered to us. We had supposed, from all we have been in the habit of hearing in the quarter from which the whispers come, that the brooding terror of the world hung over Calvinism and Puritanism, and those other lurid isms which redder through the darkness of what is called orthodox Christianity. We have had hints of a broader and a brighter faith. Indeed, there has been a putting on of superior airs, and the exercise of a freer life, and a contemptuous tossing aside of the obligations and duties that spring from the recognition of the doctrine that the world needs saving, and is to be saved—if saved at all—through the power of the life and death of Jesus Christ. The Oracle of this religion is a man who speaks respectfully of Jesus Christ, but thinks he had noticeable weaknesses and made mistakes. The Saint of this religion is one who, instead of entering the abodes of the poor with the message and the blessing of the Master upon his lips, and striving with a great band of Christian workers to lift the multitude out of vice and crime and misery, refused to pay his poll-tax, and went out to see how little a man could live on, amusing himself, meanwhile, by poking around a pond, and writing that which will give the whole world a chance to see how little a man can live on. The Preacher of this religion chooses rather to explode than expound the Bible. The Disciples, especially those of a literary turn of mind (and these are a sort of prudential committee), are not yet complete in their machinery, and, for the present, send all of their number who die straight to the orthodox heaven, and are very angry if their right to a seat there is questioned for a moment.

But we are getting away from Mr. Hawthorne. "I can imagine him," says the writer, "in his quiet, musing way, strolling through the daisied fields on a Sunday morning, and hearing the distant church-bells chiming to service. *His religion was so deep and broad that he could not bear to be fastened in by a few doors, and I doubt if he often heard an English sermon.* He very rarely described himself as inside a church, *but he liked to wander among the graves in the churchyards, and read the epitaphs on the moss-grown slabs.* He liked better to meet and have a talk with the sexton than the rector."

There it is, in plain black and white. It was the depth and breadth of his religion that kept him out of the church! He had so much religion that he could not get it into a pew, and shut the door after him! Was he not a *very* religious man? And is not a writer who speaks of his deep and broad religiousness with sympathetic approval a *very* religious man? It is just as well that the Coliseum was blown down. It was not large enough for a single man of this stripe. Nothing but an enormous cemetery without fences could possibly accommodate a religion so deep and so broad as this. There are new uses for Mount Vernon and new offices for the sexton. There is hope, also, for the world, for it would take only a few such men so to fill it with religion that there would be no room for anything else.

But is not this religion a bit gloomy? Isn't it a good deal too gloomy for a world where we need all the sweet society and all the light we can get? There was music in the church. There were dear, pure women and loving, innocent children in the church. There were old, tottering fathers and mothers in the church, with eyes radiant with faith and trust, lifting their voices and souls heavenward, and feeding upon the manna of Christian truth. There were young men and maidens in the church—as beautiful a sight as any healthy pair of eyes can find. There was a man of culture in the pulpit, who was the social and possibly the intellectual equal of the gloomy wanderer in the churchyard, yet the wanderer's religion was too deep and too broad to be shut into a pew door! He preferred to wander among the graves, rather than join himself sympathetically to the worshipers within the walls, and chose to gossip with the sexton rather than listen to the rector. Does any one wonder that with such depth and breadth of religion, manifesting itself in such remarkable ways, Mr. Hawthorne was a sad and gloomy man? Is this sort of thing an improvement on Puritanism? Calvinism? Orthodoxy? Hieigh ho! Let us be cheerful.

And now let us say a sober word about this trifling with a dead man's reputation. We know nothing about Mr. Hawthorne's religion. He probably had his hopes and doubts, and fears and questions, like the rest of us. It would be pleasant to know that he closed his eyes at last in the faith which can alone triumph over death, and that, at least, in the intervals of his

morbid gloom he experienced its power to bring him peace and consolation. Whatever his religious experiences may have been, he was not a man who would be likely to uncover them to the gaze of others. If it is true that he liked a churchyard better than a church, and a sexton's society better than that of a rector, then the religion which he held, however deep and broad it may have been, was not Christianity, for Christianity is eminently social and cheerful. But we fancy—indeed, we believe—that the attributing to the great novelist the stupidity, bad taste, and worse religion with which he stands charged in the sentences we have quoted, is a piece of injustice and abuse excusable on no ground except the absolute incompetency of the writer to speak of Christianity in any form, and defensible on no ground except that of his contempt for it. When a man gets so bloated with religion that a pew is too small for him, and it becomes impossible to shut the door, it is time he were passed over to the hands of the sexton whose society is so sweet to him.

THE LEGAL-TENDER DECISION.

THE recent legal-tender decision of the United States Supreme Court, reversing the one rendered a year ago, is naturally exciting a good deal of attention throughout the country; and the general opinion seems to be that the action of the court in reopening the matter is, to say the least, unwise. The previous decision, it will be remembered, was to the effect that the Legal-Tender Act of 1862 did not and could not affect contracts that had been made prior to its passage, and that such contracts, therefore, could be legally discharged only in gold or its equivalent. The Court was at that time composed of seven judges, and the decision was sustained by a majority of one—Chief Justice Chase, the original patron of the Legal-Tender system, being in the affirmative. Whether or not the Act was unconstitutional, as applied to contracts made after its passage, was a question not passed upon. By the reversal of the judgment then rendered, it is now declared that the law was constitutional as to all contracts whatever—those entered into before as well as after its passage. As to the latter, indeed, there would scarcely be room for argument, after an opinion sustaining the validity of the former. Without calling in question here the soundness of the position now taken by the court, there are certain weighty considerations against reviving the subject at the present time, which, to the non-legal mind, seem conclusive.

In the first place, the former decision has been accepted in good faith by numerous political and financial corporations; and the interest on their bonds during the past year has accordingly been paid in gold. *The Chicago Tribune* estimates the amount thus paid, in the single State of Illinois, at more than \$1,000,000. The losers by the recent decision are, consequently, those who had, at considerable cost to themselves, conformed to the previous one; while the gainers are those powerful individuals and corporations that had

refused to accept the first decision as binding, and there can be no doubt that their success will be a powerful encouragement to resist unpalatable judicial decisions hereafter. 2. The former decision was objected to on the ground that it was sustained by so small a majority—four to three; but the present decision is made by the same majority of one—the vote being five to four. If the idea once obtains possession of the public mind, that the validity of the decisions of the Supreme Court depends upon the fact of its being or not being quite full when they are rendered, it is only a single step to the next idea—that in order to obtain such a decision as the majority of people for the time being may desire, it is only necessary for Congress to add such and so many judges to the court as will secure the desired rendering. And such a result once brought about would be equivalent, we do not hesitate to say, to the destruction of one of the essential coördinate departments of our system of government. 3. If we disregard the dangers of this last, which has been called the arithmetical view of decisions, the action of the court in setting aside so important a judgment within a year after its

promulgation, is calculated to weaken the popular respect for our highest judicial tribunal, and thus disturb the balance of our political system. And the case is made still worse by the fact that, in the present instance, the majority is made up by adding to the former minority two newly appointed judges, both of whom are understood to have a personal and professional interest in the change of decision as now accomplished. No one supposes that either of them was consciously influenced by that consideration in giving his opinion; but it is of the greatest importance that the decisions of our courts, especially of the highest, be raised above the possibility of suspicion.

We are not of those who would in the least degree impair the essential powers of the national government; and, in the absence of any constitutional prohibition, we believe the passage of the Legal-Tender Act was perfectly within the powers of Congress as a means of meeting the exigencies forced upon it by the war; but whether it could rightly make the law retroactive is a wholly distinct question, and one that might have been safely allowed to rest as it was left a year ago.

THE OLD CABINET.

WE suppose there are few who, after beholding for the first time that remarkable head by Page, in the East Room of the Academy, have not turned away with a sense of outrage. Is this creature (one says to himself) with hair of impossible red, glaring eyes like an animal, sensual lips, the one of whom John, looking upon him as he walked, said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" The Scripture verses traced upon the frame appear an impertinence—almost a blasphemy.

This, we think, is generally the first impression. But there is something about the picture that is apt to bring the visitor back again before he leaves the building. We have no sympathy with the man who, after honest study of this face, fails to see toward what great end the painter was striving, or to appreciate with what religious purpose he labored to set forth the truth as he apprehended it—the God-Man as he appeared to those of his own generation, in the flesh, who accepted his Messiahship.

But even when we honor the motive, acknowledge a certain power, an undoubted originality, we cannot be blind to the crudity of color, awkwardness of pose, the strange incongruities; we cannot help asking why there should not be the lion's ears as well as the lion's eyes; we cannot help, in fact, being puzzled. For is not one of the best portraits—if not *the* best—in the Exhibition painted by this very man,—himself just elected President of the Academy?

But while we wonder, a little whisper comes to us that helps to explain the mystery. Nobody yet has seen Page's Christ! The final picture—toward which the present scarcely completed work is but an experiment, though an important one—is yet to be painted.

Upon this last all the ripe skill and unabated energies of his later years will be lavished; and when we remember with what ever-fresh and potent enthusiasm, with what conscientious elaboration and pains-taking this artist labors—we may hope for a work no less finished in execution than grand in design, and altogether memorable.

What if, after all, the result may prove anew how futile the attempt of any artist, however great, to produce a representation of the Saviour which shall satisfy. Paint us Our Lord standing with arm outstretched to bless, or to scourge. But let the face be averted—shown only as reflected in that of him he smites or heals.

YES—it is coming.

Sitting here in the summer twilight, and looking out through the open window, we see and hear the sure signs of its approach—and are heavy-hearted. By our new neighbor's Mansard, glittering in the low sunlight; by the tramp of the laborers passing home from their work on the "Boulevard;" by the fresh odor of upturned clay—we know that slowly but surely the town is marching down upon us; that ere long the little farm will be cut up into streets; rows of prim, modern houses will crowd all about us; the ancient buttonwoods and immemorial poplars will fall; the road will be scooped out deep before the door, and its course changed, leaving the old house perched high and dry above the street, "catacornered" to the front fence,—a stranded hulk: Mrs. Jarley's old-fashioned scuttle bonnet in Madame Alamo's show-window.

Then will be fulfilled that which was spoken long ago in faint prophetic lines on the town map. A street will pass from Myrtle to Bellevue avenue, and lay our pie cherry-trees in the dust; another will run at right angles with this, fill up the pond, and cut us off from the meadow forever.

It was no consolation to poor Elia that he would sleep his last, long sleep in common with patriarch and sage, king and kaiser. It is no use to talk to us about Progress and Improvement. O, proud and potent committee-men, spare our ewe-lambs! What is Improvement to us, with no meadow bank nor brook, no pie-cherries, no pond, no nightly chorus of frogs:—Ay, these last;—you might roll your juggernaut around and over us, if you would leave the pond, and the single black-heart that stands sentinel at the window. Then, even yet we could sit here in the cool of the summer nights listening to the rustle of the leaves, and to the piping *tchir-r-r* of the frogs—sweeter than song of nightingales.

But complaint is idle. No thought, no pity for those who stand in the way. The dog that tried to stop the locomotive had no wit at the beginning, and very little body at the end.

They will take all these things from us, and in their place give us—town lots.

EVEN the gypsies have caught the spirit of the times, and travel with all the modern conveniences. They have just been building their fires in the woods, near; and a party of us have been down visiting the camp. Who would have thought it,—in place of the old-fashioned, round top, dingy, canvas-covered affairs we had known in boyhood, with their mystery of dark eyes, here were wagons that reminded one, on the outside, of the Pain-Killer's splendid equipage, and on the inside of first-class state-rooms on Hudson River steamboats—gayly painted, with pretty lace curtains before the beds, sets of drawers, looking-glasses, all manner of little conveniences; the whole comfortable and home-like,—miniature houses on wheels. Instead of the old-time "grid," made of wooden stakes, curved contrivances of iron spanned the fire and upheld the dinner-pot, while a "merry, merry Zingari" was scrubbing the family linen in a civilized wash-tub. Instead of the forlorn nags that, in the old days, were spurred into spasms of activity for the deceiving of purchasers, the men were putting through their paces as sound and handsome animals as you could want to buy or ride behind.

It was while our party were admiring these that we noticed the gypsy woman wipe her arms with her apron and slip a little farther into the woods, followed by Bess. They kneel on the moss together; the woman's face turned from us, Bess's fronting full our way—first curious, then eager; black eyes flashing, cheeks now pale, now flushed, as with the play of an aurora; lips half parted; now a troubled look, now a sudden laugh that startles the woods. No words heard—only the

low croon of the sibyl, an outburst of questioning and deprecation, and that ringing laugh.

We may as well confess it—we all followed Bess's example and had our fortunes told. On the way home we compared experiences. It was always the same story, told with adaptations and slight variations. For every one there was a lady or a lover waiting—he should be seen within six days or six months. The letter you were expecting would come soon. You were to go on a journey which would have a happy ending; you were to be a "long-lived livyer;" the girls would one day walk on their own carpets, the boys win fortunes; always a blue-eyed girl near you, who was your friend before your face and your enemy behind your back, who would say to some dark-eyed boy one word for you and two words for herself; or a black-eyed boy "at a distant," who would say to a blue-eyed girl two words for himself and one for you—"beware of him, beware!" You were either to have one girl and one boy, or two boys and one girl, or two girls and one boy, or two boys and two girls, and though you begged ever so hard the oracle could not be altered;—Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Mars, may you be blessed in all your doings and your ajournings, and live long and prosper, and not forget the poor gypsy that gave you good luck!

Did we believe it? "Ah, ladies and gentlemen, you must put your faith in what you pays your money for," said the gypsy, and plumped her brown arms into the suds again. It hardly seemed like a real gypsy camp, with those elegant state-rooms, those wash-tubs and iron "grids." They say you don't even have to watch your stables o' nights with these modern gypsies. It was only a great frolic. And besides, nowadays, as all the world knows,

"Apollo, from his shrine,

Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

No nightly trance or breathed spell

Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell."

Perhaps none of us believed a word of it. "But she told me one thing awful queer," said Bess, looking solemn; "I wonder how she knew!" I think we all heard something under the trees there that we didn't mention when we gave in our experiences; and a strange thrill runs through your arm when a gypsy clinches your fingers in her firm hand, and, leaning, gazes into the palm as if she saw your life there as in a mirror. Perhaps the old superstitions do not "go on forever."

As we write, a change is passing over the corner peanut-stands. The pyramids of russets that lately rose on every side, with labeled price atop, are beginning to grow small. The once fine, crisp fruit shrivels and shrinks. Ominous brown spots come upon the sleek surfaces. Apples are at the ebb, but in their place the golden tide of oranges is setting in.

As it is the season of oranges, so is it the season of

orange-peels. Sidewalks are breaking out in little triangular patches of red and yellow. That they do not appear particularly dangerous is one of the "illusions" of which the French find life so full—and it is thus that they serve for the discipline of the self-confident; for the bringing down of the haughty from their high places. But the innocent suffer with the guilty; the blind shoe-string man and the pompous patrician meet the same fate; the treacherous rind is no respecter of persons. The feet of the rich and of the poor alike depart from under them; the skulls of both are incontinently cracked.

In vain the desultory kicks of passers-by send now and then a piece into the gutter. For every peel thus put out of the way two bright new pieces appear, flung by the unthinking.

It is a melancholy spectacle—men and women slip-

ping up in every direction, upon other people's orange-peels.

"Evil is wrought
By want of thought
As well as want of heart."

—Little triangular pieces of temper; orange-peels of doctrine, of practice; bits of doubt, of loose thinking, of bad example, left around carelessly; somebody comes along, puts his or her foot upon them, falls and is bruised; bones broken, perhaps. Dignity upset, propriety prone upon the pavement—yes, and many a slip of manners and of morals.

The subject is suggestive. Strange visions loom before us of cracked heads and heels in air; of sudden constellations ourselves have seen in the unwary days. Good friends, the path of life is strewn with orange-peels. Let us be careful where we tread!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

THE PAIRING SEASON.

"Married in May—
The bride of a day,"

says the old rhyme. But sunshine defies augury. Happy eyes refuse to look for skeletons beneath the tender green of Spring; modern incredulity laughs at ancient saws; and May, with its flowery sisters, June and July, are become distinctively the marrying months of the year.

As the vernal spray deepens on boughs of elm and maple, brown-stone fronts begin, likewise, to put forth leaves—of invitation, engraven on the very best of card-board. Dress-makers' bills swell with the swelling buds; odors of bride-cake pervade and struggle with the faint sweet fragrance of growing things. Tiny homes, which feathered lovers newly wed are busily decorating with sticks and straws, are startled by the switch of silken skirts, on rapid passage "down town" to provide for other lovers. Alas! what voluminous appanage of this world's gear! The very churches take on airs and "trick their beams," and flame over arch and pillar with device and monogram of gaudy flowers; while organs, in whose construction the *stop* has apparently been omitted, peal forth an unintermitting "Wedding March," till that time-honored tune takes rank in our wearied tympanums with "Shoo Fly" and "Old Dog Tray."

Each blossom, as it appears, is pounced upon for a "decoration." Balusters bourgeois; cornice and ceiling, mantel and picture-frame, bud and blossom like Aaron's rod. Snowy roses engarland gas-fixtures, and shy, surprised lilies find themselves wired and imprisoned in "bridal bells."

"All this beauty and peace and sweetness,
All this fragrance, and grace, and dying,"

all these innocent lives poured out to adorn a single hour! But who will venture to regret? What tribute too precious, what symbol too exquisite for that supreme hour which sets the crown on human lives, and

opens wide the beautiful gate of that temple whose name is Love?

Happy roses, to lend sweetness to that sweetest moment! Happy violets in the mimic clapper, whose swing elicits fragrance more delectable than sound! Even so; without the assistance of florists, the unwired flowers of Eden smiled on that first fair bridal, when Mr. and Mrs. Primal Man stood, as seen in the Catechism, to receive congratulations from all beasts and birds of earth. No ushers, "no cards," and—wonderful to think of—no *trousseau*.

In our new Eden things are different. Adam and Eve, though doubtless important, are no longer paramount in the ceremony. They are but the occasion—the provocation of a long train of grandeurs and expenses, without which modern marriage would seem impossible; and if the cards, the supper, the gifts, and the gowns could be had as well without bride and groom as with them, it is questionable if the company would not easily agree to dispense with these "leading features," and relegate poor Adam and Eve to single blessedness, or, in fact, no blessedness at all—with most comfortable indifference!

For it cannot be denied that what with fuss, fatigue, and cost, a wedding now-a-days is a bore to most parties concerned. When the cards come in, the family acquaintance groan aloud: "Oh dear, I suppose I must send Emily something! What a nuisance it is! This is the eighteenth wedding present this Spring!" The home is "*bouleversé*" for months; the bride reduced to skin and bone by shopping, dress-making, card-directing, list-compiling, note-writing, "trying-on." There is no time for sentiment—for love-making—for that tranquil bliss which is the dew of souls. Edwin finds Angelina always on the sofa—too tired to talk—too tired to drive—almost too tired to smile. He bides his time, being used to the phenomenon. "Girls always get worn out in their preparations," Angelina's mother tells him. In fact, he recollects the

brides of his acquaintance as generally bad-colored and skinny, so it must be "the thing," and inevitable, like Destiny.

For a week before the wedding St. Vitus presides over the door-bell. The bride's person seems attached as by invisible wires to its handle. Each outward twitch produces a corresponding inward twitch. The express-man, waiting for his receipt, catches glimpses of a head with hot, feverish cheeks hanging over the baluster. It is Angelina craning her neck in anxious expectation of "presents." Reluctant opulence knows what is demanded, and showers gems, lace, silver, bijouterie, bronze, in reckless profusion. By and by, human invention being exhausted, the splendors begin to repeat themselves in duplicate or triplicate. As teapots accumulate, paralysis falls on sated desire. But then there are the bridesmaids to be considered, and the bridesmaids' dresses, and the breakfast for the cortege, and the "Last German," and the rehearsal. And though Angelina's back aches dreadfully, and the soles of her feet burn like fire, not a quiet second is allowed her. The bones in her girlish neck are hidden with blonde; strong coffee winds up the exhausted nerves; the symbolisms, once so full of meaning—now so vapid, are mechanically observed; the kiss, the "woven hands," the train of virgins, the ring, the prayer—and, stupefied and delirious with excitement, as the poor Hindoo satee with "Bhang," the bride is hurried into her new life as fevered, as dulled, and almost as beyond rational reflection as she.

Even quiet country towns have caught the infection. Everywhere are the same wearisome mummeries reiterated, with the additional labor involved by distance from shops and confectioners. The simple village weddings we used to hear about are no more. As well not be married, cry our rustic maidens, as dispense with cards, reception, and bands of music. They even out-Grundy Grundy, and the velvet train and eight bridesmaids of the English princess, are repeated in remote Kalamazoo.

Shall we ever better this? Who knows? Perhaps, when that great revolution comes, so feelingly prophesied now and then by indignant "dailies," when a corrupt judiciary and a monster monopoly are to dangle side by side from city lamp-posts, and bench and bar, pulpit and patriotism, to undergo regeneration, the real meanings of real words will be restored, and the paltry husks be stripped from sacred things. Then the revised dictionary will make its appearance, and no longer reading "Wedding—A crisis of clothes;" "Bride—A peg on which finery is hung;" "Bridegroom—A black object following the bride like a point of admiration!" the dear old definitions will make their appearance again in letters of gold. And then shall

"Come the world's great bridals, chaste and calm—
Then spring the crowning race of human kind.
May these things be!"

A "SHELTERING ARMS."

WHILE we are on the theme, it occurs to us to in-

form such thrice-happy couples as find themselves, this Hymeneal month, possessed of an embarrassing multiplicity of gifts, that the benevolence of a prominent city firm has provided a place of refuge for these troublesome luxuries and inconvenient conveniences. In the spacious vaults of their magnificent establishment is constructed an asylum for such tea-sets, spoons, trays, crumb-scrapers, tureens, pickle-forks, and "berry" spoons, as prove superfluous, or formidably attractive to burglars. Here in quiet safety these "little wanderers" may repose, boarded, lodged, and made at home in the very scenes where their silvern infancy was passed, almost within sight of the shelves which once they occupied, and where now their prototypes stand in glittering row.

We commend this excellent charity to our readers.

MIDSUMMER EVE.

ON Midsummer Eve, known in old times as "The Vigil of St. John," hags, fairies, witches, and hobgoblins are traditionally said to ride abroad and play their pranks unchecked by higher powers. Wherefore it behooves all sober people to close doors and go early to bed. For the young and unsober, however, the haunted eve affords opportunity for all sorts of fateful rites and experiments, fascinating even to nineteenth-century common sense; and though Puck and Robin Goodfellow may no longer appear with whoop, and laugh, and sly pinching fingers, it is safe to promise tremor and thrill, pretty shriek and good fun to all modern maidens as have courage and adventure enough to try their "Midsummer luck."

There is the magic fern-seed to begin with, which can be gathered on no other evening of the year, and which, like the ring of Gyges, confers invisibility on its wearer. But be careful not to shake the plant. The seed must fall of its own accord into the plate held to receive it by pious fingers. Hemp-seed, also, plays a part in this night's sports. She who, exactly at twelve o'clock, sows it in the garden, and repeats

"Hemp-seed I sow—
Hemp-seed I hoe,

And he that is my true-love, come after me and mow—"

may see, if she has the pluck to look behind her, the figure of the "true-love"—scythe in hand! And any one who fasts all day, and at midnight spreads a table with a clean white cloth, and sets thereon bread, cheese, and beer, will have the pleasure of beholding her future husband enter, fill a glass with beer, make her a low bow as in salutation, and retire, leaving the glass untasted on the table!

Then there is the still prettier experiment of "The Midsummer Rose." Annie, or Belinda, or Mary Jane must walk backward into the garden, and, preserving perfect silence, gather a rose. If this is put away in clean paper and not looked at till Christmas, it will be found fresh as in June; and when it is placed in the bosom of a fair lady, he who is to be her future lord will enter and take it out—by which sign she shall know him.

The "Dumb-Cake" also. Two must make it, two bake it, two break it, and a third put a piece under each of their pillows, nobody speaking a word all the time. Then you "dream of the man you are to have." How much this "coming man" seems to have figured, by the way, in the female meditations of two centuries ago!

We note down these quaint observances for the benefit of some of our merry young readers, who, in the quiet of country summer, may find amusement in them. But we warn them against the superstition, at once more touching and more fearful, which led people to stand all night in church porches, in order to see pass by the apparitions of those who were to die in the parish during the ensuing twelvemonth. Flesh and heart might well fail in such ordeal; and it is recorded that one girl expired of fright on seeing in the ghastly train her own figure!

And so, hoping all "midsummer-men" which shall be set up may bow the right way, that fairies may be propitious and fern-stalks not "contrary," we leave you to your frolic.

ROSES.

"Is there," asks Mr. Tennyson, "any moral hid within the bosom of a rose?"

We cannot say. Certain it is that something else lurks there; something at once less obvious and more deadly; something which defies inquest—almost defies remedy; and the name of that something is SLUGS.

From beginning to end of Summer, Nature takes apparent pleasure in teasing and tantalizing us. Her fairest things she abandons to her foulest. Each month brings its destroyer—the currant-worm with the currants, the measure-worm with the elm foliage—and so on, until the latest caterpillar chews a horrible path through every leaf spared by earlier hosts, spins its cocoon, and lies down to die.

The gladiolus has its foe—a mailed creature fearful to encounter. Tiny emerald beetles skip over the edges of the geraniums. Red spiders assemble from Heaven knows where, and spin and devastate. Aphides in countless hosts appear as from the atmosphere, and take possession. "Little things on little wings," with stings far from little, puncture the grape-leaves and gall the fuchsias. But most of all, the roses—sweetest and fairest sisterhood—seem marked for destruction.

Hardly have their soft, crimson-tufted buds unrolled than the ravage begins. You bend lovingly over your pet "Giant of Bautes" or "General Jacque Moneau," and start aghast. Why are the leaves twisted thus strangely over the coming buds, and cemented together as by a wiry glue? The experienced know well the cause, and applying a finger and thumb artistically, give a pinch. Aha! a black and green head wriggles into view. He is there, "Thalaba the Destroyer," that slug whom, in defiance of Mr. Warner, we pronounce the "saddest" of the year.

Talk of promptitude—he is always *before* time. Early bird must it be indeed who picks up that worm! Before human vision detects the delicate unfolding bud, he has gorged himself with essence of bloom, and the bud is an empty shell. We pinch and pinch with stern determination, regardless of cold chills down our spines—and still the creeping creature defies us, and the harvest of beauty is snatched from our grasp.

Is there then no remedy? Yes. Let others prate of tobacco washes and whale-oil soap. Our spell is couched in two magic words. They are—"White Hellebore."

This blessed dust—worth its weight in gold—may be had at moderate price at any chemist's. Salute it. It is not the rose—but it comes near to being so, for it saves the rose.

Dissolved in water (proportion, a half-pound to a half-barrel) and applied with a syringe, it coats each leaf with a faint gray sediment. Over this, while wet, a little dry powder should be dredged. The slug, taking, as is his wont, an early constitutional on top of the leaves, absorbs this refreshing aliment, and is found at 9 P.M. swollen, black, and dead as Pharaoh. Very early risers may even enjoy the delight of applying the dose directly to the spine of the invader, and watching the effect!

A few days—and our heel is on the neck of the enemy. And then, ah! then how the fresh leaves laugh and twinkle! how the cups of cream and fire and snow unfold, and with what wafts of sweetness do they recompense the hand that brought deliverance! Conquerors and conquered, we bow before the spell of beauty, and inscribe upon our oriflammes—"which," as the Bab Ballad remarks, "is pretty, though I don't know what it means") the name of the herb which tempted fair Juliet to her death, but to our rescued favorites has been a word of healing.

Remember: *White Hellebore*.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

HENRY PARRY LIDDON.

THE name of Henry Parry Liddon has just begun to be familiar to American ears. To those who have become acquainted with him through his writings, he represents whatever is most scholarly and evangelical in the preaching of the Church of England to-day. Still a young man, and without any regular parochial

charge, he has come to be in the foremost rank of living English preachers. Wherever he is advertised to speak the churches are crowded hours in advance, and though his sermons are very lengthy—often exceeding an hour—and his style not in the slightest degree sensational, he is heard without weariness, and with the most evident interest. We should perhaps restrict the

statement a little. Although the common people are by no means unaffected by Mr. Liddon's sermons—and there is much in all of them to reach and touch the most ignorant—yet his work and his power are chiefly among the educated classes, and the large preponderance in his audiences, of these, and of the most thoughtful men belonging to them, has been often remarked. This may be somewhat owing to the fact that Mr. Liddon does not deal so much with what are called the "topics of the day,"—the present precise outward forms of the strife between good and evil—as with the good and evil themselves, and their inner and spiritual manifestations. Less intense in feeling, but more logical in thought, than Robertson or Stopford Brooke, he convinces a certain class whom their enthusiasm would fail to affect, while those of a different temperament must miss something in him which is necessary for their satisfaction. He is less a man among men than either Robertson or Brooke; he does not lay bare his heart, consciously or unconsciously, as they do; he is not so much a comforter as an instructor, or, perhaps, we should rather say that consolation is not the first object of his preaching. But to some minds it will not be the less real and welcome for being suggested rather than displayed. There are those to whom Watts's hymns seem more strengthening than Wesley's, because, though Wesley makes far more explicit mention both of sorrow and of comfort, Watts takes us up above the sources of our sadness, to the

"land of pure delight,"

and shows us our inalienable inheritance there. And Liddon would fain so intrench us in the strongholds of our belief; would put into our hands such weapons to combat our doubts and our temptations, that, forgetting fears and failures and losses, and fighting with all our might the fight of faith, we should be strengthened even in the conflict, and have no time for repining. Growth in "the knowledge of God" seems to be his aim, both for himself and those whom he addresses; this, rather than specific reforms, is his remedy for the evil that is in individual souls and in society. He goes to the core of things, and believes that if the heart is right the life will take care of itself. Two volumes of sermons by Mr. Liddon have been published, the first of which was issued in 1865, with the title *Some Words for God*, which, though exactly expressive of the character of the book, was dropped in the second edition, in deference, as the author tells us, to friendly criticism, which pronounced it open to misconstruction. This collection has now passed to a third, if not a fourth edition, under the simple designation of *University Sermons*. Of these sermons, upon such subjects as "Immortality," "The Law of Progress," "The Conflict of Truth with undue Exaltation of the Intellect," "The Risen Life," "Humility and Action," there is not one which will not well repay close study. We use the word deliberately, for indeed their full meaning and richness of thought cannot be appropriated without patient attention and the pondering of every sentence. Mr. Liddon's style is not stirring or

incisive; he does not control the hearer or reader at once by some brilliant, unexpected outburst; he is not peculiarly original, either in his views of truth or his methods of stating it; but, as we read or listen, we feel the increasing pressure of the argument, the power of the author's sincere, strong convictions, bearing us onward and upward to his level of thought; forcing us to accept his conclusions all the more surely that he has not hurried our acceptance of them. Yet there are occasional paragraphs, which, tersely expressed, contain the meaning of volumes. Here, for instance, in two short sentences, he sums up the whole bearing of that class of proofs of Christ's Divinity of which Young's *Christ of History* is a well-known and worthy example:—"Is it granted that Christ is, morally speaking, a perfect man? Then he is more than man, since he puts forward claims which, if they are not simple and necessary truths, are blasphemous pretensions."

Mr. Liddon has published, in addition to the *Sermons*, a volume of Bampton Lectures for 1866, on the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and is now engaged upon a work which will probably soon appear, under the title of *Elements of Theology*. This will give the public a better opportunity than has yet been afforded to judge of his abilities as a theologian, and it seems likely that in this field his highest honors will be gained. His temperament and habits of thought and study eminently fit him for controversial labors. His lectures on the Divinity of Christ were, from the circumstances in which they were delivered, necessarily limited in their plan. Mr. Liddon acknowledges that he does not attempt in them to meet the difficulties of those to whom the Bible is not an inspired book. Previous courses of lectures upon the Bampton foundation justified him in assuming before his hearers their conviction of the existence and personality of God, and the reality of a Divine Revelation in the Scriptures. Starting from this point, Mr. Liddon's argument for the Divinity of Christ is a masterly one, and leaves little to be desired by those to whom that doctrine appears the keystone of the whole system of Christianity. Though it does not come within our purpose to give any analysis of it, we cannot refrain from quoting from the Preface to the second edition of the Lectures a few words, which not only show the author's position in regard to some present aspects of religious thought, but may seem to many to embody a sound judgment in regard to the moral tendencies of lax views in religion:—

"In truth, the vast majority of our countrymen still shrink with sincere dread from anything like an explicit rejection of Christianity. Yet no one who hears what goes on in daily conversation, and who is moderately conversant with the tone of some of the leading organs of public opinion, can doubt the existence of a widespread unsettlement of religious belief. People have a notion that the present is, in the hackneyed phrase, 'a transitional period,' and that they ought to keep pace with the general movement. Whither they are going they probably cannot say, and have never very seriously asked themselves. Their most definite impression

is that the age is turning its back on dogmas and creeds, and is moving in a negative direction under the banner of 'freedom.' They are, indeed, sometimes told by their guides that they are hurrying forward to a chaos in which all existing beliefs, even the fundamental axioms of morality, will be ultimately submerged. Sometimes, too, they are encouraged to look hopefully forward, beyond the immediate foreground of conflict and confusion, to an intellectual and moral Elysium, which will be reached when Science has divested Religion of all its superstitious encumbrances, and in which 'thought' and 'feeling,' after their long misunderstanding, are to embrace under the supervision of a philosophy higher than any which has yet been elaborated. But these visions are only seen by a few, and they are not easily popularized. The general tendency is to avoid speculations, whether hopeful or discouraging, about the future, yet to acquiesce in the theory, so constantly suggested, that there is some sort of necessary opposition between dogma and goodness, and to recognize the consequent duty of promoting goodness by the depreciation and destruction of dogma. Thus, the movement, although negative in one sense, believes itself to be eminently positive in another. With regard to dogma it is negative, but it sincerely affects a particular care for morality, and, in purifying and enforcing moral truth, it endeavors to make its positive character most distinctly apparent."

"The writer has not been at pains to disguise his earnest conviction that the hopes and sympathies which have been raised in many sincerely religious minds, by the so-called Liberal-religious movement of our day, are destined to a rude and bitter disappointment. However long the final decision between 'some faith' and 'no faith' may be deferred, it must be made at last. . . . It is of the last importance in religious thinking, not less than in religious practice, that the question, Whither am I going? should be asked and answered. Such a question is not the less important because, for the present, all is smooth and reassuring, combining the reality of religious change with the avoidance of any violent shock to old convictions."

By a curious likeness, these words of the advocate of Scriptural Christianity remind us of one of the early utterances of the champion of "free religion," R. W. Emerson. He says:—"With regard to modes of Christian faith, it surely is becoming for every one, both man and woman, to have an intelligent knowledge of their belief. It is right to hold with confidence and charity combined, to well-formed and precise principles, in all that we profess to give an allegiance to; to understand our own position and feel the strength of it, instead of that careless ignorance, that latitudinarian indifference, which is seen and heard so much of;—a mock liberalism which I speak of as unreal, because often, when put to the test, it is found to cover either a hollow skepticism or a bitter intolerance, instead of genuine Christian charity."

Mr. Liddon's manner in the pulpit is very quiet.

His personal appearance and habits of oratory are almost monastic. It is, indeed, evident that he has been a close and loving student of the Early Fathers; that he sees much to admire where he cannot implicitly follow, but where too many, with less insight and humility, vaguely condemn. The chief characteristic of his manner appears to be a reverence for the name and service of God. And in these days, when "holy boldness" not unfrequently verges upon unseemly familiarity, it is good for us to be occasionally reminded that it becomes us to serve the Lord with fear—the fear of a devoted heart—careful to remember that "God is in heaven, and we are upon earth."

THE NEW ROYAL ALBERT HALL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES is intended as a permanent place of exhibition in London, and erected in pursuance of the ideas of the Prince Consort. The building is another demonstration of the exotic nature of art in England, and is, perhaps, of all the recent monuments, the most hideous and tasteless. It is in idea an adaptation of the Colosseum at Rome, but with the grand and simple elevation of that, broken and frittered up by a ginger-bread frieze in mosaic, designed by the weakest school in the world for monumental work, the Royal Academicians, and a general system of ornamentation fitter for lace-work than for architecture, and which is really less attractive than the plain tufa of the ancient work. The Royal Albert Hall is 135 feet high, but the height is broken and diminished by a recession in the plan, apparently because the architect dared not make a roof as large as his foundation; and the consequence is, that the upper division is hidden from view, and is, so far as outer appearances are concerned, quite without value.

The comparison suggested by the two buildings is most unfavorable in every respect to the modern. The ancient, without other pretension than that of being good, solid building, is opened and lightened by arches and vaulted passages, whose recesses break the surface without a hint of ornament, which the Roman knew he was weak in, and only used after the most approved classical patterns, while the Briton, with the frivolous ambition to be original (as if originality could help itself or be ordered at occasion), wishes to be as great as the Roman, graceful as the Greek, and thoughtful as the Goth at the same time. The result is a monstrosity, which, like the Westminster House of Parliament, will in course of time make itself a callous in the dull sense of English taste, and finally come to establish a canon of architecture.

The Albert Hall opened early in May with an exhibition of pictures of all nations—an imitation on a liberal scale of the Paris exposition. The narrow and inconceivably "shoppy" habits of the Royal Academy, making the interests and advantages of its members the only end of their organization, renders such an exhibition as the new International not only necessary as a protest against the exclusiveness of the Academy, but as a means of informing English ama-

teurs that there is an art in the world which is neither English nor derived from it. In no country in the world besides England would the narrow, selfish, mercantile policy of the Royal Academy be tolerated by the public, while there every new pretension and arrogant self-assertion of the Academicians only puts them still higher in the public respect. It is an anomaly in art history, that a self-constituted body, exclusive as a hereditary aristocracy and narrowly selfish as a mercantile guild, should be allowed to appropriate and dispense the only recognized distinction in artistic excellence of the country, monopolize by sheer self-assertion, and maintain, against all opposition, all the honors and emoluments of public patronage, and render account neither to public opinion nor to government, exclude from its advantages many of the best artists of the country on the most arbitrary and personal grounds, and yet retain the position it claims of *arbitrator* and exact deference even from royalty. It is more strange at first sight, yet explains the anomaly, that all this comes, not from artistic excellence, but commercial cleverness. It is to be hoped that the more catholic exhibition of the Royal Albert Hall may become the exponent of artistic merit, and the recognized institution of England, and that the Academy may drop back into the dust of the age of guilds and close corporations to which it belongs.

ROSSETTI's sonnets have developed among the rising English poets an epidemic of sonnet-writing, and all the aspirants of the romantic school vent their ambition in fourteen-line bursts of song, not only for publication but circulation, so that a London wit says that now a cabman replies to your call in a sonnet.

One of the new poets, Payne, author of the *Masque of Shadows*, has put out a volume of sonnets called *Intaglios*. It can hardly be called an addition to our poetic treasures. Faint, shadowy reminiscences of Rossetti and Morris, with the linked and over-done epithets of Swinburne, too long-drawn-out in the master, and only dilute in the follower until they are little else than sound—fantastic similes spun into spider-thread tenuity, and tangled into inextricable confusion,—sonnets to the sonnets and pictures of his friends (who will in turn sonnetize him or make designs to his sonnets—priests of the great god I, incensing each other with full censers),—this is what *Intaglios* suggests to us. Such imagery as:—

"Seek, then, no more to sweep the unwilling strings
To tempest, nor to harrow up the skies
With the void passion of Titanic sighs;
Thou shalt not scale the heaven on thunderous wings
Of resonant prayer;"—

alternating with *catalogues raisonnés* of the objects seen in a morning walk, do not make poetry. May some new standard be raised up to cure this plague of sonnets, since they have begun, reptile-like, to multiply from the fragments.

AN exceedingly interesting book of travel is the *Impressions of Greece*, by Sir Thomas Wyse, late English Minister at Athens. Sir Thomas was long a resident

of Greece, and years ago published a book of travels in the Morea, to which this posthumous work is a supplement, consisting of travels in Continental Greece, with visits to the great battle-grounds of early Hellas. It was left in the form of diaries of the excursions, and has been published under the care of his niece, without alteration or emendation, and preserves, by this very neglect, a freshness of description and impression which no book-making could have given it. There are descriptions of the wild beauty of Eubœa and of the battle-ground of Chæronea, which make the jaded traveler on used-up grounds look to the opening of roads and the restoration of tranquillity in Greece as a desideratum for lovers of the beautiful. The dissertations on the state of Greece, the condition and character of the people, and the causes of disorder and governmental depravity will interest all phil-Hellenes, and explain the seeming anomaly of the most intelligent, energetic, and enterprising people in the basin of the Mediterranean being the worst governed and least prosperous. The author had the best opportunities to know the Greeks which any recent writer has had, and his official relation—continued for many years—with the government of Otho, taught him all the dangers of an absolutism with a people like the Greek, essentially, vitally republican and municipal, and his testimony that "no nation is more fitted, I might say formed, to such an organization (municipal) by geographical, national, personal peculiarities," is a valuable evidence in favor of those who have always contended that the Greeks were capable of governing themselves much better than they have been governed by the administrations which Europe has imposed on them, one after the other—youths who had been spoiled at home, and without experience in government, surrounded by flatterers, led into absolutism by every temptation, and, finally, without any kind of interest in the country or associations to excite their enthusiasm or affection. No country in Europe has been so badly treated by Europe as Greece, and none has deserved such treatment less.

THE return of peace to GERMANY has brought a swarm of publications to the booksellers' shelves, many of which have been held back for a favorable hour. But the figures of 1870 prove that there was really more literary activity than was suspected: no less than 1,470 theological works appeared during the last year, falling only 137 behind the record of the year preceding; while in the field of *belles-lettres* there were nearly 750, a reduction of but one-fourth from the year before. Nearly all that is offered now is of solid worth, partaking somewhat of the serious character imparted by the recent struggle. In this line we notice a publication of evident value that is intended in some measure to take the place of Humboldt's *Kosmos*, and is well adapted to those who find this ponderous work too abstruse or too extensive for the hurry of the hour.

It would seem a counterpart of the popular "Library of Wonders," and, like it, to be a thoroughly digested series of treatises on some of the most interesting objects in nature, science, and art. It bears the attrac-

tive title of *Life of the Earth, or a Glance into its History*. In running over its chapter-headings we perceive some as follows: "The Earth, a Star among the Stars;" "The Land, the Water, the Atmosphere;" "Organic Life;" and finally, "Man, and the Question of his Origin and Development." It is profusely illustrated, like the Wonder Library on this side of the water, and bids fair to be a most welcome addition to popular scientific study abroad.

Even the woman question seems also to be abandoning the arena of the fanciful and theoretical for the more tangible and practical. Louisa Otto, an authoress of considerable fame, has just published in Vienna what she terms the *Genius of Nature*, and in which she treats of the practical relations of the sex to nature in the city and the country, on the journey or the promenade, and especially in the change of seasons. She thus treats of gardening and natural science, and has also a section on domestic animals. Her aim is to arouse a feeling of self-consciousness in the womanly heart, and lead the wives and daughters of her country to find enjoyment in spheres of practical usefulness.

But the most gratifying fact that we notice in this line is that German publicists and statesmen are becoming more and more practical. In the swarm of publications of every hue that are now devoted to the all-absorbing question of reconstruction after the war, there is a direct manner of treatment that is quite new to these philosophical politicians, who so often seem to be solving the problem of the longest rather than the shortest way to their goal; and the men who are suddenly becoming pre-eminently practical are the German Professors.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF GERMANY are stepping out into the front line in the intellectual conflict that is to precede and mainly mould this political regeneration. They are already busy with a movement that is to be attended with beneficial results for the liberties of the people and the individual States, as such. And these noble institutions have a clear right to be heard now;—German Unity has found its most forcible teachings within their walls, and by German Professors on the political arena. It is true, these men of thought have been taunted as being unpractical in former contests, and the Great Parliament of 1848, which was largely composed of them, was declared to be a failure mainly on account of their impossible theories. But these teachings have ever since been growing in the German heart, and were ripe for the auspicious moment, as the result has shown. The German Professors may now well feel proud of the race they have trained up, both inside of their Universities and in other intellectual spheres, and can with justice bid the honored warriors stand aside while they proceed to mould the new State.

The special movement on which the Universities are now combining, is that of retaining all their individuality in the New Empire. They are totally opposed to a system of centralization that shall put them all under one common control, and rob them of their independence and their peculiar characteristics. The Universities of

Leipzig, Göttingen, Giessen, and Halle, for example, owe much of their glorious history to the special care of their respective States or princes. Leipzig has always been the favorite child of the Saxon kings, as Göttingen has been the delight of the Georges. They need thus to be cherished to retain the peculiar virtues that have given to each its own stamp, and any Procrustes bed that would bring them into a sort of army regulation would rob them of half their usefulness. This individual independence shows its value just now in the famous contest at present being waged between the liberal Catholic members of the theological departments of several Universities and the bishops of their respective dioceses, in the matter of Papal Infallibility. If these institutions were governed by one common head, there might result a species of tyranny from above that would cut off a whole class of independent men; whereas the individual State will feel more pride in sustaining its own children, as does Catholic Bavaria, or Austria, sustain its teachers in conflict with the Pope.

The German Professors are therefore taking the position that centralization will be stagnation, or, at the most, indifferent uniformity, and are contending for that fresh diversity of development that will permit each institution to follow out its own peculiar line of activity, and gain its own laurels. And the significance of this discussion just now is its influence in the reconstruction of the German States as to their political status; the vast majority of the German Professors and students are totally opposed to a policy of centralization that will bring a controlling power into the hands of a few. It is a mistaken notion that Prussia will now govern Germany because of this union; on the contrary, the new German Parliament will be a body as jealous of its State interests as is our own Congress, and while developing that unity of States that will make them strong against an external foe, will carefully guard that internal independence that will be able to thwart the plans of an oligarchy.

ART has lost Moritz von Schwind, a celebrated painter of Vienna, well known for his genial cartoons in the *Wartburg*, the famous mountain retreat of Luther. His death has called forth a sweet lamentation from his great brother-cartoonist, the inimitable Kaulbach, who, on hearing of his decease, declared that the world could not repair his loss as a magic delineator of the charms of the forest. He had no rivals, for in his line he was only equal to himself, and he and Kaulbach were brothers in heart as in art. They were accustomed to visit each other occasionally for criticisms of their respective works, and Kaulbach declares Schwind the most humorous companion in his genial and funny criticisms of his friend's creations, over which they would both laugh, and amuse themselves like children.

GERMAN scholars mourn the loss of Gervinus of Heidelberg, the noted publicist and historian of his country's literature. For the last few years he had strangely separated himself from the liberal tendencies

of his earlier life, and placed himself in opposition to the popular movements of the epoch. This had estranged him from former friends and associates, and grief and sadness seemed to hurry him to his tomb in the midst of the universal rejoicings of his country. But his noble deeds were not forgotten, and his old friends gathered at his bier to adorn it with flowers and wreaths.

BLEEDING FRANCE has but little to present us just now in the line of culture and progress, and her civil conflicts we cheerfully leave to other pens, for they are saddening to any mind that has an interest in the progress of humanity. In her own wild and conflicting passions she has found a worse foe than even the Giant with the spiked helmet. The world still hopes that Thiers and Favre, and the band of honest men that are now struggling to rescue her from the vortex, may not find themselves overpowered before their country again falls into the lap of tyranny as a refuge from lawlessness.

As a very significant straw in the line of literature, we notice an appeal in the Provençal dialect, an idiom still spoken by six millions of the inhabitants of Southern France. It treats, however, no longer of courts of love and the queen of roses, but hammers away lustily at the tyranny of Paris in assuming to rule all France. Instead of putting all the young men of France into uniforms and barracks, it would make local civilians of them, and grant to the various provinces and communes the right to govern themselves, rather than to be subject to the nods and dictates of the capital. It bitterly deprecates that system of centralization that has given to the provinces so capricious or severe a master, and insists that the seat of the Chambers should occasionally be in the South as well as in the North; that the children of the Troubadours

might have an opportunity to show their love and attachment to their country, resuscitate its pride, and lead it to new triumphs.

THE WAR-LITERATURE of France received a most interesting supplement from the French prisoners of war in the fortress of Spandau, near Berlin. A genial fellow among them started the idea of an illustrated weekly of a humorous character, with a view to help drive dull care away. It was entitled *Prometheus*, and was lithographed in the round French current hand. Its contents were the favorite French *causerie* of the camp, with an occasional flash of the *esprit* that does not leave the Frenchman, even in the saddest plight.

But the great attraction was composed of the comic etchings in caricature in style of "Cham," in the well-known Parisian *Journal Amusant*. Even the rebus and the charade were not wanting to make up the *tout ensemble* of a comic journal, published, it must be confessed, under many difficulties.

THE WALHALLA, the famous temple on the banks of the Danube devoted to the glory of German heroes, philosophers, and poets, finds its appropriate owner much sooner than its royal founder, Louis the First of Bavaria, imagined when he spent so many anxious hours in filling its halls with the statues of the great and good of his fatherland. It was his private property, and in his will he left it to Bavaria in case there should be no revived and united German Empire. For this latter he always ardently prayed, and in accordance with his wish this glory-temple has now become national property. But he ordered that there be no additions to its sculptured heroes until ten years after his death, by which time the nation will be prepared to enrich it with the prominent heroes of the late contest.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

FORGETTING the motley but beautiful exterior of the Academy building, the dazzling climb up its sunny white steps, the ticket-table, and umbrella corner, with their quick-eyed attendants, the second climbing, the sudden sense of being one of an absorbed and scattered multitude, we find ourself, after a troubled tour around the corridor, standing in mingled sunset and moonrise, somewhere on the coast of Maine (139, A. T. Bricher). The sand on the beach isn't real, but the rocks are, and the dash of sunlight on the bluff, and the pale moon beyond; so is the soft splashing of the tide. "A capital little picture," we say softly to ourself, and pass on.

Noting a portrait by Baker (144),—not one of his best, by the way,—we come upon a slumbering boy with a Dutch-looking boat in his hand. How soundly he sleeps! "Dreaming of the sea," the catalogue says. If you have met him, good friend, you will remember him; not that the picture is so very good, for

tone and atmosphere are wanting, but because Eugene Meeks, who painted it far off in Bremen, approaches flesh and blood reverently.

Characteristic portraits by Huntington, Baker, and Carpenter look quietly at us from the walls of this north room—Huntington, realistic, steady of hand, true; Baker, pleasing in his clear, sketchy way; Carpenter, mechanical, accurate, and nerveless. Hicks, Page, and Gray have portraits in the other rooms, and lesser artists by the score exhibit the inevitable "lady" and "gentleman"—nearly every man of them, in spite of individual cases of excellence, making you wish that portrait-painting were not the bar to artistic progress that it often is. Great painters, of course, will paint great portraits to the end of time; but lucrative art is not long. A successful portrait-painter rarely has time to lift himself much beyond the high-water mark that floated his first ship into port.

In clear color and pearly quality of tone, Huntington's portrait of J. M. Bailey is remarkable, though the

limp hand does not in any way add to the pleasing effect of the picture. Baker's head of a little girl (175) is one of the sweetest things in the exhibition—a beautiful child admirably painted. Eaton's "Dawning Maternity," just above it, receives the "ohs!" and "ahs!" of admiring gazers; but we pass her quietly, not being personally drawn to the little one, pretty though she is, and not to blame, poor child, for the overacting of fancy and brush. Kensett's "Windsor Castle," near by, is a delicious picture, enriched with historic associations that cluster about it in significant recognition. "The Mower," by Constant Mayer, has excellent points. It is firm in touch, clear in color, and the effect of action in the Mower is admirably given. The man toils in earnest. His bent head and muscular arms are full of expression; but there is a night-mare quality about the picture that puzzles one. Hard as the man labors, his strokes are ineffectual. He cannot cut the grass. It barely bends beneath his scythe. There is no whiz in the air. Possibly the figure is a study from life, and the "subject" in taking his pose had a better conception of the occasion than the artist who added the accessories of action. Not far from this picture, the sun is breaking through rich rifts of cloud; beneath lies a sandy beach—real sand, here—and tired waves are creeping in, one after another, with their little remnants of drift and seaweed. Standing there, gazing into the far distance, we almost feel the dampness strike through our shoes. The flutter of a catalogue recalls us. It is W. T. Richards's "Sandy Beach," the best thing we have seen from his easel. "Nature and Art," says Goethe, "are divided by an enormous chasm." So they are. But we may safely trust ourselves upon the bridges which such conscientious labor builds across.

How time is flying! And here is a "Clock-Doctor" (197, E. W. Perry), a clever picture of an old man in spectacles mending a time-piece, and a rosy urchin looking on in speechless interest. The expression of the boy is capital. We are in the East Room now, and we feel a Presence even while enjoying McEntee's delightful autumnal scene, and Brevoort's tender though somewhat uncertain "Shades of Evening." Looking at Ryder's "Italian Page," a well-balanced, spirited head, fine in color and admirable in feeling—still the Presence! Standing before Gray's fine pair of cabinet portraits, and Boughton's "Last Rose of Summer," with its strong handling and exquisite sentiment—even while standing before Bierstadt's burning ship, that keeps up its lurid concentration of fire, yet somehow promises never to burn, because the flame spirit is not there—all this time we have felt the Presence, yet have not had resolution to face it. The eyes have followed us about the room with their tremendous, pitiful stare; we have caught the grieved expression of the full, sensuous lips; we know of the glowing hair and luminous beard; the averted, painfully draped shoulder—and yet we have not once faced them. We dread a great disappoint-

ment. One of the very finest heads in the Exhibition is that of Wendell Phillips, by William Page, idealized, not in the common and mistaken way of making a strong head weak and sentimental, but in a subtle emphasizing of the strongest and best qualities naturally expressed in the face. We are pleased with the picture as a likeness and as a work of art, in spite of its ultra transparency of tone; and now this same artist has painted a portrait of our best friend—the truest, highest, God ever has given to man. Twenty or thirty visitors stood in groups about the picture when at last we saw it fully. Some were smiling, some sneering, and a few whispering gravely. We turned and walked away oppressed with the burden of a picture which would to Heaven we had never seen.

Ah, the children! the children! what merry witches they are! They have found a wheel-less old stage-coach, puffed with its bygone stateliness, and they have settled in and upon it like bees, filling it with the honey of such enjoyment as only children know. Eastman Johnson has chosen a capital theme this time, and the treatment is admirable. What though a long-bearded fellow behind us mutters "patchy in color," "want of balance," etc.,—we don't believe a word of it. We see only faithful characterization, well-caught gestures, and a spirit of fun that may set the colors dancing or not, as it chooses. Then it is full of delicious childish anachronisms and inconsistencies. The driver is lashing up his steeds to the utmost and at the same time ignoring a balker, by mere force of will. The boy beside him, on the box, yells into his ear, but he cannot hear him, not he, while the coach is dashing over the stones, and the horses leap and clatter like that! Each horse has its own rate of speed, and its own idea of the situation. The "leaders" are a comical pair. One, in boy fashion, is prancing on, champing the bit, horsey from head to toe; his mate, a laughing little maid, with no soul for horse-work, looks back intensely interested, yet not too much so to hold the cutting reins away from her soft throat. On, on they tear! Meanwhile a busy urchin holds wide the coach door, that two approaching passengers may jump in without losing time. One little girl seated inside, demure and satisfied, has given herself up to the full enjoyment of the rattling motion. Her opposite neighbors are just composing themselves for the start. A boy outside on the top of the coach is shouting for dear life, about nothing in particular; and all the scene is alive with action and laughter. It is too noisy, after all, for an art exhibition. We hug the children slyly and cross over into the intense stillness of William Hart's "Golden Hour."

A wonderful picture this, in its flood of sunlight, its glowing, conscious atmosphere, its individuality of tree, pool, and blade. The lower right-hand corner is an exquisite picture in itself, the whole free, clear, and rural, the only weakness being in the figures seated upon the grass.

Directly opposed to this in every way is Jervis McEntee's "Danger Signal," though both suggest the

poetry of every-day life. One is the poetry of earth and air; the other, poetry wrought from common incident and man's appropriation of natural forces. Something is the matter, you scarcely know what. A guard in the foreground frantically waves a red lantern through the storm, but he cannot check the train, thundering nearer and nearer along the snow-covered track, dazzling you with its great "bull's-eye," and making you catch your breath by way of humble, untechnical tribute to the painter's power.

Casilear's "Genesee Meadows," dreamy and tender, refreshes one after such a picture as this, just as Durand's quiet and conscientious "Close of Day" rests one after the superb coloring and permanent fire of Bierstadt's "Burning Whalers." The scene in the "Sierra Nevada," though in Bierstadt's quiet vein, still may be said to present a sort of dramatic repose. It has enchanting bits of color and cool sweetnesses of effect, here and there; but the soft cloud-wrangling above, and the utter unconcern of the water below, give to the whole a sort of atmospheric inconsequence that may be possible, but certainly is not common.

The painting of one's own portrait, though utilized by Landseer, and sanctified by Raphael, seldom, from the days of Albert Durer onward, has been a thoroughly satisfactory practice. It implies a way of holding a mirror up to nature not implied by the poet. But Sellstedt has here tried the experiment with no little success (270). He avoids the tragic-shoulder air, and has fairly caught that Will-o'-the-wisp to an artist—his own expression. This picture shows a decided advance upon former efforts, especially upon a portrait of the same subject exhibited upon these walls ten years ago.

Not many times after this we halt in our zig-zag ramble toward the West Room—once before S. R. Gifford's lovely "Fishing Boats of the Adriatic" (is it golden with sunlight, or the marriage-rings of the Doges?); once before Wm. M. Hunt's very noticeable and faithful portrait of the venerable Wm. Wardner; and once, and longest, before Butler's "Santa Lucia." This last, bearing unmistakable traces of the French school, is fine in tone, bold in drawing, and expressive without being sentimental. A noble-looking Italian lad is playing upon his own dear violin, holding the instrument downward, as our little street fiddlers do, but making, we are sure, very sweet music. It is a tender, harmonious, magnetic picture, that you love at the first glance, and carry away with you to hang upon the invisible walls of your ideal home.

In the West Room we noticed some good child-portraits by Staigg, who of late has been surely and steadily advancing toward the front. Also two water views. One, "A quiet day on the Beverly Shore," is in Kensett's happiest vein—painted in the best spirit of artistic truth, in opposition to the mere appearance of naturalness characterizing too many works in the Exhibition. It is a quiet coast scene, full of sultriness and repose—a few white sails in the hazy distance, a wet expanse of unruffled water, an atmos-

phere with oxygen in it, a hilly bank at the right stretching quietly out into deep water, a low beach along the foreground with the deceptive slant of all level shores, and sunlight brooding softly over all. The other scene has the tremor of spent passion in it: the best marine view of the exhibition. (306, Edward Moran), it carries one "far out at sea." The expression of air and space is remarkable. We breathe the salty atmosphere and experience a peculiar sense of the rolling motion of the waves. The gale is over; but heavy masses of cloud darken the sky. Almost while you look, you are startled with a glorious sun-burst. The water glitters before you. Nearer by you can look into its translucent depths. The distance opens far and clear, and the longer you watch the more you see.

And what about it all? Is it a good exhibition? Are we to shake our heads with dilettante-solemnity over the crudeness and poverty of American art, or shall we one and all, with manlier feeling, recognize heartily the progress it surely is making? We are apt, on general principles, to think and speak slightly of each successive Exhibition of the Academy, because, forsooth, while we who cannot handle a brush at all have been plodding along in our respective rounds, the brotherhood of painters have not in a short twelvemonth leaped from improvement to improvement. But if we go through these Exhibition-rooms carefully, we shall see on all sides evidences of earnest work, of bold ventures, of heart-wearing conflicts with inability, and glad, conscious reaching to high points of excellence. Three years ago our Knights painted worse Desdemonas.

It would be gratifying to see more grand themes attempted, more figure-subjects; but we must wait. Heroic art is an oak whose roots grapple national obstacles, a Century-plant requiring cycles of national summers for its blooming. In our fresh civilization wealth is confined mainly to the cities. A country gentleman of moderate means cannot order pictures. Mæcenæas lives in town. And townspeople hunger for landscapes and water-views. Then again, we are a good-looking people. Who shall blame us if we spend our first art-money in having our portraits painted? Meantime, let us congratulate ourselves that the portraits often are so good—that the sea-views and landscapes are by no means all jelly and gingerbread.

NEW BOOKS.

A THIRD volume has just been added to those already published, in the English translation of the Old Testament section of *Lange's Commentary* (Charles Scribner & Co.). It is about three years since Vol. XIII. of the German series appeared in the original. The names both of the original author and of the translators are new to the series. We are sure that they will commend themselves as worthily filling their place among their fellows. Dr. Nägelsbach, a Bavarian pastor, had already won a good name at home as a Hebraist and a Biblical scholar. This Commentary on

the *Prophecies and Lamentations of Jeremiah* will be his first introduction to most of our readers. His analyses and interpretations, we are confident, will quite generally bear close scrutiny, and will be accounted a valuable help in the study of a portion of the Old Testament for which we have had no surfeit of assistance. The translation of the Lamentations strikes us as especially idiomatic, scholarly, and forceful, and the supplementary and corrective contributions of the translator, which in amount equal the original, are of great value. In the translation of the Prophecies we sometimes miss that Saxon vigor of style which is nowhere more in place than in reproducing the wail of the weeping prophet. We are glad to learn that the preparation of other volumes on the Old Testament is well advanced, while the New Testament is all but complete.

ONE of the wise provisions of the "Ely Lectureship on the Evidences of Christianity," in the Union Theological Seminary, contemplates the prompt publication of the successive courses delivered on the foundation. It was not a mere compliment to the distinguished lecturer of the present year (President McCosh, of the College of New Jersey), that held large audiences with unwearied interest to the close of a course that demanded so much thinking, and secured the eager perusal by a larger public of the reports, which even the secular press supplied. The subjects that were successively treated are taking hold of intelligent and thoughtful men, scientific and unscientific, in the church and out of the church. The compact and attractive volume just published by the Carters, under the title of *Christianity and Positivism*, will bring within the reach of all the work of a master respected as such more widely than the English language is spoken. The work is especially valuable from the double aspect in which it presents itself—as an apology for Christianity before scientific men, and an apology for science before religious men. To those who are ready and eager to say that the old "Evidences of Christianity" are evidences no longer, it holds up and illustrates the truth that the laws of thinking and believing are not changed within our generation. On those who are disposed to disown and deny all results not reached by "scientific" methods, it urges the unreasonableness of this one-eyed and lopsided logic. Before men of science, working in their legitimate sphere, the author takes his place as one of the most docile and grateful of learners. But he insists that they shall legitimate their conclusions. He has in other days won the respect of the foremost of them, and he will not lose it now. And to those who are affrighted and dismayed, in view of what science seems to be discovering and establishing, he presents himself as a son of consolation. He has no fear that the foundations are, or are to be destroyed, even though the world may not have been made, and may not be carried on, as was once supposed. The church will rest more simply and firmly on the rock when sand, wood, hay, stubble are taken out of the way. In the published volume the author avails himself of his opportunity to discuss the last work of Darwin, and

to exhibit, as fully as space will allow, both the strength and the weakness of Herbert Spencer. We think that this volume will be recognized both in the church and in the scientific world as one of the few memorable books of the day.

No one can read Principal Shairp's little book (*Culture and Religion*, New York: Hurd & Houghton) without admiring the rare ability with which he handles the conflicting theories of culture now engaging the attention of the thoughtful, and the conscientious honesty with which he presents the character, scope, and tendency of each. He never attempts to strengthen his own position by decrying an opponent's. He fences with no men of straw. He exhibits none of the arrogance too often manifested by those who discuss, from the religious point of view, the aims and aspirations of those who leave religion out of their schemes of culture, or who remand it to a secondary position. He strives rather to exalt his own position by magnifying the excellence of those which fail only in the omission or under-estimate of the principal element, religion. Culture must embrace religion and end in it. So too religion, when it has its perfect work, must lead on to culture, and embrace it. It is the culture of the highest capacity of our being; and, if not partial and blind, it must acknowledge all the other capacities of man's nature as gifts which God has given that man "may cultivate them to the utmost, and elevate them by connecting them with the thought of the Giver, and the purpose for which He gave them."

ONE does not often hear, in these days, such sermons as Dr. Shedd has given us, to the number of twenty, in the volume just issued (*Sermons to the Natural Man*. By William G. T. Shedd, D.D. Charles Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway). Whatever else may be said about such preaching, it is not fashionable. There are some who will be sorry, probably there are more who will be glad, that it is not. But whether sorrowfully or gladly, all will admit it. The author himself confesses it, and he has printed his sermons, not because he thinks that they are what men wish, but because he is sure that they are what men need. It is impossible not to admire the stern courage, the half-defiant challenge with which the terrors of the law are hurled at the reader, in the very title of the book. Certain obvious and easy criticisms are disarmed by the preacher's own admissions. If we say that the sermons are terrific, we are assured that they were meant to be terrific; that the tone of the book is monotonous, the preface calmly confesses that it is purposely monotonous; that the color of it is even lurid, the preacher himself describes it by that very word. It is the natural man, with nothing good in him, with nothing good for him so long as he is a natural man, that the book has to do with from first to last.

This being the character of these sermons and the aim of them, it remains for us to say only that they are distinguished by wonderful force and eloquence. The meaning of them is never obscure. They are at times magnificent in their fiery rhetoric. What they must

have been when given by the living voice of the profoundly honest preacher can be guessed, when the words upon the printed page seem to burn one as he reads them. The natural man himself is likely to be fascinated by the awful power of a logic so unshrinking and a rhetoric so splendid. And many a reader, many a Christian minister even, hesitating at conclusions which this preacher refuses to dodge or disavow, will find a not unwholesome tonic in the learned and fearless pages.

FOR the sermons of President Woolsey of Yale College (*The Religion of the Present and of the Future; Sermons preached chiefly at Yale College: By Theodore D. Woolsey; Charles Scribner & Co.*) we venture to predict a wide popularity and usefulness. Even if none others than those to whom the volume is gracefully inscribed should value it, there are enough of them "who have now and then heard" his "voice in the pulpit of Yale College," to remember with admiring gratitude the service which this preaching did for them. It is no easy task, as those who have tried it have abundantly discovered, to preach to the audience in the chapel of Yale College. But to whomsoever the restless and somewhat exacting young men who largely compose that audience turned inattentive and offended ears, it was never to the preacher of these sermons. Nor was it merely respect for their President which chained their attention and compelled their assent to his religious teaching; but it was the transparent clearness of his thinking, the absence of any the least endeavor for rhetorical effect, the quiet and honest earnestness of the Christian scholar and friend, which made itself felt without striving to be felt, so that these sermons were to those who heard them the very words of truth and soberness, commending themselves to the conscience as light commends itself to the eye. What made this preaching so welcome and so useful to the audience to whom, for the most part, it was addressed, will make it welcome and useful to the larger audience which it will now have. Something of the same charm which the sermons of F. W. Robertson have had for thoughtful readers will be found in President Woolsey's also, although the doctrinal standpoint occupied is not the same. But the consciousness of being in the company of a teacher who knows how to think, and how to put his thoughts in clear and simple and exact speech—who has learned by a deep, experimental knowledge whereof he speaks, and whose spirit is broad and tolerant and true, and with all the maturity of seventy years has still the freshness of an eager and untiring student of the word and works of God,—this consciousness the reader of these sermons cannot fail to have and to rejoice in.

The only regret which the appearance of this volume can occasion is that which is suggested by the words in which the author tells us that his own "time of graduation is nearly come." May the day be distant when the voice which has spoken so wisely and so kindly shall speak only from these printed pages! But meantime, and for years afterwards, they must become to

an increasing multitude a help to honest thinking and to holy living. They preach with practical simplicity, not for scholars only, but for the people, that which is surely "the religion of the present and of the future."

PASCHAL BEVERLY RANDOLPH is a prophet; hear him: "When I read the Bible, the Vedas, or glorious *Hermes*, my ear catches the fore-melody of the coming Better time,—the morning song of seraphs sounding down the ages, and the eye of my trusting, patiently-abiding soul already beholds the coming flood of glory bursting on the world!" To attune other ears to catch a strain or two of the same wondrous fore-melody, and to hasten the advent of the coming flood of glory, Mr. Randolph has piously put within the reach of English readers the gospel of *Hermes*, his *Divine Pyramider* (Boston: Rosicrucian Publishing Co.), which is to "sweep away the factitious mounds and walls which now divide mankind into hostile sects,—separating Catholic from Protestant, Baptist from Spiritualist, Moslem from Guebre, and Zend from Buddhist,"—and bring in the day when "the whole human race [will] worship one God, dwell in one bond of union, strive for one common immortality, and each man strive

"To bear without abuse
The grand old name of Gentleman!"

The world needs, Mr. Randolph tells us, "this matchless work of *Hermes*, hoary with age, full of divine meaning, replete with lofty thought, and broader in its suggestiveness than any other work of any other author, and destined to strike a heavier blow at the century's blasphemous scepticism than has yet fallen within the days of living men." It would ill become us to dispute with one whose patiently-abiding soul can see and hear so much that we are deaf and blind to; still we are forced to confess a lack of faith in the reforming power of "The Divine Pyramider," and likewise serious doubts of the immense antiquity and the divine inspiration claimed for it. If it had not pleased God to set us in the midst of this sceptical age and deprive us of Mr. Randolph's Rosicrucian insight, we too might have been convinced by the quaint reasons set down by the editor of Dr. Everard's translation (1650: of which this is a reprint), in proof that the book was written "long before Moses his time," by the heaven-descended first inventor of the art of communicating knowledge to posterity by writing; and that it contains "that true philosophy without which it is impossible ever to attain to the height and exactness of piety and true religion;" but it was otherwise ordered. We are not of the initiated, and can only thank the editor and publishers for so neat an edition of such a curious volume of almost forgotten lore. It is perhaps worthy of notice, in this connection, that another of the multitude of books that appeared in the early part of the Christian era as translations from the Egyptian of *Hermes Trismegistus*, namely, the "Epistle to the Soul," has lately been reproduced in Arabic, and published with a German

translation, by the accomplished Orientalist, Professor Fleischer, of Leipzig.

THE other side of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" has never been so truthfully drawn as by those brothers in genius and unordained preachers of the gospel of peace, MM. Erckmann and Chatrian. The quiet but intense realism of their writing, and the homely, human, personal interest inspired by the characters they create, bring home to the feelings the enormities of war with terrible vividness. There is none of the war correspondent's ambitious descriptions, no agony of horrors, no ghastly details; all is subdued, simple, lifelike, real; and herein lies their wonderful power to chain the attention and stir the sympathies. It is not surprising that they were in disfavor with the Empire, whose only hope was in military enthusiasm. A thousand peace societies could not do more to put an end to wars of ambition, by showing the people how sure they are of all the pains, and none of the glories, of conquest. There must be many Frenchmen to-day, who are thinking as Father Moses thought when the citizens of Phalsburg were preparing for the siege "with more enthusiasm than if they were gathering in their own harvests," that if the French bestowed as much pains, good sense, and courage upon matters of peace as they do upon war, they would be the richest and happiest people in the world. "But when they have toiled and economized, when they have opened roads everywhere, built magnificent bridges, dug out harbors and canals, and riches come to them from all quarters, suddenly the fury of war possesses them, and in three or four years they ruin themselves with grand armies, with cannon, with powder, with bullets, with men, and become poorer than before. A few soldiers are their masters, and look down upon them. This is all it profits them!" But the moral has almost made us forget the story. History repeats itself in France with such terrific rapidity, and such terrific fidelity, that it is hard to realize that it was an episode of the closing days of the First, and not the Second, Empire that we have been reading about. *The Blockade of Phalsburg* (Charles Scribner & Co.) is a simple story of a humble Jewish family during the siege; yet it is told with such rare skill that the reader lives with them, sharing all their anxieties and afflictions, and if not sharing is at least not insensible to their pious hopefulness and devotion to business. Father Moses is a character that will live. His affection for his family; his admiration of his thrifty wife; his horror of bloodshed—save when his brandy is in jeopardy; his joy that his two sons are safe in America, and making money; his wrath at the indignities he has to endure in the service of the city; his antique piety; his trembling, affectionate reverence of the stern old veteran who is quartered on his family,—all interwoven with the instinct of trade which crops out so comically at odd times, make up one of the most enjoyable characters that we know. The death of little David, and the tragic end of the old Sergeant who would not survive the Empire,

could not have been described more affectingly by Dickens.

THE pleasant series of essays, *Among My Books*, which appeared not long ago in the columns of *The World*, has been made into a little volume (E. J. Hale & Son), pretty to look at and convenient to hold, and, we dare say, will enjoy in this form a new lease of popularity. We must not look into these desultory chapters for close criticism, original thought, or even the fascinations of a brilliant or forcible style. They are only the random gossip of a gentleman of culture and literary taste, who has read much and remembered much, and loves to take down his favorite volumes one by one from the shelves, and talk to us familiarly about their most obvious characteristics, and about the men who wrote them. He talks well, for he is a scholar; and though he says some things we may not like, though he has his prejudices, like most men, and is franker than most men in expressing them, nobody will feel disposed to quarrel with opinions that are set forth in such a perfectly inoffensive manner. With all its faults, it is a good little book, that we may take to the country with us this summer, and read gratefully as we lounge in the shade.

THERE is a fund of pleasant information most pleasantly given in a work recently published by Messrs. Leypoldt, Holt & Williams, New York. It was written in French by the Chevalier Arthur Morelet, and is entitled *Travels in Central America*. Its vivacious and attractive English version is from the pen of Mrs. E. G. Squier, and it is enriched with Introduction and Notes by E. G. Squier himself, who is reliable authority on all Central American topics. M. Arthur Morelet, a gentleman possessing leisure and fine scientific attainments, received encouragement from the French Institute to carry out an idea he had conceived of exploring this region, almost as unknown as the central portions of Africa. His relation of his progress from Carmen or San Felipe, a sandy island in the Lagoon of Terminos, through the wild tract of country watered by the great Usumasinta and its tributaries; his visit to the celebrated ruins of Palenque; to the mysterious Lake of Itza, in the depths of Peten; his experiences on the island in that lake, which was once the metropolis and stronghold of the warlike Itzaes; his lively descriptions of the quaint and primitive population of the region, of magnificent tropic growth and verdure, the brilliancy of the flowers, the gorgeous plumage of the birds, the amazing fecundity of animal and vegetable life, and the intolerable annoyances which devotion to scientific adventure enabled him to disregard—with a racy and graphic picturing of the physical characteristics and the various departments of natural history presented to his observation, sustain the interest and curiosity of the reader through every page of the work. Mr. Squier remarks, in his learned Introduction to the translation, that the explorations recounted in this volume are second in extent to none that have been accomplished by individual enterprise on this continent during the present century.

MARION HARLAND, in *Common-Sense in the Household* (Charles Scribner & Co.), has mixed so much sprightliness and suggestion with her homely counsels and recipes that the work has almost the interest of one of her romances. There is not much plot, to be sure, but there are abundant sympathy, excellent advice on various branches of household economy, and any number of explicit directions as to the preparation of dishes, a large proportion of the recipes having undergone the ordeal of personal experiment.

HESPERIA, by Cora V. L. Tappan, is a volume without a publisher, and comes we know not whence. This is a matter of very small importance, it is true, and may perhaps find its explanation in the desire of the author to be quite unlike anybody else. *Hesperia* is a long-drawn allegory, and, like Mrs. Malaprop's allegory on the banks of the Nile, is sufficiently "headstrong" to disregard all conventionalisms, and to express itself in all manner of poetic divisions, prelude and canto, strophe and antistrophe, through about five thousand wailing lines. The war upon slavery is the theme of the song, and "curses" upon the people of the Southern States is the refrain of one of its lesser lyrics. Mrs. Tappan is indeed a frenzied pythoness; but her Delphic utterances are so very prolix that we doubt if many will hearken to them, and *Hesperia* may chance to go unread entire unless Lucretia Mott, William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, Wendell Phillips, Walt Whitman, and President Grant, to whom the several parts are respectively dedicated, shall constitute themselves a committee to read and report upon it in concert.

A WOMAN'S POEMS, from the press of James R. Osgood & Co., is a volume of lyrics by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, indicating a tender poetic sensibility and much power of expression. "A Brother's Hand," the longest effort in the collection, is a narrative of a feud between two brothers, by which is shadowed forth the war between North and South for the Union. A certain vagueness of diction rather than of thought, and a tendency to anticlimax are the faults, as it seems to us, against which Mrs. Piatt should be on her guard.

ADMETUS AND OTHER POEMS, by Emma Lazarus, published by Hurd & Houghton, is a volume of verse by another *d'butante* who is evidently practiced in rhythmical forms, and from whom the world will probably hear more hereafter, or the many excellences of the present essay will have given delusive promise.

ALL the world knows of that maddest association of hare-brained Englishmen, the Alpine Club, whose laws are fabled to demand of every member that, on pain of expulsion, he shall climb one hitherto unclimbed pinnacle of the Alps each season,—but only those who have a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the mountains can fully appreciate the amount of climbing done, or the peril encountered, by the least remarkable feat of these climbers. Any man who has climbed a respectable *aiguille* and risked his neck on a hand-breadth-wide footpath, along a cliff-side where a slip leaves only time for a last breath, and the least swimming of the head is utter despair, will appreciate the record of some of the most desperate climbs of an ex-president of the Alpine Club, in *The Play-ground of Europe*, by Leslie Stephen; and those who know nothing of Alpine perils will scarcely imagine, from the careless way of treating the dangers that Mr. Stephen has kept up through this book, that he ran more perils in each of its excursions than a man who goes through a modern first-class battle. The nonchalance which kept his nerves firm on the edge of an abyss, where a false step would have plunged him into the green depths of awful ice, whence only after half a century would his crushed and powdered bones have come to light at the foot of the slow-crawling glacier, has also kept his description so far within the bounds of admissible sensation-writing that he hardly does justice to his Alps, not to say to the qualification of an Alpine climber. Once or twice he condescends to hint at the magnitude of danger by an expression like this: "The ice was very hard, and it was necessary, as Lauener observed, to cut steps in it as big as soap tureens, for the result of a slip would in all probability have been that the rest of our lives would have been spent in sliding down a snow-slope, and that that employment would not have lasted long enough to become at all monotonous."

More polished, terse, and well-thought English does scarcely any man write than Mr. Stephen, and the subtle humor which runs through his descriptions, especially of the cockneys he met in his journeys, vulgarizing the mountains, is of the best class of satiric writing.

TAYLOR'S FAUST is receiving a very flattering reception in Germany. The critics declare it by far the best English-rendering extant, and specially praise the imitation of the rhyme and metre of the original.

ETCHINGS.

UP THE AISLE—NELL LATINE'S WEDDING.

TAKE my cloak—and now fix my veil, Jenny;—
How silly to cover one's face!
I might as well be an old woman;
But then there's one comfort—it's lace.
Well, what *has* become of those ushers!
Oh, Pa! have you got my bouquet?—
I'll freeze standing here in the lobby—

Why doesn't the organist play!—
They've started at last—what a bustle!—
Stop, Pa!—they're not far enough—wait!
One minute more—now!—do keep step, Pa!
There, drop my trail, Jane!—is it straight?
I hope I look timid, and shrinking;
The church must be perfectly full—

Good gracious ! now *don't* walk so fast, Pa !—
 He don't seem to think that trains pull.
 The chancel at last—mind the step, Pa !—
 I don't feel embarrassed at all,—
 But, my ! what's the minister saying ?
 Oh, I know ; that part 'bout Saint Paul.
 I hope my position is graceful ;
 How awkwardly Nelly Dane stood !—
 "Not lawfully be joined together—
 Now speak"—as if any one would !—
 Oh, dear ! now it's my turn to answer—
 I do wish that Pa would stand still.
 "Serve him, love, honor, and keep him"—
 How sweetly he says it—I will.
 Where's Pa ?—there, I knew he'd forget it,
 When the time came to give me away—



"I, Helena, take thee—love—cherish—
 And"—well, I can't help it—"obey."
 Here, Maud, take my bouquet—don't drop it !
 I hope Charley's not lost the ring ;
 Just like him !—no !—goodness, how heavy !
 It's really an elegant thing.
 It's a shame to kneel down in white satin—
 And the flounce, real old lace—but I must ;
 I hope that they've got a clean cushion,
 They're usually covered with dust.
 All over—ah ! thanks !—now, don't fuss, Pa !—
 Just throw back my veil, Charley—there—
 Oh, bother ! why couldn't he kiss me
 Without mussing up all my hair !—
 Your arm, Charley, there goes the organ—
 Who'd think there would be such a crowd ;



Oh, I mustn't look round, I'd forgotten—
 See, Charley, who was it that bowed ?
 Why—it's Nelly Allaire with her husband—
 She's awfully jealous, I know ;
 'Most all of my things were imported,
 And she had a home-made trousseau.
 And there's Annie Wheeler—Kate Hermon,—
 I didn't expect her at all,—
 If she's not in that same old blue satin
 She wore at the Charity Ball !
 Is that Fanny Wade ?—Edith Pearton—
 And Emma, and Jo—all the girls ?
 I knew that they'd not miss my wedding—
 I hope they'll all notice my pearls.—
 Is the carriage there ?—give me my cloak, Jane—
 Don't get it all over my veil—
 No ! you take the other seat, Charley,
 I need all of this for my trail.



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